

Dec. 21, 1981

THE

Price \$1.25

NEW YORKER



IT MATTERS NOT ONLY WHAT IS IN THE DRINK BUT WHAT THE DRINK IS IN.

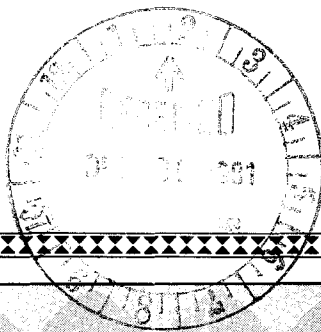
It never just pours. It reigns. Waterford. Fire
born of fire. Blown by mouth & cut by hand.
With heart. Limpid. Pure. The art of a legend.
Shown here is the Lismore. The world's most
desired suite.

WATERFORD®

Illustrated
literature
on request.
Waterford Crystal,
225 Fifth Ave.,
NY 10010.
Light a
crystal fire.

Photo: Pesin

Christmas '81



Property of
 AMBASSADOR LIBRARY
 316 South 7th Street



HE'LL REVEL IN RED THIS CHRISTMAS...INTRODUCING THE RED BATH COLLECTION BY GEOFFREY BEENE. NOT EVERY WOMAN CAN WEAR RED.

But for those fortunate ones, the new Red bath and body suite will open an enticing world of pleasure and delight.

It's with us first, packaged resplendently and beautifully appropriate for holiday giving. Come in or call (212) 223-6395. Our perfume experts can make your shopping so much easier.

On B'way, New York. And in all our fashion stores.

Red Reflections.

An impressive gift—

2 oz. Eau de Toilette Spray paired with 6 oz. of Velvety Body Powder, 50.00

Velvety Body Powder,

6 oz. 25.00

Satiny Body Lotion,

8 oz., 25.00;

8 oz. refillable pump bottle, 20.00

Silky Body Soap.

8.50 in travel case

Body Soap Suite,

3 cakes, 22.00

Red Perfume,

1 oz. 150.00;

½ oz. 80.00;

¼ oz. 45.00

Eau de Parfum,

.78 oz., 15.00

Eau de Toilette

Natural Spray,

2 oz. 25.00

bloomingdale's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AND I AIN'T FINISHED YET—Eve Merriam's affecting and humorous little show, in which Lynne Thigpen, as actress and singer, portrays a number of actual black women throughout history. She is ably supported by Robin Karfo, Stanley Ramsey, and Bo Smith, and especially by Patti Bown—musical director and arranger—at the piano. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

BEHIND THE BROKEN WORDS—Roscoe Lee Browne and Anthony Zerbe in a dramatic performance derived from the writings of W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, James Agee, Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. B. White, and others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

CAMELOT—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

CANDIDA—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

CHILD OF THE SUN—A talented, bountiful new musical with score, book, and lyrics by Damien Leake. It records the life and death of a man (the child of the title) who is born in a black slum of some large city. The story, veering as it does from realism to fantasy to symbolism, tends to slip out of focus, but the performance, under Harold Scott's canny, inventive direction, is stunning. With Count Stovall, Jackie Harry, Gordon Heath, Nat Morris, Kevin Harris, and Raymond Patterson, among others. Choreography and musical staging by Otis Sallid. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday, and Monday, at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 21.)

THE CITY SUITE—A musical entertainment by Keith Levenson, with a cast of nine. (West-side Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

CLOUD 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

COTTON PATCH GOSPEL—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes, wonderfully well acted. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-

6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DANCE AND THE RAILROAD—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

DREAMGIRLS—Michael Bennett's new musical has thirty-two young singers and dancers. Tom Eyrn wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger did the music. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Thursday, Dec. 17, and Monday, Dec. 21, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Dec. 19, at 2.)

THE DRESSER—An oddy Dickensian play, which might well have formed a part of "Nicholas Nickleby." Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers take the leading roles, and what actors they are! The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	33
"ROLLED IN RARE BOHEMIAN ONYX, THEN VULCANIZED BY HAND"	Bruce McCall 39
"LUMBER"	Frederick Barthelme 40
"LET US SAVE THE UNIVERSE"	Stanislaw Lem 45
PROFILES (AKIRA KUROSAWA)	Lillian Ross 51
LETTER FROM EUROPE	Jane Kramer 81
THE THEATRE	Brendan Gill 98
OFF BROADWAY	Edith Oliver 98
"RAGE" (POEM)	Peter Meinke 99
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (THE CHRISTMAS TABLE)	100
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Pauline Kael 122
MUSICAL EVENTS	Andrew Porter 134
FURTHER EVENTS	Nicholas Kenyon 137
LETTER FROM LONDON	Mollie Panter-Downes 140
BOOKS	Whitney Balliett 142
COVER:	Charles E. Martin
DRAWINGS:	Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, William Steig, Brian Savage, Charles Sauers, Arnie Levin, Ed Fisher, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, Barney Tobey, Mischa Richter, Mort Gerberg, Burt Silverman, J. B. Handelsman, Eldon Dedini, Charles Barsotti, J. J. Sempè, Joseph Mirachi, Sidney Harris, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, William Hamilton, Robert Weber, Roz Chast

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

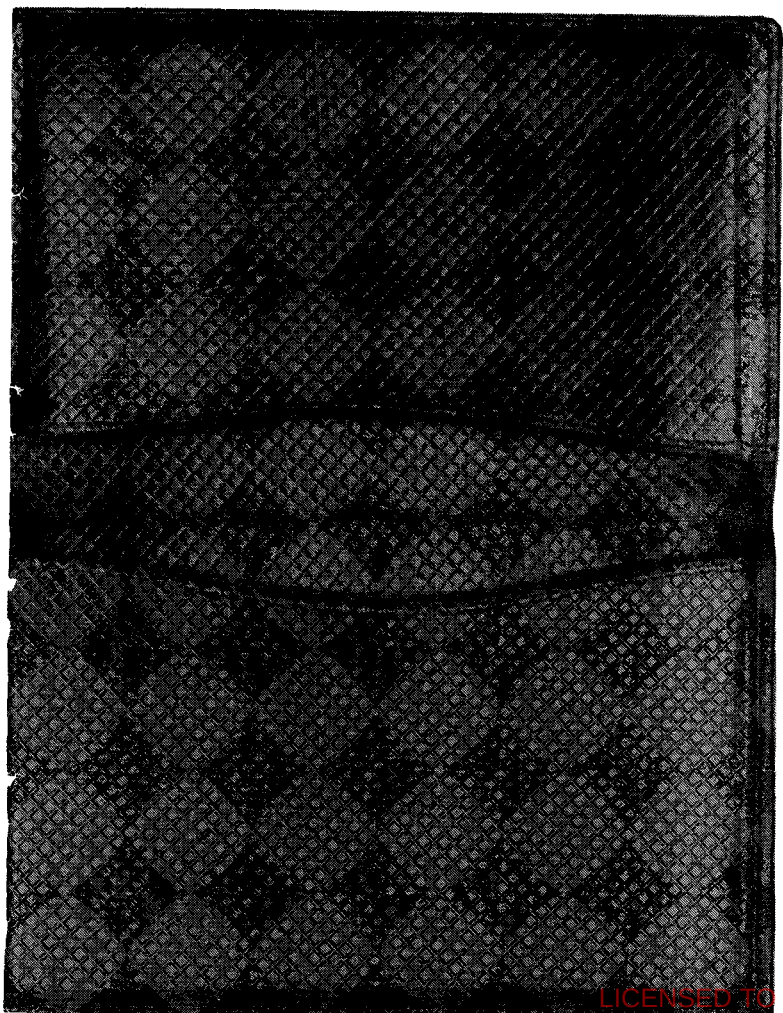
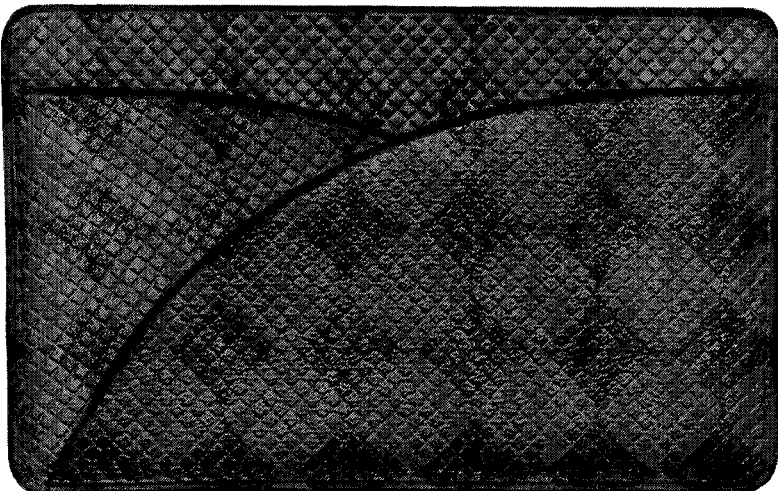
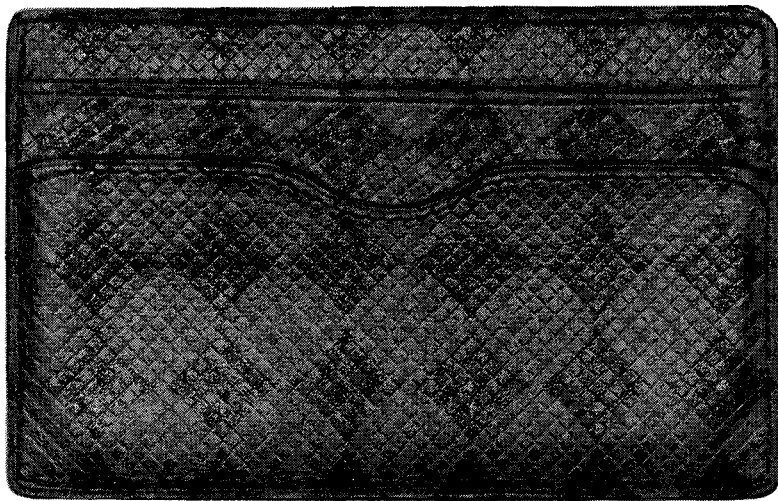
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bose, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVII, No. 44, December 21, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1981 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$28.00; two years, \$46.00. In Canada, one year, \$34.00. Other foreign, \$40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

hen
ur
vn
itials
e
ough™



BOTTEGA VENETA

NEW YORK 635 Madison Ave.
BEVERLY HILLS 457 North Rodeo Dr.
NEIMAN-MARCUS All stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DUET FOR ONE—Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow in a two-character play by Tom Kempinski. Directed by William Friedkin. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 17. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Agatha Christie's *TEN LITTLE INDIANS* is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FAMILY DEVOTIONS—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

GROWN UPS—Jules Feiffer has written an almost plotless play about a neurotic *Times* man and his dreary family. The literary method employed is largely that of furious harangue, with a few Feifferian jokes thrown in. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HEAD OVER HEELS—A musical with a book by William S. Kilborne, Jr., and Albert T. Viola, music by Mr. Viola, and lyrics by Mr. Kilborne. It is based on the play "The Wonder Hat," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. With Beth Austin, Dennis Bailey, John Cunningham, Gwyda DonHowe, and Charles Michael Wright. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Weeknights, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KEY EXCHANGE—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

KINGDOMS—A playwright new to Broadway, Edward Sheehan, has written an old-fashioned melodrama about Napoleon and Pope Pius VII, who had much to disagree about. Heading the cast are Roy Dotrice, Armand Assante, and Maria Tucci. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LA MAMA'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION—Two plays in a revival of sixteen plays that were originally presented during the sixties.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Through Sunday, Dec. 27: **LOVE ME OR I'LL KILL YOU**, by Daniel Haben Clark, and **THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD FINDS HAPPINESS**, by Robert Patrick. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, at 7:30. XXXXX, by William Hoffman. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 16-20; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 22-24; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, all at 9:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee Saturday, Dec. 26.)

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—The Royal Shakespeare Company's dazzling adaptation of the Dickens novel isn't to be missed for love or money. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets (if you can get them) are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays and Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. There will be no performances Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—A four-week engagement of Victor Herbert's *BABES IN TOYLAND*. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4; special matinees Tuesday, Dec. 22, and Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2. Through Wednesday, Dec. 30.)

MAGIC TIME—A first play by James Sherman, set backstage at a small theatre in Chicago, where actors are about to go on in "Hamlet." The dialogue is mostly "inside" chatter, and there are many awkward moments, but there are some lively moments, too, and the young cast does well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Actors and Directors Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MASS APPEAL—A worldly, self-satisfied, middle-aged priest and an idealistic young seminarian seek to find common ground, not altogether in vain. Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe make up the small cast, and they

suffice. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISS JULIE AND PLAYING WITH FIRE—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Charles Fuller's gripping drama *A SOLDIER'S PLAY* is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are very good, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11—on Christmas at 8 only.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education; a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE STRONGER AND HUGHIE—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinee Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

TOMFOOLERY—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

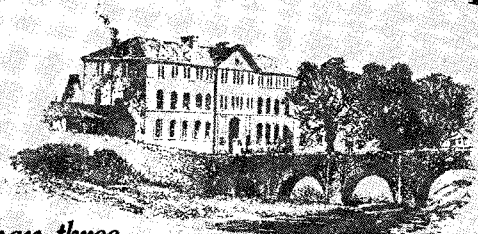
TORCH SONG TRILOGY—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Jojnt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Wednesdays through Mondays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

THE WEST SIDE WALTZ—Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Loudon, and Regina Baff fill this rather thin little comedy with a brisk and sometimes touching liveliness. The author is Ernest Thompson, who wrote "On Golden Pond." (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 24.)

WHISTLER—John Cullum portrays James McNeill Whistler in a one-man show by Lawrence and Maggie Williams. (Provincetown,

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.

5



BELLEEK **CHINA**

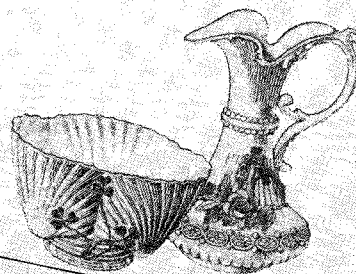
No less than three score years ago, *The Irish Times* wrote: "The Belleek Pottery is one of those institutions... which the mention of Ireland's name brings into the minds of men of all nations." From its beginnings as Ireland's first porcelain pottery, the world has thrust high honors upon Belleek. Example: "The International Centre Piece", shown here, along with Belleek artists of the era. Awarded a Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, it is an unmitigated masterwork. So demanding is the art of making Belleek by hand, not very many new pieces appear each year. As a consequence, there is still very little Belleek in all the world. Yet it is not too late to become a collector. Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Ave., NY 10010. So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.



Belleek Artisans. Circa 1900.

UNIQUE
Belleek®

CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) ... **AMADEUS**: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. John Wood plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Irvin plays the hapless Mozart; and Amy Irving plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 24.) ...

BARNUM: David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Christmas at 2.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2.) ...

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: An excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein. Mark Medoff is the author. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 22, Peter Evans will replace Mr. Rubinstein. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

DANCIN': Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,000 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Sundays at 3.) ... **FIFTH OF JULY**: Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. The second in the Talley-family series. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ...

ONE MO' TIME: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**: Treat Williams, Robby Benson, Kaye Ballard, George S. Irving, David Garrison, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

SOPHISTICATED LADIES: Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

SUGAR BABIES: Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. Rip Taylor will fill in for Mr. Rooney Thursday, Dec. 17, through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-

4600. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 21-22, at 11 and 2:30.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. 860-7320. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 17, at 11 and 6; Friday, Dec. 18, at 11 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 6; Monday, Dec. 21, at 11 and 6; Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 11 and 2; Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 11; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 2 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 6; Friday, Dec. 18, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1 and 5; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, at 6; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Fontessa and Friends," "Landscape," and "Revelations." ... Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The River," and "Memoria." ... Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Masekela Language," and "Memoria." ... Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Spectrum," "Fontessa and Friends," and "The River." ... Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Landscape," and "Revelations." ... Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Phases," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Concerto in F." ... Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30: "Landscape," "Cry," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 10—Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8 (preview): "Ciona," "Walklyndon," "Shizen," "Untitled," and two solo dances. ... Friday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 (previews); Tuesday, Dec. 22, and Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: Two New York premieres—"Bonsai" and "The Empty Suitor"—"Monkshood's Farewell," and two solo dances. ... Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8 (preview); Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30 (opening); and Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 8: Three New York premieres—"Molly's Not Dead," "The Detail of Phoebe Strickland," and "Day Two"—and a solo dance. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY—A full-length work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

LUCINDA CHILDS DANCE COMPANY—Three performances of a full-length work, "Relative Calm" (American premiere). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

LOREMIL MACHADO AFRO-BRAZILIAN DANCE COMPANY—Four programs of traditional Brazilian dance, with guest dancer Jelom Vieira (on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday) and singer Denise Delapenha and her band (on Thursday and Friday). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 16-19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing moving, up-tempo blues-tinged numbers



Beyond headlines.



with correspondent
Charlayne Hunter-Gault

THE MACNEIL-LEHRER REPORT

Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer don't condense the news into a series of brief reports. They examine one story a night—presenting a timely, probing, authoritative report that both explores and informs.

AT&T and your local Bell System company are proud to help underwrite this incomparable news program.

If you want a better understanding of what's going on in the world around you, watch The MacNeil-Lehrer Report tonight on PBS. Check your local listings for time and channel.

Co-produced by WNET/THIRTEEN, New York and WETA/Washington, D.C. Made possible by grants from Exxon, the Bell System and member stations of PBS.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and some ballads, too, with her trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Closed Christmas.

BECHEY'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Cornettist and jazz critic **DICK SUDHALTER** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 20; on Monday, Dec. 21, Eve Smith will sing and play piano. Music nightly from nine.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this new room. The back wall is graced with a nifty four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. **MARK MURPHY** sings here through Sunday, Dec. 20; on Tuesday, Dec. 22, **BILLY TAYLOR**, pianist, jazz professor, and National Public Radio star, will move in with his trio. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday, Dec. 16, **PAUL BUTTERFIELD'S** latest blues-rock band; Thursday, Dec. 17, drummer **ELVIN JONES** and singer **JON HENDRICKS**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, John Hall's rock band and the Song Project, a folk ensemble; Sunday, Dec. 20, the Glenn Miller Orchestra; Tuesday, Dec. 22, folk-rock singer Tom Rush and the comedy team **MONTAITH & RAND**; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still paneled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music, after all these years. The piano-bass lineup: **TOM GARVIN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Dec. 19; **RICHIE BEIRACH** and Mr. Mraz on Sunday, Dec. 20; and starting Monday, Dec. 21, Kirk Lightsey and his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from eleven to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one; on Christmas Eve from six-thirty to ten-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle and now, it seems, a free agent, is back for a visit, paying his respects to Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and others, while his admirers pay him theirs. He appears with his faithful *compadres*, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. Dining. . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

night but Sunday and Christmas in the Bemelmans Bar.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS**, a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Dec. 16, Prisoners of the Beat, M-80's, Neil Getz & the Mumbos, and the Hipnotics; Thursday, Dec. 17, the Rudies, Autonomy, and UXB; Friday, Dec. 18, Urban Blight, Why Things Break, and Single Strings; and Saturday, Dec. 19, the Bloods. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-mixed country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Closed Christmas Eve.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 16, Around the World for Sport and Mick, Johnny & Maureen Cronin; Thursday, Dec. 17, Bristol Mountain Bluegrass; Saturday, Dec. 19, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler; Sunday, Dec. 20, guitarist Frank Christian; and Saturday, Dec. 26, the Lewis Brothers. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays (except Christmas Eve) and Saturdays at eight-fifteen, and Sundays at nine. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 20, vibraphonist Harry Sheppard will guide a quartet from nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, often very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs, mostly mainstream-jazz room. **BETTY CARTER**, a risk-taker of a jazz singer, has moved in for a couple of weeks. Her vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? The

first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays and Christmas Eve.

GINGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music from their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, bassist **AL HALL**, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, pianist **GENE RODGERS**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—collectively, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—perform from nine on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. No music Christmas Eve and Christmas.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 17, singer and actress **NEVA SMALL**; Friday, Dec. 18, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft; Monday, Dec. 21, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and guest musicians **RON** and **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, singer **Ebony Jo-Ann**; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26, singer **Marion Cowings**. Sundays, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** heads a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 16, and Saturday, Dec. 19.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **MOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **Ronnie Markowitz**, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman**. These groups play from ten. Pianist **Don Golson** works nightly from seven to ten except Sundays, when singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** takes over the place from five until ten.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this restaurant and hangs one story up over Third Avenue. The inside is pleasant and modern. Bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** and his pianist perform through Saturday, Dec. 19; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 22-24, bassist **Steven Roane** will be present with a pianist; and Saturday, Dec. 26, will be the property of **AL HAIG**, one of the first and one of the best bebop pianists. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays. Closed Christmas.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **ART HODES**, whose sets dip into the blues, **Fats Waller**, **Jelly Roll Morton**, and **Count Basie**, is here through Saturday, Dec. 19; on Tuesday, Dec. 22, stride pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will take charge. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **Errol Parker** is at the keyboard from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve.

HORN OF PLENTY, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—In the music room in this maze of dining rooms and floor levels, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will be in performance from six-thirty to eight on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, and on Saturday, Dec. 26.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **Chuck Folds** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. **Judd Wolfin** is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Wednesdays are claimed by **OLU DARA**, who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, and his occasionally out-there **OKRA ORCHESTRA**, which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Thursdays, bandleader, guitarist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides his ten-piece **AMAZON**, which features **CLAUDIO RODITI** on trumpet; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, **JAY CLAYTON** sings with

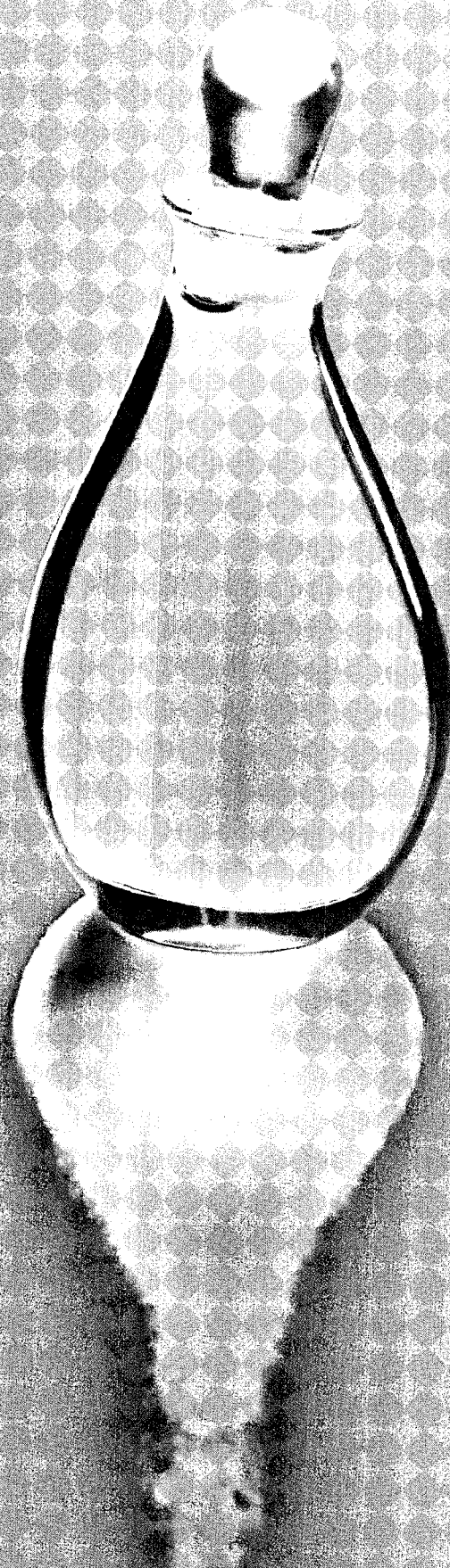


Since 1715.
One of the world's more
civilized pleasures.



To send a gift of Martell in the U.S., call 800-528-6148.
Imported by The Jos. Garneau Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1981.

© 1979 HALSTON FRAGRANCE INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



HALSTON

PERFUME

SPRAY PERFUME

COLOGNE

SPRAY COLOGNE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

her band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, Montego Joe will lead his quartet. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Christmas Eve.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tidle-wink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **JOANNE BRACKEN** is at the piano accompanied by bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Dec. 19; and pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, will begin a two-week engagement here on Sunday, Dec. 20. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. On Monday, Dec. 21, **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS**, a rhythm-and-blues weirdie, will be present. In the fifties, Hawkins, who has a penetrating, bloodcurdling baritone, recorded the R. & B. classic "I Put a Spell on You," which is punctuated with growls, screeches, and moans. For his stage act, he dressed like a Mau Mau or climbed out of a coffin. Although his performances still shake up his audiences, Hawkins has said that he'd like to sing ballads. The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 16, Aztec Two-Step and Willie Nininger; Thursday, Dec. 17, Inside Straight, Chance Brothers, and Morning; Sunday, Dec. 20, Kinky Friedman; Tuesday, Dec. 22, **RICHEL HAVENS**; and Wednesday, Dec. 23, rockabilly singer Marshall Chapman. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The music room has a view of a garden and, through Saturday, Dec. 19, of **CARMEN MC RAE**. On Monday, Dec. 21, baritone **ARTHUR PRYSECK** will move in with his backing crew. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and his **PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** goes on Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell antique teapots; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. Wednesday, Dec. 16, belongs to **DEFUNKT**, the avant-garde soul-music sextet fronted by the swaggering trombonist and singer **JOE BOWIE**. On Thursday, Dec. 17, Joshi Armstead will lead her Catfish Blues Band. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, and Monday, Dec. 21, **ERIC GALE**, a honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, will be in charge of a reggae band that features **FREDDIE WAITS** on drums. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, will be claimed by the Bobby Vince Paunetto band. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Christmas.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing some sublime a-cappella street-corner soul music. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Shows most nights at nine

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—A big space that could be even bigger, since it's usually very crowded, with a balcony to survey it all from. Wednesday, Dec. 16, the Nitecaps; Thursday, Dec. 17, Human Sexual Response; Friday, Dec. 18, x, from Los Angeles; Saturday, Dec. 19, Pere Ubu; Sunday, Dec. 20, Kraut; and Monday, Dec. 21, I Dunno. The music could begin before midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the RCA Building—one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. **SY OLIVER'S** bouncy dance orchestra is at work Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Dec. 17, Misfits, Undead, and Heart Attack; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, Blue Angel; Monday, Dec. 21, Zipperz; Tuesday, Dec. 22, Shrapnel; and Saturday, Dec. 26, **BUSH TETRAS** and the Thompson Twins. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute, "They Say It's Wonderful," honors Irving Berlin and stars **Andrea McArdle**, **Walter Willison**, **Terry Burrell**, and **Debbie Shapiro**. Shows Mondays through Thursdays, except Christmas Eve, at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 16, French Toast, with Peter Gordon, Anthony Jackson, and Steve Ferrone; Thursday,

through Sunday, Dec. 17-20, **HANK CRAWFORD**, **DR. JOHN**, and **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, all in the same band; Tuesday, Dec. 22, Bobby Watson; Wednesday, Dec. 23, **DEUCE**, with **JEAN FINEBERG** and **ELLEN SEELING**; Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, the **DAVE LIEBMAN-RICHIE BEIRACH** quartet, rounded out by **AL FOSTER** and **GEORGE MRAZ**. Closed Christmas.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good musicians. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, **JAKI BYARD**, a free-stride pianist, performs with a trio; and on Saturday, Dec. 26, pianist **Joe Ruddick's** trio will be present. Music from about ten. Closed Christmas.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** has put together a real fine quintet—alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER**, and drummer **KEITH COPELAND**—to play with through Saturday, Dec. 19. On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 20-21, pianist **MIKE ABENE's** quartet, which features bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, can be heard. On Tuesday, Dec. 22, **LOU DONALDSON**, who still plays hard-swinging bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, will bring in his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: **BIG JOE TURNER**, the Kansas City blues shouter and early rock-and-roll singer, is still in the city. You can hear him Wednesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday and Monday (Dec. 20-21) music will be exciting Chicago blues with singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** and his band, and competent blues, rock, and swing from Roomful of Blues, a septet. And if you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty. No music Christmas Eve, and closed Christmas.

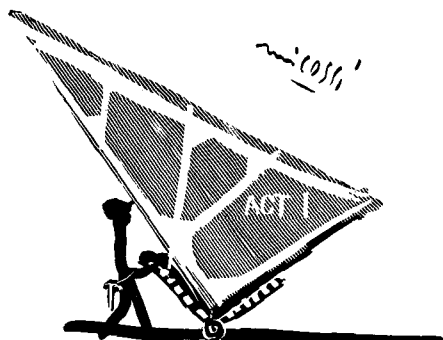
TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 16, True Romance, Dizzy & the Romilar, and Tot Rocket & the Twins; Thursday, Dec. 17, China Shop, Mrozinski, and Ozone; Friday, Dec. 18, Nasty Facts, Rousers, High Sheriffs of Blue, and Pop Decay; Saturday, Dec. 19, Electro Harmonix; Sunday, Dec. 20, Human Switchboard; and Tuesday, Dec. 22, Fitz and Finn & the Sharks, a rockabilly band. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Christmas Eve.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands perform from about nine-thirty for exuberant audiences. On Monday, Dec. 21, **MACHITO** will guide his sixteen-piece Cuban-jazz orchestra opposite Libre, another Latin aggregation; trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will be the guest musician. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." It's not only a good joint, it hires world-famous jazz players, like tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON**, whose quartet will be here through Sunday, Dec. 20, and like trumpeter **WOODY SHAW**, who will arrive with a quintet on Tuesday, Dec. 22. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass light fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is the pianist; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 16-20, trumpeter **JABBO SMITH**, a swing-era original, performs with his **RHYTHM ACES**; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, **DOC CHEATHAM**, trumpeter and vocalist, will turn up; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will work with the Swing Four. Mondays are reserved for saxophonist Percy France, and Tuesdays for **JO JONES**, master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CONTRASTS IN JAZZ—Bob Wilber, Major Holley, Doc Cheatham, Jaki Byard, Eddie Barefield, and others in a program of tributes to Sidney Bechet, Louis Jordan, and John Kirby. (Carnegie Recital Hall, 247-7459. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

YOSHIO (CHIN) SUZUKI JAZZ ENSEMBLE—In a program of Mr. Suzuki's music. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

SAM RIVERS QUARTET and the **JULIUS HEMPHILL TRIO**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 10.

CHIEFTAINS—With Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3 and 7:30.)

IAN HUNTER and **MINK DeVILLE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Drummond quartet, featuring Frank Foster. . . . Thursday, Dec. 24, at 9: Tex Allen. . . . Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 9: Pé-De-Boi. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Friday, Dec. 18, at 9: Delbert McClinton. . . . Saturday, Dec. 19, at 10: Romantics. . . . Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30 and 11:30, and Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-30, at 10: Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 16: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . Thursday, Dec. 17: String Trio of New York and Billy Bang. . . . Friday, Dec. 18: Interamerican Jazz Quintet. . . . Saturday, Dec. 19: Frank Wright and Andrew Cyrille. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 22: Daniel Ponce. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin at about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed on Christmas. Some, as indicated, will also be closed on various other days during the holiday season, and early closings are to be expected on Thursday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BENNY ANDREWS—Oils on canvas and small constructions in mixed mediums, all showing the influence of the artist's sojourn in New Mexico this summer. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HANNELORE BARON—Found boxes filled with found and handmade objects. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by a German artist. Through Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . Brooke Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is showing woodcuts, etchings, and linoleum cuts. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

THOMAS HART BENTON (1889-1975) / CAROL SUTTON—A group of his Synchronist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through

Jan. 30. / Color-field paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Stainless-steel ladders and other sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Paintings and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Semi-abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—A new set of small-scale fruit and flower still-lives; also jewelry made by him with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ROBERT LOBE—Hammered-aluminum sculptures showing the impressions of the rocks and trees on which they were pounded. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ROBERT LOSTUTTER—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MATTA—Paintings and drawings, dated 1937-1947, by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Semi-abstract oils of still-lives and figures. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

ANTHONY PADOVANO / JOHN HELD, JR. (1889-1958)—Smooth and textured abstract stone sculptures. Through Jan. 9. / Watercolors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

DAVID ROTH—Liquitex-and-string works. Through Jan. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

DAVID SCHIRM—Abstract paintings and drawings, plus small constructions. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

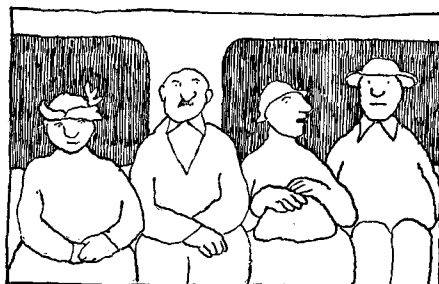
JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—Paintings and drawings of nature. The more exotic plant models were found at the New York Botanical Garden. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM TURNBULL—Bronzes: small figurines, primitive masks, and torsos. Through Jan. 16. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 19, for a two-week holiday.)

ROGERS TURNER—Gouache still-lives very much in the tradition of eighteenth-century Dutch realism. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HERK VAN TONGEREN—Tabletop-size bronzes in most of which architectural details (columns, entablatures) are combined with geometric forms. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT VICKREY—Egg-tempera paintings by a



realist. Through Dec. 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL—Abstract cityscapes dated 1931-33. Through Dec. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARUS**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . .

FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by gallery artists (Marina Stern, David Levine, Raphael Soyer) and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. . . . **GIBSON**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings—sixty works in all. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **PAUL ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Drawings predominate in a show of nineteenth-century works by European (largely French) painters and sculptors. Through Jan. 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DAVID LEE BROWN / CYNTHIA GALLAGHER—Highly polished stainless-steel sculptures. [Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PAUL BROWN—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

THOMAS CORNELL—Allegorical paintings, among other works. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET AND JOAN MIRÓ—Early drawings and collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

SONDRA FRECKELTON—Large-scale watercolors of gardens and quilts and furniture and flowering plants. Through Dec. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN (1874-1946) / KONRAD CRAMER (1888-1963)—Still-lives in oils applied with a palette knife. / Still-lives by a modernist. Through Jan. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . Ellen Sragow, 80 Fifth Ave., at 14th St., is showing fifty prints, drawings, and photographs by Mr. Cramer. Through Jan. 16.

EMIL GANSO (1895-1941)—Lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts of nude and partially draped models. Through Dec. 31. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

SYLVIA GUIREY / FANNY BRENNAN—Nonobjective paintings. / Tiny oil paintings with a quirky, agreeably surreal quality. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAAS—Photographs and models of some of the trompe-l'oeil façades he has painted on buildings, among them his first mural, at 112 Prince Street. Through Jan. 15. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ROBERTO JUAREZ / FRANCIS JOSEPH BRUGUIÈRE (1879-1945)—Paintings on canvas and paper. / Photographs: cut-paper abstractions and other experimental works from the twenties. Through Jan. 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

POLLY KRAFT—Watercolor still-lives of pillows, magazines, shawls. Through Jan. 7. (Kornblie, 20 W. 57th St. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

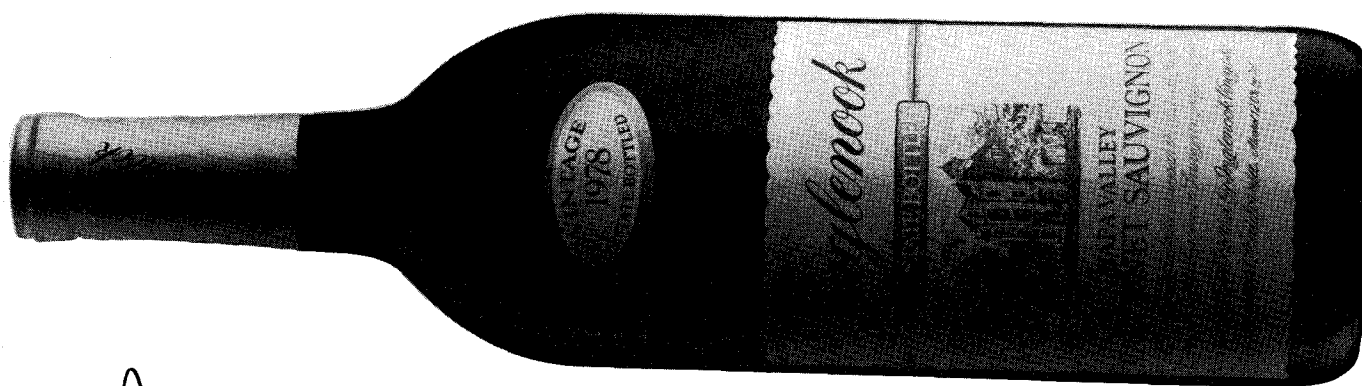
SIMEON LAGODICH—Precisionist watercolors of hothouse palms and flowers. Through Dec. 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MIRIAM LAUFER (1918-80)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—Paintings dating from 1937 to the year before his death.



Seasons Change, Yet the Great Endure the Test of Time.



Inglenook® Estate Bottled Wines. Napa Valley, California

Fine wines created with the care that set the standard one hundred years ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Jan. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

ANDREW LORD—Earthenware sculptures. Through Jan. 16. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

SVEN LUKIN—Plywood sculptures, generally in the shape of birds' wings, bound with painted muslin. Through Dec. 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MARKUS LÜPERTZ—Paintings (oils and gouaches) and sculptures (painted bronzes) by a member of a new group of German Expressionists. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—More than forty oils and works on paper from the early forties, when Masson was living in the United States. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Color-field paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes, some of which the artist looks out upon from his upstate-New York studio windows. Through Jan. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER—Watercolor paintings of the Himalayas and watercolor portraits of friends. Through Jan. 7. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

AD REINHARDT (1913-67) / HANS NAMUTH—Watercolors and a few oils from 1945 to 1951, predating his monochromatic compositions. / Seventy photographs of artists, among them Saul Steinberg, Ad Reinhardt, Louise Nevelson, and Joseph Beuys. Through Jan. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **Stephen Mazoh & Co.**, 13 E. 76th St., is showing ten oils by Reinhardt which date from 1937 to 1952. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

REMBRANDT—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

JAMES ROSATI—About twenty abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AMY F. SCOTT—Meticulous colored-pencil drawings, mostly still-lives. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract watercolors. Through Jan. 9. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, except Dec. 26, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

HANNE TIERNEY—Marionettes: some built to human scale, others (not as large) alluding to, rather than representing, figures. Through Dec. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—New paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays, but will be closed Dec. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright, Cynthia Carlson, Jonathan Santlofer, and David Sharpe; and constructions by D. Jack Solomon. Through Jan. 2. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: The figure as depicted in the paintings and sculptures of eight contemporary artists, among them Alice Neel, Ju Ming, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Joe Shannon. Through Jan. 7. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. ... **GLADSTONE**, 41 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and constructions resem-

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

bling or incorporating functional objects (bird cages, vacuum cleaners), by six artists: Gib Smith, Jeff Koons, Jo Shane, R. M. Fischer, Calvin Churchman, and Judith Shea. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **HABER THEODORE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Robert Dash, John Gundelfinger, Fairfield Porter, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings and sculptures reflecting early-twentieth-century European movements, from Fauvism to Surrealism—Matisse's "Pink Nude," from the Baltimore Museum, for example, and Malevich's "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and White Square," from the Modern. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays.) ... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 24.) ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Jan. 9. ... **MARKEL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Handmade, one-of-a-kind books by Roz Chast, Bilgè Friedlaender, and thirty-six others. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Balthus, Vija Celmins, Irving Petlin, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Original drawings by designers for the stage, including Santo Loquasto, Carrie F. Robbins, and Tony Walton. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Swain, Dee Shapiro, Edgar Buonagurio, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24.)

SCULPTURE—At the **MC KEE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. ... **ZABRISKIE**, 521 W. 57th St.: Nine practitioners, among them Mia Westerlund (an abstract concrete form covered with a layer of lead), Patsy Norvell (a five-panel etched-glass screen), and Joe Neill (a wood relief). Through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 5. Closes after Friday, Dec. 18, for a ten-day holiday.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

PETER BERG—Architectural models (for projects at the Hudson River Museum among others), paintings, and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

JOHN COLT—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—Conceptual works frequently involving pages of symbolic notations.

Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

ERTÉ—Gouache drawings for fashion and costume and set designs; they date from 1917 to 1975. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St.)

RAINER FETTING—Figurative paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

FRANZ GERTSCH—Photo-Realist paintings on a monumental scale. Through Jan. 6. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

JOHN MASON—Drawings and sculptures by an artist represented in the Whitney's current show of ceramic sculptures. Through Jan. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

CAROLYN PARKER / JACKIE CARSON—Photo-Realist paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Starts Thursday, Dec. 17. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

A. R. PENCK—Paintings by a German artist who uses symbols and primitive figures of the kind seen in cave art; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

SALOMÉ—Paintings by a Berlin artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

JULIAN SCHNABEL—A two-gallery exhibit of recent works. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. ... **Castelli**, 142 Greene St.)

MARY SHAFFER / GERALD HORN—Abstract glass sculptures. / Large abstract paintings. Through Jan. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MICHAEL SINGER—Two large sculptures (one in each of the gallery's two rooms), drawings, and photographs. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

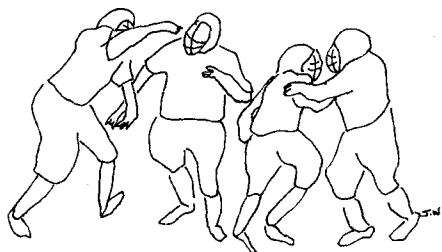
PAOLO SOLERI / STUART SHEDLETSKY—Architectural drawings. / Paintings and works on paper. Through Tuesday, Dec. 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ANNE TABACHNICK—Drawings of construction workers. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Opens at noon.)

SUSAN WEIL—Drawings based on Muybridge's locomotion studies; also prints. Through Dec. 30. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

JOE ZUCKER—A pair of large paintings depicting wrestlers and a series of fifteen others abstracting a boxing match. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Paintings and other works on religious themes but not necessarily reverential. For instance, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt uses tinfoil to make an altar, and Italo Scanga's representation of Jesus is a stick figure on a carved totem. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **CUNNINGHAM**, 94 Prince St.: Nine artists (Alan Cote, Stephanie Rose, and others) showing small abstract paintings. Through Jan. 6. (Opens at 2 on Saturday, Dec. 19; closes after Tuesday, Dec. 22, for two weeks.) ... **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 386 West Broadway: Realist paintings and sculptures by both regular and invited artists: Lois Dodd, Paul Resika, Robert Birmelin, Lennart Anderson, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.) ... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Three artists: Joseph Raiffel showing flower and fish monotypes, Alan Siegel showing chair forms, and Philip Wofford exhibiting abstract drawings and prints. Through Jan. 13. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **INGBER**, 460 West Broadway: Very small works (Man Ray's 7½-by-9½-inch collage is a comparatively large one) by Lindner, Tobey, and others. Through Jan.





Nutcracker Sweet.

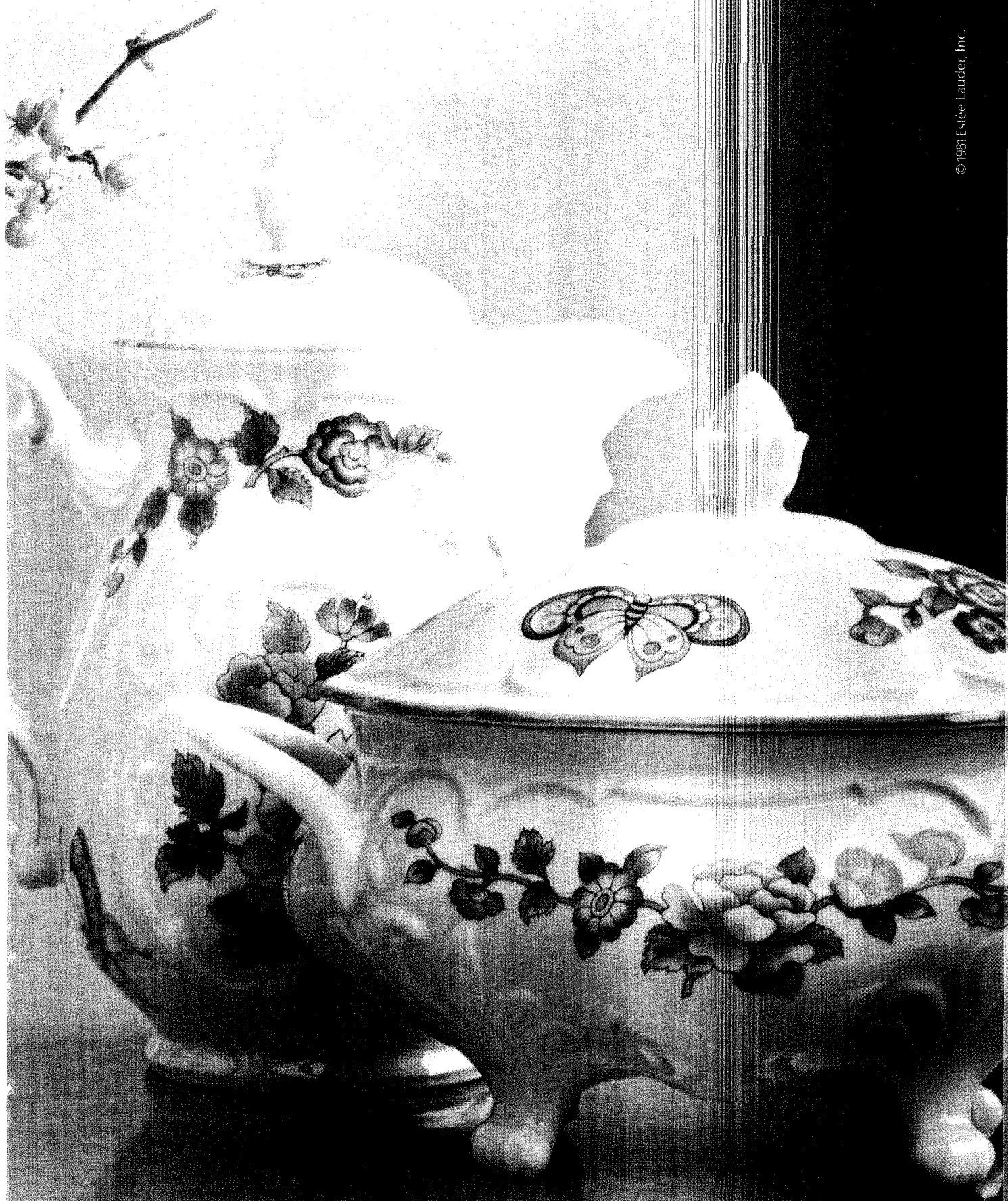
Who but Godiva could improve upon nature's subtle beauty? Our secret lies hidden in a nutshell. Where walnuts, hazelnuts and delectable treasures are carefully ensconced inside luscious morsels of chocolate. Each sculpted piece seems the diligent work of nature herself. And every crunchy taste opens up a world of discovery. As with our other varieties, all are available in elegant packages of three, two, one and one-half pound assortments.



GODIVA.
Chocolatier
BRUXELLES • NEW YORK
PARIS • COLOGNE

Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022





Estée Lauder Christmas 1981: The Youth-Dew Porcelain Collection

LIQUEUR 56 PROOF SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR, FOREIGN VINTAGES, INC., JERICO, N.Y. © 1981.
A UNIQUE PRODUCT FROM ILLVA SARONNO, ITALY

*Give the Taste
of the Renaissance*



• AMARETTO DI SARONNO • ORIGINALE • 1525 •

FOR FREE FOOD AND DRINK RECIPE BOOKS, WRITE BOOKLETS, P.O. BOX 5145, E.D.R. POST OFFICE, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Saarinen, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 24.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. A 1770 French evening gown and a 1759 wedding dress from the Netherlands are two of nearly a hundred and twenty-five costumes worn by nearly a hundred and twenty-five mannequins; almost all are creations of embroidered silks appointed with lace and ribbons, but here and there there are examples of clothes designed for outings of lesser extravagance, such as riding habits and a red woollen hooded cape from 1775 America. . . . ¶ A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works date from the thirties. Through Jan. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through

6. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Recent paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the seventy-three artists who have had shows here since the gallery opened a decade ago. Through Jan. 6. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays. They will be closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **MARINO**, 489 Broome St.: Works on paper, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PINDAR**, 127 Greene St.: Kiyomi Iwata (sculptures using dyed silk organza and industrial fabrics such as fire hoses), Elaine Huyer (abstract oils), and Mimi Korach Lesser (Nova Scotia landscapes). Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **PROTETCH**, in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, John Hejduk, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 23. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **ROLL**, 146 Greene St.: Large-scale drawings by ten artists, including David Deutsch, Elizabeth Murray, Richard Serra, and Jody Pinto. Through Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE LUKS (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

KAZUO SHINOHARA—Photographic blowups, models, floor plans, and section drawings for eleven private houses by this Japanese architect. Through Jan. 8. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 24.)

FRANK YOUNG—Six large figurative oils. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

COOPER UNION—A hundred and eleven artists and architects showing, in response to an invitation from two Cooper Union professors, designs for three architectural elements: window, room, furniture. Although an eight-inch-square paper was specified, some took liberties with this restriction. Through Jan. 22. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 19, for a two-week holiday.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: Works on paper in diverse styles and mediums by seven artists, among them Sharon Gold and Alan Saret. Through Jan. 2. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Paintings and photographs, mostly, with admittedly ludicrous subjects; i.e., dogs dressed in shirts and ties. Through Jan. 21. (Opens at noon. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another room at the Center: A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. (Through Jan. 10.)

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

RICHARD AVEDON/THE HOWES BROTHERS—Paris fashion shows from the forties and fifties and a group of portraits. Turn-of-the-century New England platinum prints by three itin-

erant commercial photographers who recorded all aspects of life there, from men and women in their workplaces to the homes of those for whom they undoubtedly worked. Through Jan. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 26, from 1 to 6.)

E. J. BELLOCQ (1873-1949)—The first exhibition of all eighty-eight of his portraits of Storyville prostitutes. They were printed by Lee Friedlander from Bellocq's glass-plate negatives. Through Jan. 9. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

RICHARD BENSON—Photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge and other subjects. Through Jan. 9. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

PAUL CAYA—Photographic collages and montages. Through Dec. 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

EDWARD S. CURTIS (1868-1952)—Photogravures (and two platinum prints) of North American Indians. Through Dec. 31. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

ARTHUR ELGORT—The Rolling Stones at Longview Farm, in Massachusetts, and in the photographer's studio; dancers of the New York City Ballet in rehearsal. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GERALD INCANDELA—Photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

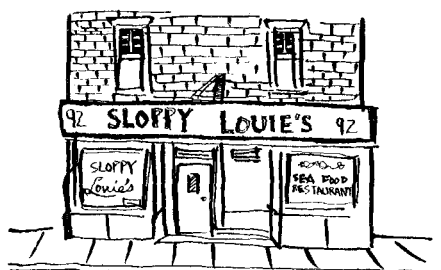
BARBARA MORGAN—Six vintage photographs, thirty-five works recently printed, and four other works printed in editions. Through Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RALPH STEINER—New prints developed from old negatives, a number of them from the twenties. Through Jan. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for two weeks.)

GEORGE A. TICE—A retrospective of photographs from the past three decades. Through Jan. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 25-26, from 10 to 6; Thursday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEDEL**, 168 Mercer St.: Vintage prints by Ansel Adams, Ruth Bernhard, Alfred Stieglitz, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Opens at noon. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: Architectural photographs by Hedrich-Blessing, a Chicago firm that has worked with Kahn,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—About forty works by contemporary artists Wayne Thiebaud, Red Grooms, Athena Tacha, and others. Some of the works will be purchased by the academy with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oils and other works by Childe Hassam (1859-1935), from the academy's collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

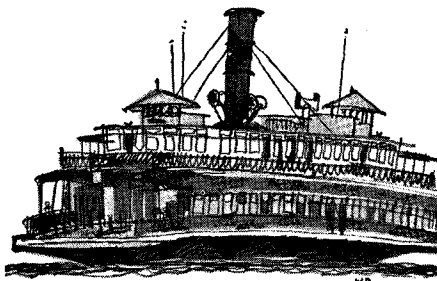
CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yuan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A reduced version of "Writing and Reading," a show that opened in early fall. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying,



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor), but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for ten days. —An installation by Hera which incorporates slides, film, and audio. . . . ¶ Installations by twelve artists (Warner Wada, Judith Schwarz, and Richard Miller among them); Benny Andrews was the curator. Through Jan. 16.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6. —A show of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-five of the artists (Farrell Brickhouse, Lois Lane, and Cindy Sherman are three) who have previously shown here. Through Thursday, Dec. 24.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for two weeks. —Nearly a hundred and fifty books by Russian avant-garde writers and artists, from 1910-30. Starts Friday, Dec. 18.

JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN / DOWNTOWN, 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6. —John Cage, Jessica Hagedorn, Geoffrey Holder, William Hellermann, Martin Mull, and Diane Keaton are among the artists, better known for their other talents, who are showing paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through Jan. 2.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 1 to 6. —Stephan Wischerth & Bradley Wester (performance and drum solo), Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Ann Magnuson (performance), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs and video by Kevin Noble; through Dec. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for

Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing, with the folk group Peter, Paul & Mary and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—A program entitled "Renaissance Christemasse." With the Court Dance Company of New York, the New York Consort of Viols, the New York Cornet & Sackbut Ensemble, and the Ensemble's Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from England and France. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program called "Christmas in the Middle Ages." (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1:30 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

CANDLELIGHT CHRISTMAS CONCERT—Dino Anagnostis directing members of the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society, the Cathedral School Children's Choir, and the Little Orchestra Society. With Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; and Douglas Dunnell, tenor. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 6.)

THE PLAY OF ST. NICOLAS—Final performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music and the Cathedral Choristers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Constance Beavon and Victoria Grof, mezzo-sopranos; Robert Guarino and Grayson Hirst, tenors; William Metcalf and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 6:30. . . . Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 6:30.) . . .

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY: Charles Dodsley Walker directing an audience-participation performance. With Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Norman Andersson, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3402.) . . . **MUSICA SACRA**: Richard Westenberg directing, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; James Hoback, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall, Monday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**: Lyndon Woodside directing, with Linda Mabbs, soprano; Judith Christin, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL**: Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Ray DeVoll, tenor, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Markova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zyllis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . .

¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scott, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate conducting all three works. . . .
 ¶ Monday, Dec. 21, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Weitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . .
 ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Thomas Fulton. . . .
 ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Franz Mazura. James Levine conducting all three works. . . .
 ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scott, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Weitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Thomas Fulton. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson and Ariel Bybee; Richard Weitach. (A nonsubscription performance.)

CHAMBER OPERA THEATRE OF NEW YORK—Henry Mollicone's "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (New York premiere) and Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief," two one-act operas, conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 17-19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducting a program including the premiere of Samuel Barber's "Canzonetta" as well as music by Ives, Hindemith, and Richard Strauss, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Harold Gomberg, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 29.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Schumann-Strauss program, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.)

ORCHESTRE NATIONALE DE FRANCE—Lorin Maazel conducting a Bruch-Ravel-Berlioz program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a Telemann-Bach program entitled "The Leipzig Legacy." With harpsichordists Kenneth Cooper, Frederick Hammond, Judith Norell, and Gerald Ranck; Gerald Tarack, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Gerardo Levy, flute; and Henry Schuman, oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss directing the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one called "Music + Movement," with dancers Richard Fitz and Lynn Glauber; Ben Holt, baritone; Brenda Feliciano, singer-actress; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8. . . .
 ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting a Mozart-Mennin-Mendelssohn program, with Evelyn Dubourg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting a Corelli-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Y Chamber Symphony in the first two of five performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. John's Episcopal Church, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

92ND STREET Y CHORALE—Amy Kaiser directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—An all-Brahms program performed by Emanuel Ax, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Arnold Steinhardt and Daniel Phillips, violin and viola; Michael Tree, viola; and Leonard Rose and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

MONTERRAT CABALLÉ AND JOSÉ CARRERAS—Soprano and tenor, with a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

MARIAN HAHN—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

COLEMAN BLUMFIELD—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

ASTON MAGNA—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; John Hsu, viola da gamba; John Solum, flute; Bernard Krainin, recorder; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

PRIMAVERA STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The third in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Aleck Karis and Robert Taub, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

JEAN MANDELBAUM—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Ruth Laredo, piano, and the Dorian Wind Quintet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—With David Singer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

IAN SHAPINSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 5:45.)

CASTLEMAN QUARTET—Charles Castleman, violin; Heidi Castleman, viola; Samuel Sanders, piano; and James VanDeMark, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. Chicago, Friday, Dec. 18. . . .
 ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Dec. 22. . . .
 ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Friday, Dec. 25. . . .
BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Dec. 16. . . .
 ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 23. . . .
 ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 26. (Games begin at 7:35.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 12:30.) . . .
 ¶ Jets vs. Green Bay Packers. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . .
 ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . .
 ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:35. . . .
NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 17. . . .
 ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . .
 ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Dec. 22. . . .
 ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 26. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . .
MEADOWLANDS: Through Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 8 Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 16-19, and 1:30 and 8 on Saturday, Dec. 26. (No racing Sunday through Friday, Dec. 20-25.) . . .
LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

TENNIS—Toyota Championships: Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Tracy Austin, Martina Navratilova, Andrea Jaeger, Virginia Ruzici, Mimi Jausovec, and Pam Shriver. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Round-robin matches, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 6; two singles matches and two semifinal doubles matches, Friday, Dec. 18, at 6; two semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 7:30; and final singles match and final doubles match, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30.)

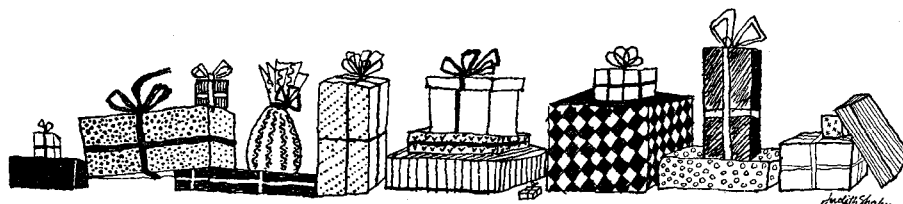
TROTTERING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Stanley Kunitz, Grace Paley, David Ignatow, Stanley Moss, and other writers from the Fine Arts Work Center, in Provincetown, reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century European paintings. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 16, from 9:30 to 5, and Thursday, Dec. 17, from 9:30 to 3.) . . .
 SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, from 9:30 to 5, and Friday, Dec. 18, from 9:30 to 3.) Thursday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints and paintings. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Tibetan, Nepalese, Indian, and Southeast Asian works of art. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture, decorations, clocks, and ceramics. . . .
CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 10: Japanese prints. . . .
 ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 10 and 2: North American Indian art, from the Woodard Packard collection and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, from 10 to 5.) . . .
PHILIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 16-18, from 10 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 17, at 10: Jewelry and watches. . . .
 ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2: Silver and objets de vertu. . . .
 ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: Royal Doulton, Hummel, and Royal Copenhagen porcelain figurines and other pieces.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—On Sunday, Dec. 20, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Christmas Eve.)

"Over the Edge" (1979; directed by Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon. Mr. Kaplan, cast members, and the scriptwriters will be present on Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:15.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Dec. 17: "Stripes" (†); and "Sir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Dec. 18-24: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.

From Dec. 25: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Dec. 17: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith; and "Women in Love." (†)

Dec. 18-24: To be announced.

From Dec. 25: "Arthur" (†) and another feature, to be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Dec. 24: "New York, New York." (†) From Dec. 25: "Arthur." (†)

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Reds." (†)

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Dec. 17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Dec. 17: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

From Dec. 18: "Ragtime." (†)

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Dec. 17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

Dec. 18-24: To be announced.

From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Arthur." (†) From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Ragtime." (†)

Theatre 2: "Reds." (†)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond." (†)

Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

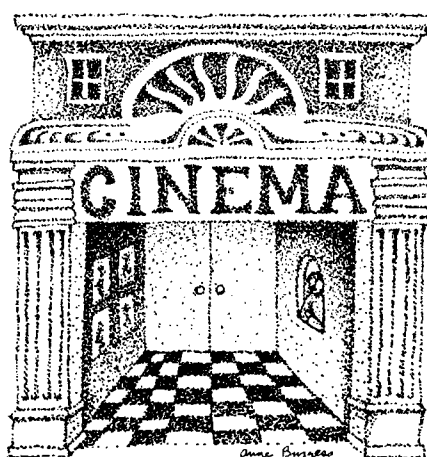
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "The Last Chase" (Martyn Burke), with Lee Majors and Chris Makepeace. From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S • M • T • W • T • F • S

			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 17: "True Confessions." (†)

Dec. 18-24: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

From Dec. 25: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Dec. 17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

Dec. 18-24: To be announced.

From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy. From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Clarence and Angel" (directed by Robert Gardner). From Dec. 23: "Infra-Man" (1976; Hua Shan).

Theatre 2: A festival of Werner Herzog films: Through Dec. 19: "Woyzeck." (†) Dec. 20-24: "Land of Silence and Darkness" (in

German) and "Last Words" (in German). From Dec. 25: "Heart of Glass" (1977; in German) and "La Soufrière" (1978).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

Theatre 2: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 18: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman. Dec. 18-24: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Pixote." (†) From Dec. 25: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 4: "True Confessions." (†)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Pennies from Heaven." (†)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Four Friends" (Arthur Penn), with Craig Wasson.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maximilian Schell; in German).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara. From Dec. 25: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.

Theatre 3: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs." (†)

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Beau Pèrre" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

Theatre 2: "The Devil's Playground." (†)

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 25: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. Dec. 18-24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†) From Dec. 18: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 17: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 25: "Arthur." (†)

Theatre 4: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

Theatre 5: Through Dec. 17: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 18: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

Theatre 6: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Dec. 25: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From Dec. 25: "Fighting Mad."

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol. From Dec. 25: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Reds." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy. From Dec. 18: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Dec. 24: "Arthur." (†)

From Dec. 25: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through Dec. 17: "The Last Chase" (Marty Burke), with Lee Majors and Chris Makepeace.

From Dec. 18: Three Bruce Lee films.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: Theatre closed. From Dec. 18: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Galaxy of Terror." From Dec. 18: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleeker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 16: "The White Sheik" (1951; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Masina; and "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Latuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.

Dec. 17: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Dec. 18-19: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Dec. 20-21: "At the Circus" (†) and "A Day at the Races." (†)

Dec. 22: "Zatoichi Challenged" (1967; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Young Boss, the Fugitive" (in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

Dec. 23: "Modern Times" (1936) and "The Great Dictator" (1940), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Dec. 24: "The Killing of Sister George" (†) and "The Fox." (†)

Dec. 25-26: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (†) and "Women in Love." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 16: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.

Dec. 17: "Diary of a Country Priest;" "Nazarin;" and "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Dec. 18: "Andrei Roublev;" "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

Dec. 19: "Apocalypse Now;" and "Dr. Strangelove."

Dec. 20: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Les Girls" (1957; George Cukor), with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.

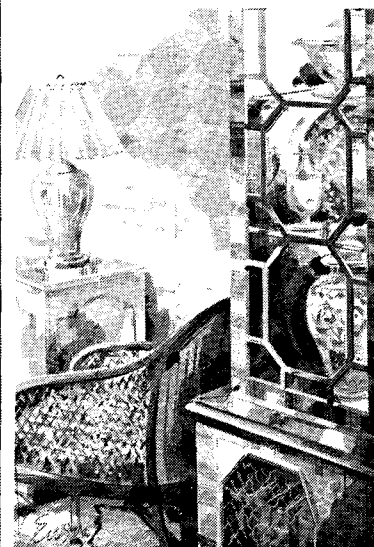
Dec. 21: "The Band Wagon;" "Les Girls;" "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Devil's Eye" (1961; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Dec. 22: "The Seventh Seal;" "The Devil's Eye;" and "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.

Dec. 23: "Fellini's Casanova;" and "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Dec. 24: "Children of Paradise."

Dec. 25: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and



One of only eight hotels in the United States to be awarded the distinguished Mobil five star rating.

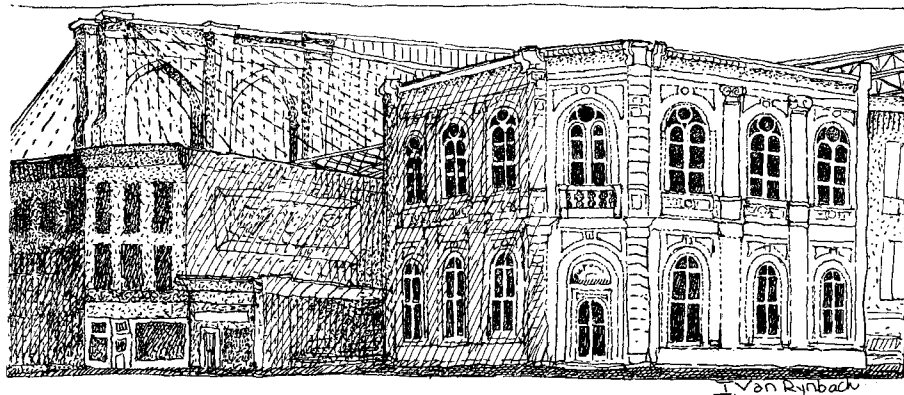
The Four Seasons
San Francisco



**Four
Seasons
Hotels**

New York (The Pierre)
Chicago (The Ritz-Carlton)
San Antonio • San Francisco
Washington, DC
(1982-Dallas • Houston
Philadelphia • Seattle)
Most major Canadian cities

Inn on the Park
Houston • London • Toronto
Call your Travel Agent



The vineyards of Beaucastel.

Châteauneuf-du-Pape on the rocks?

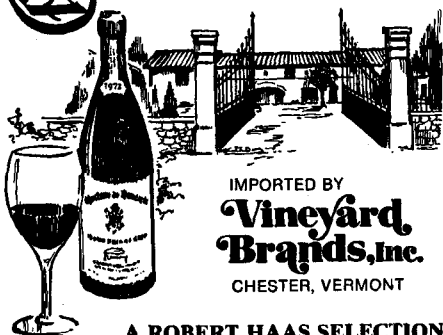
It is a source of amazement to visitors that Château de Beaucastel's vineyards appear to be planted on a mass of smooth rather large, roundish stones. They were left there millenniums ago from a glacier retreating up the Rhône Valley. But, different from what appears, the vines are firmly rooted in the gravelly sub-soil beneath the stones.

What would seem to be a problem of cultivation and yield is quite the opposite for the famous Châteauneuf-du-Pape vines grown there. The Grenache, Syrah, Mourvedre, and Cinsault thrive on solar energy reflected and held by the stones. The heat causes the grapes to ripen in a way that produces a forceful, full-bodied wine. And the stones hold moisture in the soil below them.

Since the Fourteenth Century, when near-by Avignon was the home of the popes, this remarkable vineyard has produced wines that would open the doors to any kingdom.

Château de Beaucastel is a wine made to mature gracefully in the bottle. It is estate-bottled from a vineyard that many of today's critics agree is the best in Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

Château de Beaucastel



IMPORTED BY
Vineyard Brands, Inc.
CHESTER, VERMONT

A ROBERT HAAS SELECTION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ray Walston; and a program of Popeye cartoons.

Dec. 26: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 17: "Debbie Does Dallas" and "Small Town Girls" (both X-rated films).

Dec. 18-19: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hammett.

Dec. 20-22: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Dec. 23-24: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Dec. 25-26: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 24: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 19: "Anchors Aweigh" (1945; George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly; and "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen.

Dec. 20-22: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob." (†)

Dec. 23-26: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958; Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, and Hermione Gingold; and "Scrooge." (†)

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 19: "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.

Dec. 20-22: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

Dec. 23-26: "King of Hearts" (†) and "Where's Poppa?" (†)

OLYMPIA QUAD 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Dec. 17: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Dec. 18-19: "The 400 Blows" (1959) and "Two English Girls" (1972), both films in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Dec. 20-22: "Autumn Sonata" (†); and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Dec. 23-24: "Kagemusha" (†); and "Nosferatu, the Vampire" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

From Dec. 25: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 19: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

Dec. 20-22: "Broadway Melody of 1936" (†) and "Singin' in the Rain." (†)

Dec. 23-26: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 16: "Becky Sharp" (1935; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, and Alison Skipworth; and "Vanity Fair" (1932; Chester Franklin), with Myrna Loy.

Dec. 17: "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, Jay C. Flippen, and Howard Da Silva; and "The Savage Innocents" (1961; Nicholas Ray), with Anthony Quinn.

Dec. 18-19: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (1980; Nicolas Roeg), with Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott.

Dec. 20: "Oblomov" (1981; Nikita Mikhailov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovoi.

Dec. 21: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

Dec. 22: "Themroc" (†), and "The Thief" (1952; Russell Rouse), with Ray Milland, Rita Gam, and Martin Gabel.

Dec. 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Riding High" (1950; Frank



Capra), with Bing Crosby and Coleen Gray.
 Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
 Dec. 25-26: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, with English subtitles: Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Nous les Gosses" (1941; directed by Louis Daquin), with Louise Carletti and Gilbert Gil... Dec. 17 at 6: "La Belle Equipe" (1936; Julien Duvivier), with Jean Gabin, Charles Vanel, and Viviane Romance... Dec. 17 at 8:30: "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir), with Julien Berthaut and Nadia Sibirskaja... Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Le Trou" (1960; Jacques Becker), with Michel Constantin and Philippe Leroy... Dec. 18 at 6: "L'Aigle à Deux Têtes" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Edwige Feuillère, Jean Marais, and Jean Debucourt... Dec. 19 at 2:30: "L'Assassinat

du Père Noël" (1941; Christian-Jaque), with Harry Baur, Raymond Rouleau, and Renée Faure... Dec. 19 at 5: "Lumière d'Été" (1943; Jean Grémillon; no English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud, Paul Bernard, Pierre Brasseur, and Madeleine Robinson... Dec. 20 at 2:30: "La Belle Equipe" (1936; Julien Duvivier), with Jean Gabin, Charles Vanel, and Viviane Romance... Dec. 20 at 5: "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir), with Julien Berthaut and Nadia Sibirskaja... Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Le Grand Jeu" (1933; Jacques Feyder), with Pierre-Richard Willm, Françoise Rosay, Marie Bell, and Charles Vanel... Dec. 21 at 6: "Griboville" (1937; Marc Allégret), with Raimu and Michèle Morgan... Dec. 22 at 2:30: "La Chartreuse de Parme" (1947; Christian-Jaque), with Maria Casarès, Gérard Philipe, Renée Faure, and Lucien Coëdel... Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Ces Messieurs de la Santé" (1933; Pierre Colombier), with Raimu, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Baroux... Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Goupi Mains-rouges" (1943; Jacques Becker), with Fernand Ledoux, Robert Le Vigan, and Blanchette Brunoy... Dec. 26 at 5: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina), with Louise Brooks... Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Dec. 19-20 at noon: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam... Dec. 21-22 at noon: "La La, Making It in L.A." (1979; Caroline Mouris and Frank Mouris), a documentary... Dec. 22 at 6: "Close Harmony" (1981; Nigel Noble) and "Made in the Bronx" (1981; Susan Fanshell), both documentaries... Dec. 26 at noon: "Miracle on 34th Street"

(1947; George Seaton), with Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood, and Edmund Gwenn. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Dec. 23: "Fire Walls Four" (1981; Bill Stephens), a multi-channel video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 16 at 8: "Vredens Dag" (1943; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, no English subtitles)... Dec. 17 at 8: "Symphonie Diagonale" (1922; Viking Eggeling; a silent film); "Anemic Cinema" (1927; Marcel Duchamp; a silent film); and "Stachka" (1924; Sergei Eisenstein; a silent film)... Dec. 18 at 8: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, no English subtitles)... Dec. 19 at 2: A video program... Dec. 19 at 8: "Gertrud" (1964; Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish, with English subtitles)... Dec. 20 at 8: "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film, no English titles)... Dec. 23 at 8: "Oktyabr" (1928; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film, no English titles)... Dec. 24 at 8: "Nanook of the North" (1922; Robert Flaherty), a documentary... Dec. 26 at 8: "Ivan Grozny, Parts 1 and 2" (1945; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, no English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Manhattan; through Dec. 17... St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 25.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. Edward Buzzell directed, from Irving Brecher's weary script. With Kenny Baker, Eve Arden, Florence Rice, Nat Pendleton, and Fritz Feld. The music is by Harold Arlen; Groucho sings the famous ditty about "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady." Mervyn LeRoy was the producer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 20-21.)

AUTUMN SONATA (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Ingmar Bergman's whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 20-22.)

BODY HEAT—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave,

ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotbed-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 17... Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936 (1935)—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Regency; Dec. 20-22.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Manhattan... Art, and Lincoln Plaza; starting Dec. 25.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable

neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. (Groucho's rendezvous with the big, beautiful blonde—Esther Muir—is interrupted by paperhangers. "This is the worst insult I've ever had in my life," she announces. "Well, it's only eight o'clock," replies Groucho.) The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to "Opera" or "Duck Soup," but it's better than just about everything else they did—though "A Night in Casablanca" has its moments. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast also includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed, from a script by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 20-21.)

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmized style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping "They nearly had me." (12/7/81) (Embassy 72nd St.)

THE FOX (1968)—This is D. H. Lawrence's 1923 novella stripped of its subtlety, Freudianized, and turned into something resembling Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," but in a woody setting. It's now a story about two young women—sickly, chattering, ultra-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

feminine Jill (Sandy Dennis) and dark, quiet, strong March (Anne Heywood)—who are trying, rather hopelessly, to run a chicken farm in Canada. There is some symbolism about a fox that has been raiding the hen coop, and along comes a marauding male (Keir Dullea, lowering his voice to indicate masculine strength), who kills the fox, puts the farm in order, and proposes to March, thus awakening the lesbianism dormant in the women. In making the movie sexually explicit, the adapters, Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch, and the director, Mark Rydell, have diminished the material—have made it tamely “sexy” and brightly colored and “healthy.” You have to go back to Lawrence to see how much more powerful and frightening was the repressed sexuality that he was writing about. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with “art,” every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival. . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 17.)

THE GROOVE TUBE (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's “2001,” and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarason, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Criterion Theatres. . . ¶ Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Olympia Quad; through Dec. 17.)

KAGEMUSHA (1980; “The Shadow Warrior”)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized “Kagemusha”—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 23-24.)

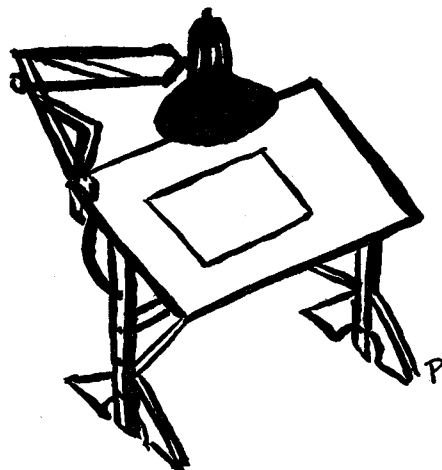
THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE (1968)—This is a case of the wrong director (Robert Aldrich) for the material (Frank Marcus's play). It's about a butch lesbian actress (played by Beryl Reid) who is going to be killed off in her television soap-opera role and who is also losing her girlfriend (Susannah York) to a chic rival (Coral Browne). Aldrich starts out in that blunt, overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. The film is full of grotesque touches: the girlfriend playing with dolls, sadomasochistic rituals, etc. In a guided tour through a London lesbian bar, every shot is locked in with significance; the obvious supposition is that we're going to be shocked and

wowed. It's a clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 23-26.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the “fubby” type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubby comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 20-22.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive pop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by



Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Gramercy; through Dec. 24.)

ON GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it “good American stock,” or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I.)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—With Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters, directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

PIXOTE—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

PRINCE OF THE CITY—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema. . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 24.)

RAGTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be “truth”? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious; this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Bar-

WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS?

A Continuing Series



uality. Service. Beauty.
The pursuit of these is
perhaps the most important
part of our business.

And nowhere is this more evident than in our collection of Madeira linens, hand-embroidered to match your china — and ours alone in the world. How we go about echoing an heirloom pattern offers a glimpse about our commitment to our quest for the best.

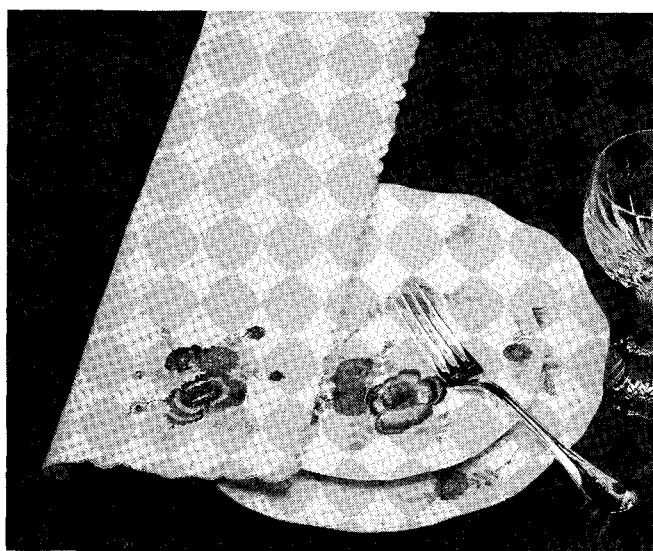
Step one. If we have determined that your china pattern is not represented in our stock of over 45 patterns of hand-embroidered linens, our linen supplier will hand-carry a sample plate to his factory on the island of Madeira, 530 miles southwest of Lisbon, Portugal.

Step two. The factory then researches extensive archives to make certain the design has not already been created. If, after checking over 25,000 examples, the china pattern is still not discovered, the plate is brought to an artist who specializes in drawing designs to scale on a sheet of tissue paper as large as the finished place mat and napkin.

The design is then stamped onto the finest Irish linen, colors are selected, and it is delivered to one of the island's embroiderers. Because tiny variations of style occur among the embroiderers, only one woman is allowed to work on a set of table linens. Working at home, she will handle the whole painstaking effort (the scalloping on the border of one placemat alone takes 45 hours of close work) and dedicate months to its completion.

Step three. The linens are brought back from the mountains, and handscrubbed in washtubs to remove any trace of soil and ink. They are hung out to dry, looking like canvases billowing under the hot Madeira sun. Next, they are starched by wadding tiny strips of fabric, which are

The china pattern below was created in 1750. The matching hand-embroidered linens? 10 months ago. Exclusively for us.



dipped into a solution, and brushed across the linen as it's ironed. When they are trimmed, they are ready for shipping (with the original china sample) to the Neiman-Marcus store from which they were ordered.

grandchildren ask how they were created you might just show them this article. Or call The Galleries. We daresay we will still be able to tell them.

A special custom-embroidered linen order takes about eight months to deliver. Years hence, when you pass them on as family heirlooms, if your



Dallas Fort Worth Houston Atlanta St. Louis Oakbrook, Ill. Northbrook, Ill. Washington, D.C.
Bal Harbour San Diego Beverly Hills Newport Beach Las Vegas White Plains, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

onet, and Loews State. . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Dec. 18.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1. . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia Quad 1; starting Dec. 25.)

REDS—With Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton, directed by Beatty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN (1975)—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. Cinematography by Gerry Fisher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25-26.)

SCROOGE (1970)—This Ronald Neame version, starring Albert Finney, is tastefully dull. Leslie Bricusse simply cannot write a tune; you leave this musical without even a few bars to hum. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 23-26.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful, and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage (later cut from some of the prints) and during a lavish oversize Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, Rita Moreno as a flapper actress, Madge Blake as a syrupy columnist, and Douglas Fowley as a distraught director. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from a witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs, by Nacio Herb Brown, with lyrics by Arthur Freed, include "All I Do Is Dream of You," "Make 'Em Laugh," "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Fit as a Fiddle," "Should I?," "You Were Meant for Me," "Good Morning," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." The song "Moses" is by Comden and Green and Roger Edens. Cinematography by Harold Rosson. (Regency; Dec. 20-22.)

STRIPES—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Art; through Dec. 17.)

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THEMROC (1973)—This anarchistic, deliberately bestial black-comedy fantasy grew out of the post-1968 period in France, when it was fashionable to attack all "structures." It's about sex and the family and revolution, and it stars Michel Piccoli as Themroc (pronounced Temroc), a middle-aged factory worker who revolts, goes back to his flat, throws his material goods into the courtyard, and walls himself and his pretty young sister (Béatrice Romand), whom he has been lusting after, up in it. He lives like an animal (what animal we'll never know), feasting on pigs—i.e., policemen—roasted on a spit. Soon, others in the block of flats follow suit and join in the orgy. The characters don't speak in any known language; they grunt and squeal and make "animal" sounds. In its assault on taboos, this work somewhat resembles Makavejev's "WR—Mysteries of the Organism;" unlike Godard's "Weekend," it revels in barbarism, cannibalism, and bestiality. The director, Claude Feraldo, is ingenious and talented, though the pacing is often too slow and the thinking suggests a dirtier, French "Steelyard Blues." The usually suave Piccoli is surprisingly effective in his caveman, King Kongish role; the result is much funnier than if a normally crude actor had played the part. The cast includes members of the Théâtre de la Gare; among them are Miou-Miou and Patrick Dewaere. (Thalia; Dec. 22.)

TICKET TO HEAVEN—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Ann Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Cinema II.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Lincoln Plaza.)

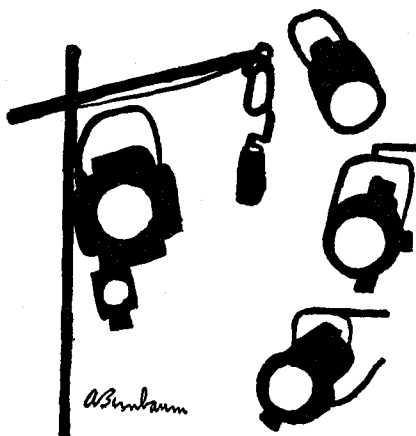
TRUE CONFESSIONS—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a Monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the

murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (Quad Cinema. . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 17. . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 24.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 23-26.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, we shouldn't jeopardize our vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the fascinating, stony Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladak Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Catherine Willmer, Richard Heffer, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue; the set designer is Luciana Arrighi; the costume designer is Shirley Russell. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 17. . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25-26.)

WOYZECK (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; through Dec. 19.)



12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. N.Y. © 1981

DIAMONDS BY HARRY WINSTON, INC.



Give her something expensive with rocks.
If you're lucky, she'll do the same for you.



THE HIGH FIDELITY SYS MOST QUALIFIED

Introducing Pioneer Syscom: A totally new kind of high fidelity component system.

If you're in the market for true high fidelity sound, a pre-matched system is a good way to get it. Because it offers the sound quality of separate components and saves you the trouble of having to buy them piece by piece.

But not every pre-matched system is a good one

to buy. Many are made by companies known for only one thing. Like speakers. Or turntables.

Syscom, on the other hand, is the high fidelity system built by the people who are famous for every thing that goes into one. Pioneer. In fact, today Pioneer is the leading maker of virtually every kind of high fidelity component.

What's more, Syscom's components aren't merely

For the name of the Pioneer Syscom dealer nearest you, call 800-447-2882 (In Illinois 800-322-4400). Digital timer

SYSTEM FROM THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW TO BUILD ONE.



matched. They're built for each other by Pioneer audio engineers. This maximizes the system's performance and results in sound quality often not even found in systems costing twice as much.

There's a wide variety of Pioneer Syscom groups available in vertical and horizontal arrangements. One of them is perfectly suited to the way you live.

So why would you even consider buying a high

fidelity system from a manufacturer who knows how to build *some* of the components, now that you can buy one from the people who've perfected them all. Pioneer.

 **PIONEER®**
We bring it back alive.

equalizer, headphone, microphone optional. ©1981 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

We can't tell you who banks at Morgan. But we can tell you why.



A personal banking relationship at Morgan is always a confidential matter. We can, however, tell you why individuals who have sizable income and assets decide to bank with us. First, they receive personal service and professionalism unique in banking. Second, they receive it from a *team* of bankers—not just one—assigned to their account. You will, too.

Fewer branches, more service. Morgan doesn't have a branch on every corner. But you won't find long lines at counters, either. Mistakes are a rarity. And we answer your phone calls and questions promptly.

Years ago we decided to serve only a relatively few clients. So we can take extra care—whether

you're investing in money-market instruments, sending funds to a relative abroad, arranging a loan, or cashing a check.

You're never just a number at Morgan. Each New York banking office will recognize and honor your signature. And with our World Check™ Card you can cash your Morgan Guaranty Trust Company checks at major banks in most countries.

Custody service

Besides providing safekeeping for

your securities, we collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, tender offers.

If you have a sizable portfolio we will be glad to introduce you to our specialists in investment management and trust administration.

Find out more

Discover how rewarding a personal banking relationship at Morgan Guaranty can be. Talk to a banker at any of our New York offices: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or call C. Walter Nichols III, Vice President, at (212) 483-2230.

The Morgan Bank

Member FDIC



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who gets around town a lot writes:

This might sound crazy, but there's something important that you should know about: This town is crawling with spies. Large numbers of spies, all masquerading as non-spies. Next time you go out to buy some beer or to pick your shirts up from the laundry, try this: stop suddenly and quickly glance over your shoulder. Chances are you won't notice anyone looking sneaky or doing anything unusual. You know why? Because they're *spies*. They're *extremely* tricky. I can almost hear the skeptical click-clicking of your eyeballs as you read this. O.K., then, let me refer you to a recent story in the *Times*—the one with the headline "NEW YORK TERMED 'HUB' OF FOREIGN SPIES IN U.S." This article says that foreign spies are all over the place. Name a borough, it's got spies. And it's not just Russian spies out there, either. You've also got your P.L.O. spies, your Israeli spies, your Communist-bloc-country spies. Fortunately for us, where there are spies there is also the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Three hundred F.B.I. agents have been assigned to counterintelligence duty right here in New York City. The whole idea of counterintelligence is to prevent these foreign spies from getting any work done. The way to do that is to compromise them and get them to start spying on themselves. An F.B.I. agent named Donald J. McGorty, who is in charge of something called Sino/Satellite Foreign Counterintelligence—that category accounts for every country except the Soviet Union—told the *Times* some of the ways in which the Bureau has managed to keep people from spying on us. It seems that the F.B.I. sends agents to pose as lawyers and accoun-

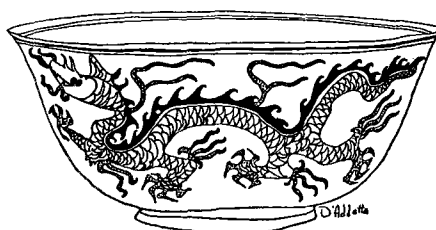
tants and to hang out in bars and restaurants where suspected foreign spies go to unwind and exchange information. "Overtures are gradual," the *Times* reports, "while agents work at cultivating confidence." A particularly interesting technique is to get F.B.I. agents, usually female, to go to supermarkets or beauty parlors where a foreign spy's wife shops or has her hair done and to chat her up and eventually enlist her help in persuading her husband to shift allegiances. According to Special Agent McGorty, the way to help these foreign spies see the error of their ways and to get them working for our form of democracy rather than for whatever godless creed it is that they have been duped into subscribing to all these years is to approach them with "simple friendliness."

I wanted to see for myself whether this weapon of the secret war would really work, so for the past few days I've been spending a lot of time in a supermarket in my neighborhood. It's either a Daitch-Shopwell or a Gristede's or an A.&P.—for reasons of national security, of course, I can't say which—and, I don't know, maybe I just got lucky and picked the right one, but the results have been terrific. Sometimes I hang out near the Mop & Glo display, in the household-cleaners section, and other times I stand near the fresh peppers, in produce, and other times near the aerosol cheese containers, in the dairy case. (You have to keep moving, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the store's

floorwalker.) Once I spot a foreign spy's wife—it's not difficult to pick them out; they usually wear stockings with seams, and they don't bother to comparison-shop, because they can't get the hang of unit pricing—I just sidle up and get friendly in a simple way. I'll say something about the strange weather we've been having lately or I'll point out how I can remember when name-brand yogurt was four for a dollar and now it's fifty-nine cents—and, by golly, if nine out of ten of these wives of foreign spies don't just open up to a stranger who throws a little kindness their way. Pretty soon, we're over in the prepared-foods aisle studying the list of ingredients on a Stove Top Stuffing box, and the next thing you know they're inviting me to come over for dinner and meet their husbands. I can't say that anybody's slipped me any stolen microfilm yet or offered to crack any secret codes for me, but I'm convinced that that's just a matter of time. Meanwhile, it's encouraging to see how far a plain old smile and a "Hi, how are you?" and a little help in reaching the new, super-absorbent towels way up there on the top shelf will get you. "Simple friendliness"—and suddenly the world becomes a safer place. Makes you proud.

ANOTHER friend, this one in Los Angeles, writes:

The crime rate here is on the rise, and the local TV-news departments never miss a chance to remind us of it. Day after day, they lead their four-o'clock and five-o'clock and six-o'clock and ten-o'clock and eleven-o'clock news broadcasts with stories of murder, rape, and gang violence. Local TV commentators play relentlessly on the theme of a crime wave. Angelenos, who have never been famous walkers, are now afraid to walk from their cars to their houses at night. Sales of bur-



glar alarms have soared. Local TV also carries frequent stories on the growth of the home-security industry. It's supporting evidence for the existence of the crime wave. In the midst of this fear and danger, I've become obsessive about camouflaging the tape deck in my Volkswagen Rabbit when I leave the car unattended. This makes me feel foolish and mean-spirited. With all the terrible things befalling people in this city, here I am worrying about my Blaupunkt. Yet I do worry about my Blaupunkt.

Twice this year, my left front window has been smashed, my dashboard has been torn apart, and my tape deck has been stolen. The first time it happened, the insurance company paid the six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar bill on the strength of the dealer's repair invoice. The second time around, the company asked for a police report as well. When I went to police headquarters, the officer at the desk told me my car would have to be checked by the Fingerprint Unit. The Fingerprint Unit turned out to be a downy-faced policeman who looked to be sixteen years old and may have been twenty-two at the outside. He had a fingerprint kit just like the ones in the movies, with the powder and the soft cosmetic brush. I thought he was going to burst out crying when he saw the gaping hole in my dashboard. "Oh, my gosh!" he said. "That's terrible. It really rips me up to see a thing like that. What kind of tape deck was it—a Blaupunkt?" I asked how he knew. "It's what they all go after," he said. "German workmanship, and all that." But many Blaupunkts aren't made in Germany anymore, I said. They're made in Japan, like everything else. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Blaupunkts are status symbols. People prow around parking lots looking for German cars. When they see one with a Blaupunkt, they can rip it off in sixty seconds flat."

I asked how long the fingerprint process would take; I still had an appointment to keep. Once again, the fingerprint man looked stricken. "Do you really want me to do it? You've got such a pretty little car. Once you get that powder on the dashboard and the upholstery, you'll never get it off. What's the use of making a mess? It's not as if we ever catch anybody."

It seemed stupid to put another Blaupunkt in my car. Why ask for anxiety? But it also seemed stupid to lower the car's resale value by installing a cheaper tape deck. I began to feel

trapped. People didn't have these problems when they listened to crystal sets. I did some reading on car alarm systems. That was discouraging. Alarm systems can cost more than the tape decks they're supposed to protect. I finally decided to buy my third Blaupunkt but camouflage it. I wanted something that would say to a car thief: Yes, this is a Volkswagen, and, yes, you might think there's a Blaupunkt hidden under there, but you're wrong, I'm just a poor slob with a tin ear, and if you bother to break in you'll only find a rudimentary AM radio that I use for listening to traffic reports on the freeway. I experimented with draping a road map over the dashboard to conceal the tape deck. It looked contrived. I tried a sweater. It looked studiously casual. I tried a sweatshirt, then jogging shorts with sneakers on top, then tennis shorts with a tennis ball on top and a shabby tennis racquet left on the driver's seat to give the whole production credibility. I don't want to discuss the camouflage I finally settled on. The effect would be ruined if everyone started using it. All I can tell you is it worked. No one has broken into my car in more than three months. The only problem, as I said, is how compulsive—how paranoid—I've become about it. I've worried more about tape-deck thefts this past year than I have about muggings, murders, or, for that matter, nuclear proliferation.

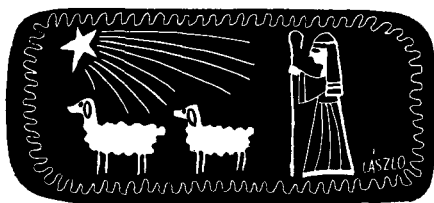
Imagine my surprise, then, when I picked up the *Los Angeles Times* the other day and saw a front-page story headlined "L.A. CRIME RISE TRACED TO AUTO SOUND SYSTEM THEFTS." The city's rising crime rate, it seems, is entirely the result of a huge increase in thefts from vehicles. Take those away and the rate of major crime is actually seven-tenths of one per cent lower this year than it was in the same ten-month period last year. "We've talked to burglars who say they've switched from houses to cars," a detective is quoted as saying in the *L.A. Times* piece, "because it's so easy to break into a car and steal a Blaupunkt." But this also means that the local TV stations have been whipping up our fears about personal

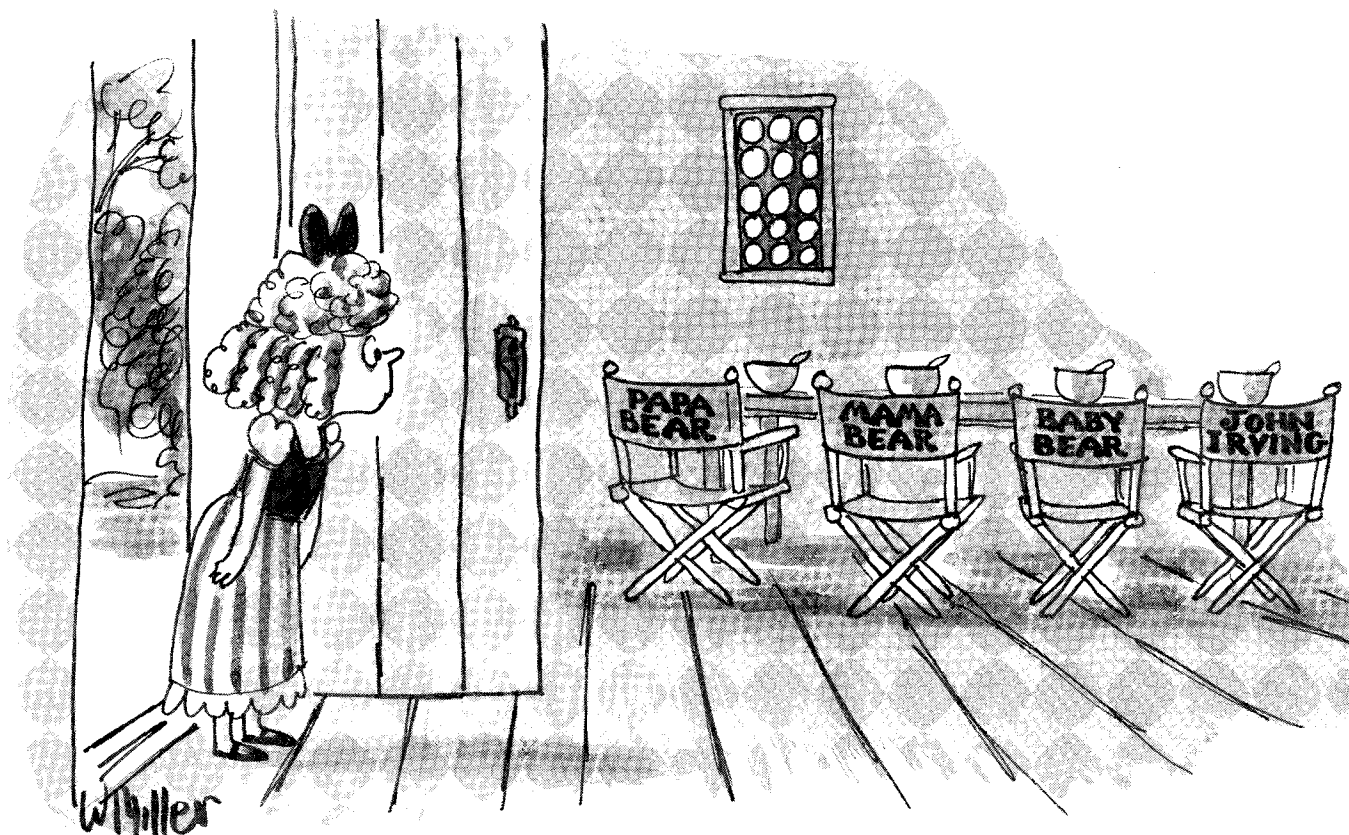
safety. Los Angeles has not, in fact, experienced a sudden increase in violence. Los Angeles is a city in which a growing number of radios and tape decks are being stolen—calmly. This is not to suggest that all is well here. The crime rate is indeed high. Children take weapons to school. Terrible things really do happen to innocent people. But there are crimes and crimes, and the TV stations have not taken the time or the trouble to distinguish between crimes against cars, which are on the rise, and crimes against people, which are in a slight decline. One finds little enough in the news these days to feel good about. I take perverse pleasure in the new knowledge that my Blaupunkt's chances of survival have diminished, while my own have improved ever so slightly.

Small Farms

THE United States Department of Agriculture held a symposium on small farms not long ago, and the farmers, who met at a government research center outside Washington, D.C., got right down to business. In three days of sessions, they heard talks on dozens of topics: a horticulturist described what the Colorado potato beetle does to tomatoes and what farmers can do to prevent blight; a botanist explained the value of growing herbs and aromatic plants in rows between regular crops; and an entomologist praised the horn-faced bee as a pollinator of orchards, because a horn-faced bee can pollinate a hundred and five flowers in the time a honeybee does four. As far as we could tell, the fact-filled sessions were designed to improve the chances of survival (again) for farms threatened by inflation, rising energy and land costs, and competition from "agribusinesses" (the small fraction of farms that control more than half the American farmland and an even higher proportion of farm production). In a talk that won the assemblage with sly jokes, common sense, and a wall-sized illustrated plan of a model twenty-five-acre farm, Booker T. Whatley, of Montgomery, Alabama, set the conference standard. After his lecture, which was upbeat all the way, we asked Mr. Whatley to explain why he's confident about the future of small farms.

"Let's find someplace where we can look closely at my farm," Mr. Whatley suggested. He had his chart rolled





up under one arm. He was now wearing a glen-plaid hat, which covered a high, dark forehead and tight silver curls, and he was dressed in a gray double-knit suit, shiny brown slip-ons, and a white shirt with a cigarette burn on the chest and a pack of Luckies in the breast pocket. When he had led us into a nearby hallway, he unfurled his plan, which proved to be on canvas, across the floor. "The small farmers have got to let the big boys grow soybeans, cotton, hay, peanuts, beef cattle," he said, down on one knee. "We've got to concentrate on the high-value crop, which is what I did at Tuskegee Institute. What you see here is a small model farm I started down there in 1974. The farm has a dozen components, as you can tell by looking at the pictures: blackberries, blueberries (they're Rabbiteye), collards, muscadine grapes, mustards, Southern peas (they're purple-hulled, and real popular back home), strawberries, sweet potatoes, turnips, and honeybees, along with fish in a stocked pond and a rookery for bobwhite quail. The farm meets five criteria. First, the components provide a year-round weekly family income. Strawberries provide the cash flow from mid-April to mid-May, then blackberries, and, next, the Rabbiteyes. The grapes are available for sale in August and September. Each component has its sea-

son, and that brings up the second point, which is that the components don't compete with each other for harvest labor—they are compatible. Third, each component produces a minimum annual gross income of three thousand dollars per acre. That's what I mean by high value. Fourth, the farm provides full employment the year round. The twenty-five-acre farm requires two and a half man-years, which is a man, his wife, and three teen-agers after school. Finally, markets for the commodities produced are within twenty-five miles of the farm. There are a few twists here. To save labor costs, I set up the farm as a pick-your-own operation. To make sure I had labor *and* a market for the crops, I set up a clientele membership club, for twenty-five dollars a year, that gives a member the privilege of coming on the farm and picking all products—all but the sweet potatoes, the quail, the fish, and the honey, which are not pick-your-own—at sixty per cent of the supermarket prices. You've got to vary the crops for climate and soil, of course, but the principles hold for the whole country. From what I've learned, by the end of the fifth year a farm like this will gross over a hundred thousand dollars, with a net of one-third to one-half that amount."

Here Mr. Whatley wiped the sweat

from his brow with a handkerchief and closed his eyes for a moment's rest. Then he continued, with the same keen enthusiasm, "There's forty or fifty farms like this in Alabama already, and I figure there can be a lot more. Each farm can feed a thousand households, or five thousand people, so, assuming the best for small farms, the United States could use forty-four, maybe forty-five thousand of them, especially in the Northeast, which is right for small farms. If a farmer meets the criteria I told you about, and has land on a hard-surface road for easy access, with a source of water for irrigation, he ought to make a go of it."

In Volume I, Number 2, of the monthly *Small Farm Technical Newsletter*, which he edits, Mr. Whatley boasted that the previous issue had gone to subscribers in fifteen states and the District of Columbia. He also gave his birth date, which showed him to be sixty-six years old. We asked if he had retired from running the small model farm, and left it to the men whose names marked "Bernard's Place" ("That's my beekeeper"), "Kennbrew's Place" ("He's my tractor driver and equipment man"), and "Frank Sparks's Drive" ("My field supervisor") on the map of the farm.

"I was brought up on a farm in



"Did you remember to get mistletoe?"

Calhoun County, Alabama, near Aniston, the county seat," he replied, in a deliberate, yarn-spinner's manner. "I took my B.S. in agriculture at Alabama A. & M., in Huntsville, and my Ph.D. in horticulture up at Rutgers, and then I did this and that. In the Korean War, I worked on a hydroponic farm in Japan for the United States, growing plants in mineral water. The Japanese used night soil—or human waste—and the Americans couldn't eat fruits and vegetables grown in the soil, because they'd get amoebic dysentery. I taught horticulture at Southern University, in Baton Rouge, and then I was an AID horticulture adviser to the Minister of Agriculture in Ghana for a couple of years. In the mid-fifties, I returned to Southern University as a professor and the head of its Horticulture Department. In 1969, I went to Tuskegee, where the small model farm grew out of our sweet-potato, small-fruits, and honeybee research. I was responsible for five new sweet-potato varieties and fifteen new muscadine-grape varieties, and a bunch-grape variety that I named Foxxie Lottie, after my wife. She's the one who dressed me up for my talk here; I usually wear khakis, a T-shirt, some old beat-up shoes. Anyway, when I went home to the South I

became a small-farm expert. I got the model farm going, then I started my own farm, and I've just started another farm of my own. When I retired from Tuskegee, last summer, I started my newsletter, which already has five or six thousand subscribers. With the farm and the newsletter and all, I keep pretty busy. I'm retired, but I'm not retired, if you know what I mean. That's my story."

Short, Loud, and Fast

WE dropped by Carnegie Hall recently to attend one of its free concerts for children, and found the brasses of the American Symphony Orchestra warming up onstage and twenty-five hundred third, fourth, and fifth graders filing down the aisles, under the supervision of their teachers, to take seats in the auditorium. The concerts—a series of six identical one-hour programs—have been designed to introduce about fifteen thousand public-school and parochial-school pupils to the symphonic repertoire, in the hope that some of them will ultimately appreciate and study classical music. The children, most of whom had never been inside a concert hall before, were wide-eyed with amazement at Carnegie's vast red-white-and-gold

interior. The teachers, who had been briefed on the program a few days before it started, were handing out yellow programs and fielding questions from curious children. Near the stage door, we fell into conversation with Mr. Leo Sevush, who is the conductor of the All-City High School Orchestra and the assistant director of music for the Board of Education. Mr. Sevush, a slight, energetic-looking man, told us that about half the children in the hall were enrolled in some kind of music-instruction program. "In the last ten years, we've lost over fifty per cent of our music classes because of budget cuts, but we're doing what we can with the resources that are still available," he said. "Basically, music instruction in an elementary school is up to the principal. If he wants it, he's got it. Some of these kids are learning to play instruments one period a week. We chose third through fifth graders as the audience for these concerts because this is the age when a child can begin to develop wholesome attitudes toward music—and toward culture in general—that will stick with him for the rest of his life."

We moved down the hall to chat with Isaiah Jackson, a tall, handsome black maestro, who had signed on as conductor of the programs. "I do a lot of youth concerts in Rochester, where I'm the associate conductor of the symphony, and I've developed two basic operational rules," Mr. Jackson said. "One, get the kids to participate in the program by asking them questions—about the instruments, about the pieces we play. Two, keep the music somewhat short, somewhat loud, and somewhat fast. We start with Copland's 'Fanfare for the Common Man,' which commands *instant* attention, because it practically blows the audience out of the hall. We finish up with Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' and as we play it we unfurl a great big American flag we've borrowed from the Boston Pops. In between, I've programmed music based on songs they already know—the Ives-Schuman 'Variations on America,' the Gould 'American Salute,' which is based on 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' and excerpts from 'Star Wars,' which everybody will recognize—and also some short pieces by Bernstein, Kurka, and Kay that will be unfamiliar to most of the children. The 'Variations on America,' which runs seven minutes, is the longest and most difficult piece on the program. It may be a bit sophis-

ticated for your average nine-year-old, but I think it's good to stretch young minds a bit."

Mr. Jackson departed for the podium, and we walked upstairs to take a seat in a box with seven young men from P.S. 20, in Manhattan, who introduced themselves as Chi Hang Shum, Oscar Gutierrez, Candido Aguilar, Luis Mercado, Vincent Accardo, Carlos Rios, and Ken Hung Peong, and said they were all in the fifth grade. When the program began, Mr. Jackson spoke about various instruments in the orchestra, and our box knew them all. We asked our companions how they had acquired this information, and Ken Hung explained that the entire class had been taught what the various instruments were. "We all take string lessons once a week," he went on. "We started plucking strings, and now we can play 'Merrily We Roll Along' and 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' Next week, we're going to start playing with a bow, just like those people onstage."

Candido Aguilar, who was sitting in the front row, turned around and said, "Our teacher, Mr. Messinger, played records of some of the pieces we're going to hear."

Ken Hung said that Chi Hang and Candido wanted to continue with the violin. "Vincent and Carlos want to stay with the bass," he added. "Luis and I want to switch from the violin to the cello, and Oscar likes the viola." Oscar, a small, serious boy with glasses, nodded and began to conduct the Copland "Fanfare."

The program progressed through Kay, Ives-Schuman, Bernstein, and Gould, with Mr. Jackson deftly controlling the waves of restlessness that occasionally swept the auditorium. ("Let me have your very best silence now, so that our friends up in the balcony can hear.") The hit of the concert was, predictably, the bombastic John Williams score for "Star Wars," which was accompanied by flashing pink and amber strobe lights. It was received

with loud cheers. When we asked our P.S. 20 group what kind of music they'd like to hear next year, they said they wanted more movie music.

"I like 'Superman' and 'Rocky,'" said Luis.

"I like 'Close Encounters,'" said Vincent.

"I like 'The Lone Ranger,'" said Candido. "I can play a little bit of it on my violin, but it sounds funny."

After the concert, a Carnegie official showed us some letters that the Hall had just received from two Bronx classes that had attended the program the previous day.

A ten-year-old girl from P.S. 81 wrote:

Carnegie Hall... The exciting music was played well but the quieter music was played better, I think. I liked the clarinet and the violin the best of all the instruments I heard today. The viola doesn't have a very nice sound. It sounds sort of foggy.

A nine-year-old boy from P.S. 95 wrote:

Dear Mr. Jackson and Symphony, I really liked all the songs but my favorite was Star Wars... I did not understand why the piano was not there, but even thoe the boy next to me was talking I enjoyed it very much.

Another boy from P.S. 95 wrote:

Dear Mr. Warkow I loved the conceret it was so good I was dancing. Did you kown

I am gona. be A trummer. well I got to go by.

A nine-year-old boy from P.S. 81 wrote:

Dear Mr. Jackson I liked your leading. ... I liked the guy who was playing the trums. My two best songs were Star Wars and The Good Soldier.

A ten-year-old girl from P.S. 95 wrote:

Dear Carnegie Hall Your performance was good. But I really liked best was hearing the whole band playing star wars. And especially hearing the clarinets playing because, im in a school band and im playing the clarinet too.

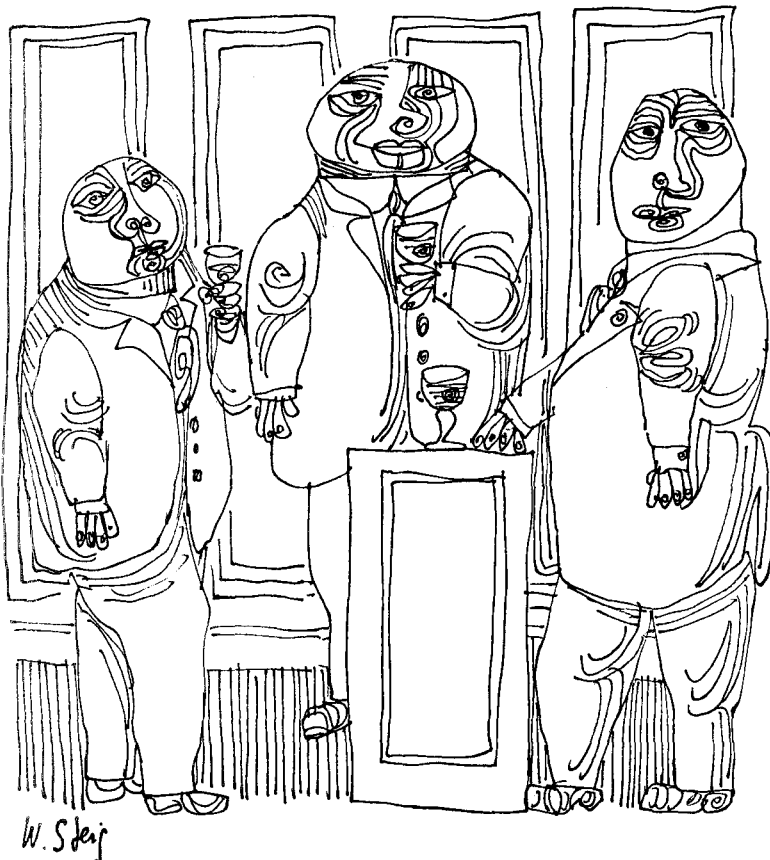
Another ten-year-old girl from P.S. 95 wrote:

Dear Musicians I enjoyed your concert very much. I have never gone to Carnegie Hall but now I have. I think that the musicians did a very good job. I hope to visit Carnegie Hall again, because I think it is a Special place and a great honor.

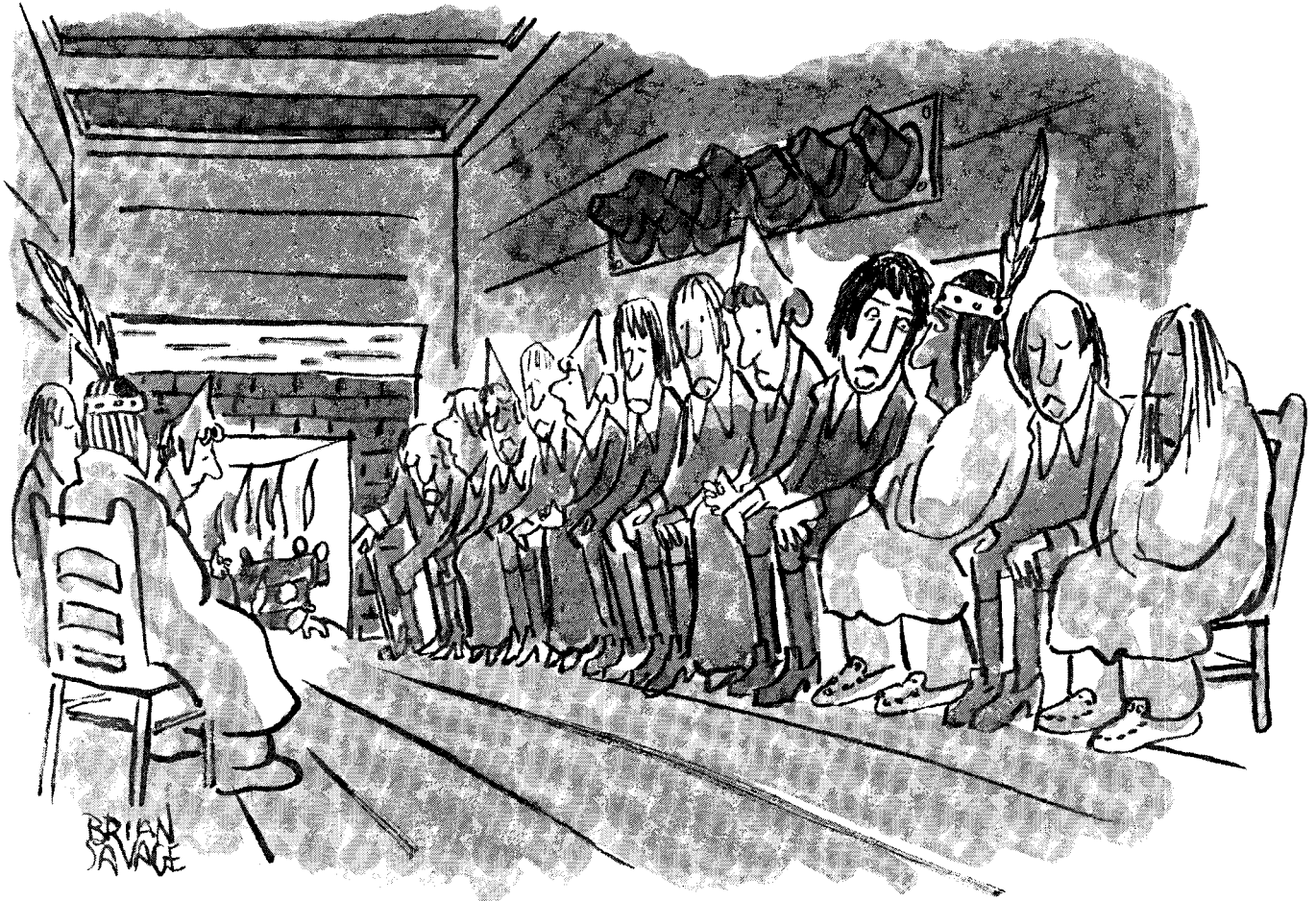
Last-Minute Holiday-Shopping Suggestion

PAY attention. There's still time. Do this: Go to the bank and withdraw one hundred eleven dollars and twenty-five cents. Put it in your pocket. Get yourself to an express station of the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. Buy four tokens. Use one to ride the No. 3 train to the end of the line—Flatbush

Avenue, Brooklyn. Go upstairs. Wait for a B6 bus. Board the bus. Put a token in the fare box. Ride the bus to the intersection of Flatlands Avenue and Ralph Avenue. Get out. Walk a half block south on Ralph. You'll see a Foodtown supermarket on the right. Go inside. Check the bargains (Entenmann's baked goods, twenty cents off any package; Vintage Cola, regular or sugar-free, sixty-nine cents a two-litre bottle; Spigadoro imported pasta, sixty-nine cents a pound) but *do not buy anything*. (The supermarket bargains are meant to put you in the proper frame of mind, that's all.) Head for the exit. On the way out, near the shopping carts, Frank



Business Social



"We were very unhappy in England."

Gonzalez will hand you a flyer for the December Bonanza sale at the Male Shop, at 1974 Ralph Avenue. It's another half block south, not far from Avenue J. Walk through the Foodtown parking lot and you're there. Go inside.

If a salesman doesn't immediately approach and ask if he can help you, Ben Kessler, the store manager, will find one for you. But don't worry. A salesman will immediately approach and ask if he can help you. He's on call. This is how he makes his living. Do not say that you're just looking. The fact is you are not just looking. The fact is you've come for the one-hundred-dollar package. Sizes at the Male Shop run from 36 short to 60 long (also cadets and extra-long). Tell the salesman your size. First, you pick out your new suit—one of the suits that are ticketed at ninety-nine dollars. Don't even consider alterations. Alterations cost extra. Get a suit that fits perfectly when you first try it on. Next comes your sports jacket. Choose from any of the jackets ticketed at ninety-eight dollars. Good. Now the slacks—one pair. Pick out some slacks that go

well with the sports jacket. Or else don't—it's up to you. But get a pair. Your all-weather coat comes next. That's a raincoat with a zip-out lining, with a price tag that says one hundred twenty-eight dollars. Forget all the price tags—this is a package deal. (Some days, they run out of the all-weather coats, and the Male Shop gives you a rain check, which means you come back when the coats are in stock again. Pray that that doesn't happen to you.) Carry the suit, the sports jacket, the slacks, and the all-weather coat across the room to the neckties. Take two. You're entitled to them. Also two pairs of socks; take them. Head back to where you bought the suits. They're serving free coffee and cookies there. Have some of each. Put an extra cookie in your pocket for later on. Now back to the revolving racks loaded with designer shirts. Take one of those. You're on your way to the cash register, but not before you get a fibre-filled nylon-shell ski jacket. Maybe a blue-and-red one. Now you're ready to have this stuff wrapped, so you can start heading for home. Try to get Gina Catalano to

wait on you at the cash register. Gina's cute. No need for her to spend a lot of time ringing this stuff up. It costs one hundred dollars. With tax, that comes to one-oh-eight twenty-five. Give Gina the money. The Male Shop still owes you your choice of a digital watch or a transistor radio. The watch is a Gillette Reflex. The radio is a Rosenic, AM but no FM. It comes in blue or orange or khaki green. You're not through. There's also a bottle of champagne from California. Skip the champagne. If you skip the champagne, you instead get steak dinners for two at the Foursome Steak Pub. Forget the second dinner. Leave the store. The Foursome Steak Pub is another half block south on Ralph. The Foursome Steak Pub has dancing Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and a soup-and-salad bar from noon to ten-thirty except Saturday. The steak is a twelve-ounce sirloin. It comes with bread, soup, salad, shrimp, and a baked potato. After dinner, walk back to Flatlands Avenue and take the B6 back to the subway. Use your last token. Ride the train home. Enjoy your new clothes. Wear them with a smile.

ROLLED IN RARE BOHEMIAN ONYX, THEN VULCANIZED BY HAND

DEAR EMINENT PATRON OF THE
MAIL ORDER ARTS,

Imagine a collector's item so exquisitely detailed that each is actually *invisible* to the naked eye.

Think of an heirloom so limited in availability that when you order it, the mint specially constructed to craft it will be *demolished*.

Ponder an item so precious that its value has actually *tripled* since you began reading this.

Kiln-Fired in Edible 24-Calorie Silver

Never before in human history has the Polk McKinley Harding Coolidge Mint (not a U.S. Government body) commissioned such a rarity.

Consider: miniature pewterine reproductions, authenticated by the World Court at The Hague and sent to you in moisture-resistant Styrofoam chests, of the front-door letter slots of Hollywood's 36 most beloved character actors and actresses.

A special blue-ribbon Advisory Panel will insure that the Foundation Council's certificated and inscribed insignia is approved by Her Majesty's Master of Heralds before the application deadline.

Meanwhile, they are yours to inspect in the privacy of your home, office, shop, or den for *twenty years* by express permission, already withdrawn, of the Polk McKinley Harding Coolidge Mint—the only mint authorized to stamp your application with its own seal.

The equivalent of three centuries of painstaking historical research, supervised by the U.S. Bureau of Mines, has preceded this issue of *The Ornamental Handles of the Walking Canes of the Hohenzollern Princelings*.

Our miniature craftsmen have designed, cast, struck, etched, forged, and finished these authentic reproductions—not available in any store, even before they were commissioned—literally *without regard* for quality.

Certified by the American Kennel Club

But now, through a special arrangement with the Postmaster General of the Republic of San Marino, this 72-piece commemorative plinth, honoring

The Footprints of the Great Jewel Thieves of the French Riviera—each encased in its own watered-silk caddy that revolves 360 degrees on genuine Swedish steel ball bearings—has been cancelled.

A unique way, you will agree, of introducing you and your loved ones to *The Great Cookie Jars of the Restoration*, just as Congreve the boy must have pilfered from.

They are so authentic that you can actually smell them with your nose.

And don't forget: every set of hand-fired porcelain reproductions of *The Padlocks of the Free World's Great Customs Houses* comes sealed in an airtight cask, fashioned after the shoe locker of a Mogul emperor so famous that we are prohibited from disclosing his name.

12 Men Died to Make the Ingots Perfect

But why, as a prudent investor, should you spend thousands of dollars, every month for a lifetime, to acquire this 88-piece set of *Official Diplomatic License Plates of the World's Great Governments-in-Exile*?

One Minnesota collector comments, "I never expected to buy an item so desirable that it has already kept its haunting fascination forever."

But even this merely hints at the extraordinary investment potential of the Connoisseur's Choice selection of *Great Elevator Inspection Certificates of the World's Tallest Buildings*.

Molded in unobtainable molybdenum, each is precision-ejected from a flying aircraft to check a zinc content that must measure .000000003 per cent or the entire batch will be melted down, discarded, and forgotten.

But "keepsake" is an inadequate term. Your Jubilee Edition of the 566 *Tunic Buttons of the World's Legendary Hotel Porters* will take you from New York City to San Francisco to Hong Kong to Bombay... and then actually *pay your way* back home.

There is one more aspect for you to consider before refusing this offer.



If you wish, you can have *The La-valiere Mikes of TV's Greatest Talk Show Celebrity Guests*, custom-mounted on driftwood plaques that serve as 175 dainty TV snack tables—free.

There is, of course, a surcharge and a handling fee, as well as the 25 per cent duplication cost. But so amazing is this offer that you need only pay this levy once—and never again be bothered by it in your mortal life.

If for whatever reason you elect not to purchase the complimentary *Tokens of the World's Great Subway Systems*, you still profit:

The solid-gold *Venetian Gondolier's Boat Pole Toothpick* and velvet-lined presentation case are yours to treasure for as long as this incredible offer lasts.

Our *Distinctive Axe Marks of the Immortal Brazilian Rubber Planters* are in such short supply that an advance application in your name is already reserved for you. To protect your investment, *none* will be made.

Registered with the Department of Motor Vehicles

A dazzling proposition, you will agree. If you do not, your 560-piece set of *Belgium's Most Cherished Waffle Patterns*, together with your check or money order, will be buried at sea on or before midnight, April 15, 1982—the 70th anniversary, college-trained historians tell us, of the sinking of R.M.S. Titanic, one of the 66 *Great Marine Disasters* commemorated in this never-yet-offered series, each individually bronzed, annealed, Martinized, and hickory-cured by skilled artisans working under the supervision of the Tulane University Board of Regents.

Please note that each comes wrapped in authentic North Atlantic seaweed, its salt content confirmed by affidavit.

Best of all, you need not order. Simply steal a new Rolls-Royce, fence it, and turn the bills into small denominations of used money (U.S. currency only, please). No salesman will call. The Polk McKinley Harding Coolidge Mint is not a U.S. Government body. This is not an offering.

THE POLK MCKINLEY
HARDING COOLIDGE MINT

P.S. If you have already begun your *Napkin Rings of the State Supreme Court Dining Rooms* collection, please disregard.
—BRUCE MCCALL

LUMBER

THE windows of Cherry's station wagon are open, and bits of her furniture—a rolled-up rug, the legs of a chair, a lamp with the light bulb still in it—stick out on three sides. The engine is running, and there's white smoke shooting out the exhaust pipe. She's stopped to talk to me in the parking lot, turning in the seat so she can fold her arms on the car door.

"I never wanted to leave in the first place," she says.

"Sure you did." Then I remember she doesn't like being told what she thinks. "Or maybe you didn't. It's not that far, anyway."

She's moving from Palm Shadows to another, newer apartment group, Courtland, three blocks away, because some kids broke into her apartment a week ago, terrorized her, threatened rape, then took her stereo and TV and

a hundred dollars in grocery money.

"You think I should stay?"

"No. I think you're lucky it wasn't worse."

Cherry is forty; she looks like an out-of-date teen-ager. "Don't be silly," she says. The engine is loping now, faltering and catching up again. She hits the gas pedal once and a fresh pillow of smoke gathers behind the wagon. "You could move too, you know. That might be fun."

I like the way we both stop and wait for the remark to get sexy; in eight months as neighbors, this has become a routine.

"I've got to go now," she says. "But you're going to call me, right?" She straightens up behind the wheel, then reaches into her purse and pulls out a felt-tipped pen. "You got paper? I'll give you my new number."

I don't have paper, so she prints her

telephone number on my wrist in big square letters. I crook my hand around, trying to read it. "What's that?" I say, pointing to something she's drawn at the end of the number.

"That's a picture of you and me. Sitting pretty."

LATER, in the Handy Andy annex, I'm looking at the half-inch plywood sheets when Cherry comes up behind me and pats my backside. I yelp and jump about two feet. Cherry laughs. "What, you gonna board up the place now that I'm gone?"

"I'm just here being lonely."

"Not me. I'm having a great time. This looks like bad plywood." She fingers the topmost in a stack of precut four-by-four sheets. "What is this, A-D?" She looks at me. "That's plywood talk. Do you want to do something?"

"Yes. Anything."

She moves away toward the full-size plywood and says, over her shoulder, "I could take you to my new place. It's got great locks. We could arrange my furniture." She squints and twists her head like a puzzled dog. "Or we could not arrange my furniture, and eat something instead. I've got peaches."

The guy who works the annex comes up and says, "So you're looking for some first-rate plywood?" He's about forty-five and so thin he looks sick, wearing checked pants, a short-sleeved white shirt, and a purple tie about eight inches long.

"This is the ugliest plywood I ever saw," Cherry says. "What kind is it?"

"Just plywood," he says. "Plywood."

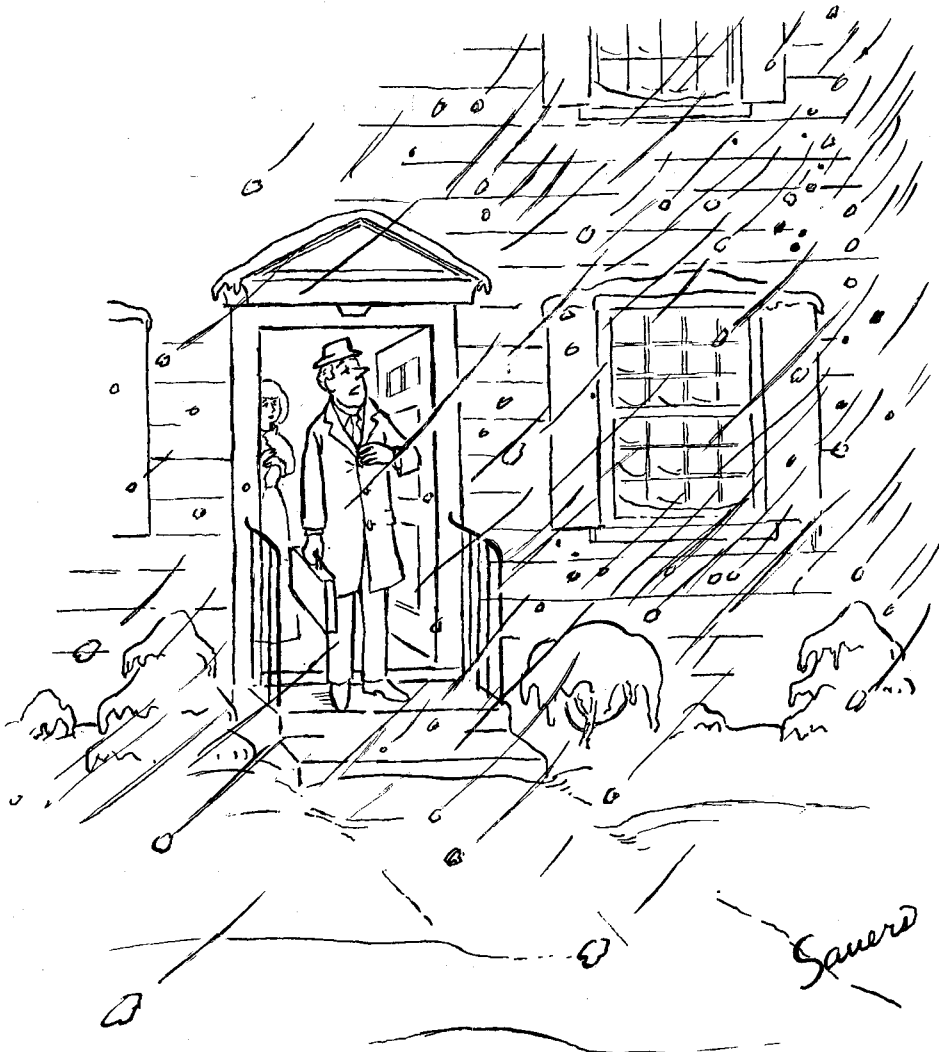
"I guess you're right," Cherry says. "I'm thinking about building a bed—a frame, you know."

"Yeah, well," he says, banging his knuckles on the stack, "this is the stuff, all right. We get a lot of people want to build beds, and this is what they use right here. Fifty cents a cut, but my saw man is gone."

"I'm just shopping, anyway," Cherry says. "I'm not ready to buy."

The salesman frowns and rubs a hand back over his scalp, looking toward the front of the huge store. His tie has a polo player on it. When he turns back to us, I say, "Maybe we'll come back tomorrow. Your saw man be in tomorrow?"

"Sure will." He shakes his head and starts to walk away. "I don't know why you types come in here."



"My, what a snow-intensive day!"

When he's out of earshot, Cherry whispers, "How rude."

"I don't think you build beds out of plywood, usually."

"No? Well, no wonder."

We go to her new apartment. Courtland is a small complex, only twenty units, and it looks like a Motel 6. I have to park my car behind hers in the parking lot, because all the spaces are assigned. It's a cool night and it smells as if it's going to rain. Cherry stands by my car door as I get out. "You'd better lock it," she says.

IT'S raining hard when I wake up. Cherry's asleep. The telephone is ringing, but I can barely hear it for the rain. I don't know what time it is. I shake Cherry, but she groans and rolls over. She's not going to wake up in time to get the phone, so I go out into the cluttered living room. It's dark, and I accidentally kick the wooden crate the telephone is on, knocking the receiver off its hook. When I finally get the phone to my ear, a woman's voice is saying hello.

"Hi," I say. "Cherry's asleep. I kicked the phone over."

"Mark?"

"No. I'm Frank. Mark's not here. Who is this?"

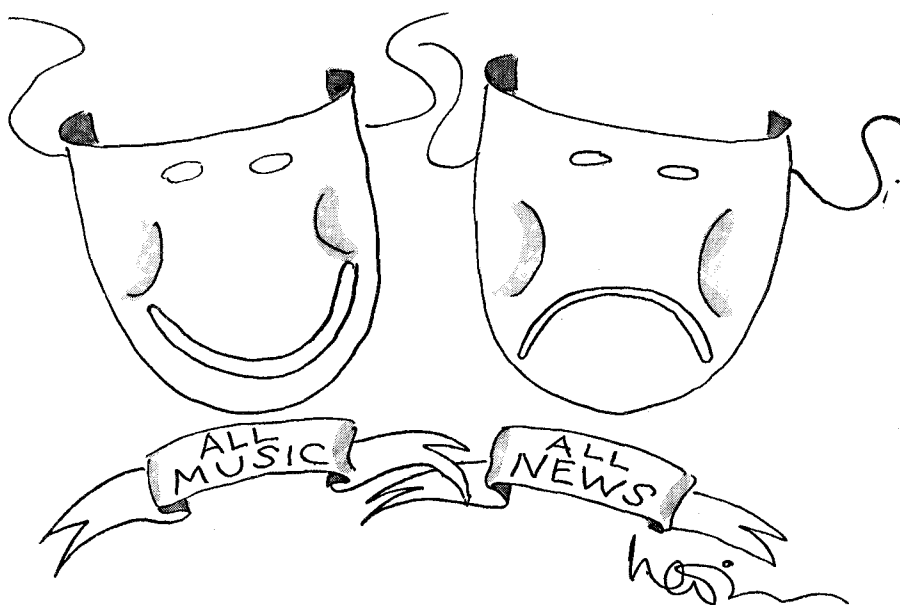
There's a pause; then the woman says, "Lois. This is Lois. I've got to talk to Cherry—could you wake her?"

I tell the woman to hold on, and I go back into the bedroom and snap on the desk lamp; Cherry's already up, sitting on the edge of the bed with my shirt on. "That's Lois, I guess," she says. "What time is it?"

I hand her the travel clock from the desk and go over to the window. There's a yellow light on a pole in the alley that runs behind Courtland, and below it the bushes are whipping around in the wind. "Good storm," I say.

Cherry tosses me the clock and heads for the living room. It's fourteen. I put the clock on the desk and follow her.

She's sitting on the floor by the crate, her legs crossed under her, waving a pack of cigarettes at me and pointing across the room. The only light is from the lamp in the bedroom, so I can't see what she's pointing at. I step over a couple of cardboard boxes full of phonograph records and open the drapes in front of the sliding



doors, which gives me enough grayish light to find the matches. Cherry's saying into the phone, "Now, just start over, real slow, O.K.? Take it easy." I hand her the matches and watch her light a cigarette and push the hair away from her face with her palm.

There's a beach towel on the arm of the couch; I wrap the towel around me and look out across the street, where there's another apartment group, all lit up with thin green light that's distorted by the water on the sliding door. The rain is banging up into spirals where it hits, slapping the glass and blowing off the overhang at forty-five degrees. In the parking lot across the street there are two cars with their lights on; somebody in a yellow rain slicker with a Day-Glo pink stripe across the shoulders is running back and forth between the cars. One of the cars has its emergency lights on, so the tail-lights blink together; the red-orange flashes are magnified and splintered by the rain. I keep switching my focus between the cars and the glass in the door.

Cherry rocks awkwardly as she talks softly into the phone, coaxing the woman on the other end of the line. I go into the kitchen and open the refrigerator. It looks peculiarly bright and precise inside. I'm trying to decide if I want the half cantaloupe on the top shelf next to the milk when Cherry starts snapping her fingers at me from the other room. When I look, she makes a drinking motion with her hand and then points at me. I pull

things to drink out of the refrigerator—beer, orange juice, apple juice, tomato juice, milk, Coke. It turns out she wants apple juice, which was the third thing I showed her; I give her the bottle and a glass. She gives the glass back, then twists the top off the juice and takes a drink.

She's twenty minutes on the phone. I sit on the couch and talk to the cantaloupe, listening to the rain and to her end of the conversation. She's lovely to watch, all folded up on the floor—sloppy but businesslike, deft somehow. I think of the nights I've spent wondering if she was alone in her apartment; even if she had been, she probably wouldn't have been alone in the same way—she'd have had something to do, some project, some work.

"Lois is coming up," Cherry says when she gets off the phone. She hangs her head and fiddles with the juice bottle, which is on the floor between her legs. "I'm real tired. Are you? That's a stupid question, I guess."

LOIS comes in wearing a turban and light-blue pin-cord Bermuda shorts. She's got dark skin and a pear-size red birthmark on one side of her mouth and under her chin. She seems cheerful and wide awake. "You must be Frank, right? I'm Lois." We shake hands and I see another birthmark, this one smaller and cloud-shaped, running up the back of her thumb.

"Good morning," I say. I've got my jeans on and the towel draped

over my shoulders; Cherry still has my shirt.

"So," Lois says. "What's for breakfast?"

Cherry comes out of the bedroom zipping her pants. "Hiya, baby," she says, opening her arms to hug Lois. I back up a little, trying to get out of the way, trip over one of the record boxes, and then, to avoid falling, do a kind of somersault onto the couch. The women pause in their embrace to look.

"He an acrobat of some kind?" Lois says.

Cherry gives Lois a slap on the rump.

"I could eat a hundred something right about now," Lois says. "First I gotta get rid of this." She hooks her fingers under the turban, pulls it off her head, flips it toward me.

"Frank needs attention," Cherry says. "Why don't you amuse him while I check the food."

Cherry goes into the kitchen, and Lois sits splay-legged on the arm of the couch. "So, Frank," she says, scratching her scalp with her fingernails. "How are you?"

Lois has a burr haircut and pretty eyes, but because of her size and the haircut she looks like a man. I say I'm O.K. and ask her how she is.

"I'm a mess—oh, maybe you guessed that. I'm having a crisis. I always have my crises at four in the morning, usually. That way they seem more crisis-like, know what I mean? What's that on your stomach?" She points at a crescent-shaped scar on my left side where my sister caught me with the broken neck of a Coke bottle when I was fourteen.

"Scar," I say.

She nods and chews on the side of her lip. "So I'm having this crisis and I call Cherry and here you are answering the phone. It surprised me."

"Me too. What's the crisis? Or is that not my business?"

"Well, no—I'm just having this crisis." She looks at the window. "I mean, I could tell you, but you probably wouldn't understand, because—oh, this is going to sound so stupid."

"What?"

"Oh—because you're a man."

"You're right—it sounds stupid."

"That's clever. Who are you—

Sheriff Lobo? What happened was, my boyfriend hit me." She points to her ear. "Here. He smacked me in the head. I didn't like it."

"What did you do?"

"What do you mean what did I do? I didn't do anything—he just hit me because he was mad."

"No, I meant what did you do then, after he hit you."

"Oh. I ran like hell. I don't want people hitting me all the time." She tugs at her crotch. "Doesn't matter. He's just some new thing I picked up. I probably should've known better."

"How many eggs out there?" Cherry calls from the kitchen.

"I wish I'd had some eggs before," Lois says. "I'd have given him a scrambled face." She slaps her palm into her forehead as if she's smacking somebody with an egg. "Take that!"

"Hello?" Cherry says, leaning around the kitchen doorframe and waving a white spatula in her hand.

"Two for me," I say. "Want some help?"

"I don't think I want any," Lois says. She sticks her hands in the pockets of her shorts and leans back, crossing her feet on a box by the couch. "So, you ever hit a woman, Frank? I mean, you know, really hit her?"

"I don't think so."

"What's that mean? Either you did or you didn't. Are you prissy?"

"No."

"Ah." She nods vigorously and loses her balance so that she has to drop her feet to the floor to steady herself. "Yeah, well—some men don't. That's true, I guess. Maybe you're one of those. Anyway, this guy was a jerk, a real bohunk—what's a bohunk?"

"A bad guy, rat."

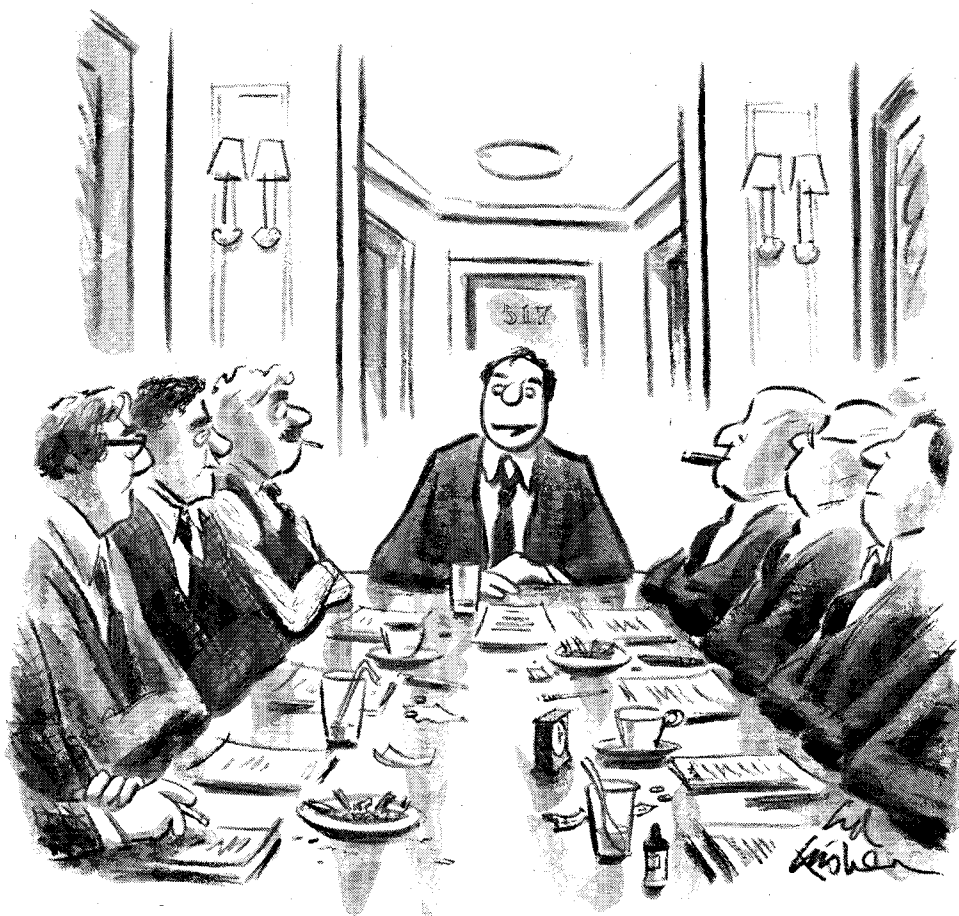
"Cherry? You got a dictionary around here somewhere? I want to look up 'bohunk.'"

"It's not in the dictionary," Cherry says from the kitchen. "I already looked."

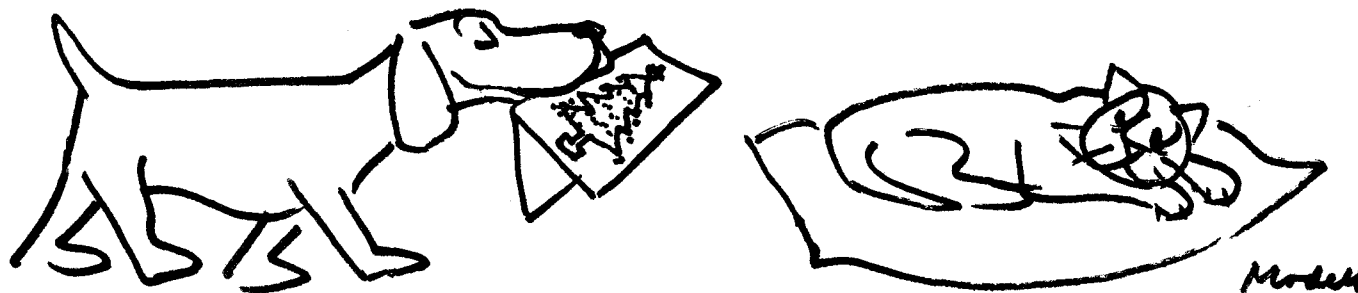
"When did you look?" Lois says.

"So maybe it is," Cherry says. "The dictionary's packed and the eggs are ready."

We eat in the living room. Lois goes over the details of the fight with her boyfriend, Milby. They were in the car, sitting out in front of her apartment downstairs; they were arguing. Milby slugged her when she yelled at him about leaving his junk all over her apartment. Then she got out



"Now that both sides have reached agreement on the basic money issues, let's see if we can decide who's going to accept the public opprobrium for it."



of the car and ran inside, gathered up everything that belonged to him, and threw it out on the sidewalk. He sat in the car and watched her do this. He looked pretty sitting there in the car in the rain. She stood in the doorway for a long time, staring at him. He was so gorgeous she wanted to get back into the car with him, but was afraid to; as a conciliatory gesture, Lois went out into the rain and got all of his stuff and took it back into the apartment. Then she stood on the doorstep and watched him for another five minutes before he started the car and drove off. He didn't say a word, didn't even wave, just started up and left. This all happened at about two-thirty. She tried to call him, but either he wasn't home or he wasn't answering the phone. She put all his stuff in the bathtub, except the boots; those she put on the top of the stove the way her father used to do with his boots. She tried to call Milby again, then changed her clothes and tried again. No answer. That's when she called Cherry. "And got you," she says, pointing her fork at me. "You guys were probably sleeping, right?"

"Milby's an ape," Cherry says.

"He's a nice ape," Lois says. She looks at me. "O.K., let's have the man's point of view on this."

"Love conquers all?"

"It's the first time he's ever done anything like this."

"Maybe it's a freak thing," Cherry says.

"If you're lucky," I say.

"You're the one who's lucky," Lois says. "You don't get hit in the face if you don't do what we want."

WHEN I wake up on Saturday morning, Cherry's on her back on the bedroom floor, grunting softly as she does stretching exercises for her legs. The bedroom isn't large, so all I can see is her feet—which have thick half socks on them—coming together

and separating suddenly. I watch the feet for a few minutes and then say, "Good morning."

"Oh, hi," she says, sitting up beyond the end of the bed. "Did I wake you?"

There's not much light in the room and I have a hard time making out Cherry's features; her face looks bloated and too white. "No. I just woke up. What are you doing?"

"Working on the legs. I probably shouldn't worry about it, but I do."

"They're very pretty—kind of leg-like and pretty."

She turns and talks to the chair that's tipped against the wall. "What does he mean by that? Is he talking to me?"

"Where's Lois? She not here yet?"

"Don't be nasty about Lois," Cherry says. She struggles to her feet and stretches, reaching straight above her head with both hands. I hear things in her back popping. "I suppose you're going to want coffee?"

I roll out of bed and stand there looking around the room for my pants.

We have coffee on the couch. She has on chrome-green running shorts and a white T-shirt with "Spider" stitched in a shallow arc over the small pocket. The shirt is tucked into the waistband of the pants. Outside, the cars I saw last night are still in the parking lot across the street; the hood on one of the cars is raised, and there's somebody bent into the engine compartment. The coffee is bitter.

"This is the part I don't like," Cherry says after we've been silent for a while. "Waiting for the guy to leave." She touches my leg. "I shouldn't have said that, huh? That was a lousy thing to say."

"It's all right. I know what you mean. Maybe I'll go and then call you later."

"We could eat or something." She props up a knee and balances her cup on it. "Maybe we could go to the coast? I just hate this part. It doesn't

have anything to do with you." She sighs and gets up quickly, almost losing the coffee, and stands at the glass door. "No, that's worse, isn't it?"

"It's really O.K. Just let me get set and I'll move along." Her shorts bag a little in the seat. "The coast sounds like a terrific idea."

"That's the most insincere thing you ever said to me."

"I know. It wasn't very good, was it? But maybe the coast will sound terrific later."

"What a man," she says, picking up my jacket and brushing it with her hand.

MILBY is about five-eight, with curly black hair and a drooping mustache that almost covers his mouth. He's wearing a plaid cowboy shirt with pearl snap buttons, and he has spurs on his boots. He's leaning over the railing outside Cherry's door when I open it. "You Frank?" he says, combing the mustache with his forefinger. I nod, and he says, "I'm Milby. We need to have a little meet."

Cherry, standing just inside her apartment, holding on to the edge of the door, says, "You kind of screwed up last night, didn't you?"

"Hello, Cherry," he says. "I didn't want to wake you up, so I waited out here. I figured you'd have to come out sooner or later." He waves to show us where he waited. "Maybe I'd better just talk to Frank here."

"Maybe you'd better talk to Lois," she says.

"I did that already. I've been talking to her since five. I didn't get any sleep." Milby moves a lot when he talks, and the spurs make a noise like a cash register. "She told me I better talk to you all."

"It's you and Lois," I say. "No reason to talk to us."

"I want to talk to you," Milby says. He reaches up, grabs me by the shoul-



"Anybody like to hear a real family saga?"

der, and squeezes gently. "I really need to."

"Jesus Christ," Cherry says. "What kind of jerk are you?" She shakes her head. "I'd have your ass in jail."

"I should be in jail," he says. "That's where I should be. I'm really sorry I'm not, but I'm not." He backs up when Cherry steps out of her apartment onto the balcony. "I was thinking maybe I could buy you a steak, Frank. We could talk things over."

I look back at Cherry, and she shrugs and looks away. "I don't care," she says. "He just wants somebody to tell him it's O.K."

"It's not," Milby says. "I know that much."

"Then you want somebody to listen to all the reasons, and there aren't any reasons worth talking about."

"No, really," he says. "I just want to talk to Frank a bit. It's nothing like that, Cherry."

"So talk, already. Go get a steak and talk. Be men all over the place. Practice spitting."

He cocks his boot up and kicks at the concrete balcony with the spur,

spinning it and holding it up until it stops. Cherry says, "Oh, go on," kisses my cheek, and gives me a push.

When we get downstairs, Milby points at his black Camaro and says, "Let's take mine, O.K.?"

We go to a place called Western Sizzlin, a franchise with fifteen kinds of beef and a sad-looking salad bar. He tells me to get whatever I want, so I order the eight-dollar rib eye. We take a booth by the window and look at the cars going by in the street. Finally Milby says, "It wasn't that hard. I mean, I know it's stupid, but it wasn't real hard, you know? I just kind of popped her to shut her up."

"Like they used to do in movies."

"Yeah. Hey, there's no bruise. I'm telling you it wasn't that bad." He fiddles with the A.1. Sauce, unscrewing the cap and turning the bottle upside down on his thumb, then sucking the brown sauce off. He sighs. "Yeah, O.K. I don't know what happened. I knew enough to pull it, though. While it was happening."

"That's a start."

"You damn right it is," he says.

"She deserved it, you know what I'm saying? I mean, bitch, bitch, bitch—you got to do something."

He looks tired and short-tempered, and I wonder what I can get away with. "Try a wall."

"You don't think fast enough. The thing is, they take advantage of everything—all the differences—but you can't. You get pissed after a while."

"Everybody gets pissed." I wonder why I don't tell him what I want to tell him, why he scares me. "Who's this 'they,' anyway?"

"The bitches—what are you, some Holy Ghost or something? I don't need catechism lessons, brother. It's jerks like you screw it up for the rest of us. I'm telling you it just happens, and you're telling me Hail Mary, full of grace. That's a big help."

"Yeah, O.K.," I say, cutting through my steak. "You're probably right."

That does it. He doesn't want to talk about

last night anymore, he wants to talk football—what do I think about the Bears? I tell him what I think, something I read in the paper about Payton's legs. When we're finished eating, he pays with a credit card and I thank him for the lunch.

In the car on the way back to the Courtland he tells me there's nothing wrong with Payton's legs, the legs are O.K., and then skids into a place in front of Lois's first-floor apartment.

Somehow Cherry has gotten her station wagon out from in front of my car. I thank Milby again and leave him sitting in the flashy black interior of the Camaro, the radio pumping out news. At Palm Shadows I get my mail, say hello to the robust landlord who's digging around in some bushes near my door, and go upstairs. The phone is ringing, so I have to hustle to get through both locks. It's Cherry, calling to tell me she's busy and maybe she'll give me a call tomorrow. I tell her I'm going to take a bath, and she says it's high time.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

LET US SAVE THE UNIVERSE

(AN OPEN LETTER FROM IJON TICHY, SPACE TRAVELLER)

AFTER a long stay on Earth I set out to visit my favorite places from my previous expeditions—the spherical clusters of Perseus, the constellation of the Calf, and the large stellar cloud in the center of the Galaxy. Everywhere, I found changes, which are painful for me to write about, because they are not changes for the better. There is much talk nowadays about the growth of cosmic tourism. Without question tourism is wonderful, but everything should be in moderation.

The eyesores begin as soon as you are out the door. The asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter is in deplorable condition. Those monumental rocks, once enveloped in eternal night, are lit up now, and, to make matters worse, every crag is carved with initials and monograms. Eros, the particular favorite of lovers, shakes from the explosions with which self-taught calligraphers gouge inscriptions in its crust. A couple of shrewd operators there rent out hammers, chisels, and even pneumatic drills, and a man cannot find an untouched rock in what were once the most rugged areas.

Everywhere are graffiti like "IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT ON THIS HERE METEORITE," and arrow-pierced hearts in the worst taste. On Ceres, which for some reason large families like, there is a veritable plague of photography. The many photographers there don't just rent out space suits for posing but cover mountainsides with a special emulsion and for a nominal fee immortalize on them entire groups of vacationers. The huge pictures are then glazed to make them permanent. Suitably posed families—father, mother, grandparents, children—smile from cliffs. This, as I read in some prospectus, creates a "family atmosphere." As regards Juno, that once beautiful planetoid is all but gone; anyone who feels like it chips stones off it and hurls them into space. People have spared neither nickel-iron meteors (which have gone into souvenir signet rings and cufflinks) nor comets. You won't find a comet with its tail intact anymore.

I thought I would escape the congestion of cosmobuses, the family portraits on cliffs, and the graffiti doggerel once I left the Solar System. Was I wrong! Professor Bruckee, from the

observatory, complained to me recently that both stars in Centaurus were growing dim. How can they not grow dim when the entire area is filled with trash? Around Sirius, the chief attraction of this system, is a ring like those of Saturn, but formed of beer bottles and lemonade containers. An astronaut flying that route must dodge not only swarms of meteors but also tin cans, eggshells, and old newspapers. There are places where you cannot see the stars for all the rubbish. For years astrophysicists have been racking their brains over the reason for the great difference in the amounts of cosmic dust in various galaxies. The answer, I think, is quite simple: the higher a civilization is, the more dust and refuse it produces. This is a problem more for janitors than for astrophysicists. Other nebulae have not been able to cope with it, either, but that is small comfort.

Spitting into space is another reprehensible practice. Saliva, like any other liquid, freezes at low temperatures, and colliding with it can easily lead to disaster. It is embarrassing to mention, but individuals who fall sick during a

voyage seem to consider outer space their personal toilet, as if unaware that the traces of their distress will orbit for millions of years, arousing in tourists bad associations and an understandable disgust.

Alcoholism is a special problem. Beyond Sirius I began counting the huge signs advertising Mars Vodka, Galax Brandy, Lunar Gin, and Satellite Champagne, but soon lost count. I hear from pilots that some cosmódromes have been forced to switch from alcohol fuel to nitric acid, there being nothing of the former left to use for takeoff. The patrol service says that it is difficult to spot a drunken person from a distance: people blame their staggering on weightlessness. And the practices of certain space stations are a disgrace. I once asked that my reserve bottles be filled with oxygen, after which, having travelled no more than a parsec, I heard a strange burbling and found that I had been given, instead, pure cognac! When I went back, the station director insisted that I had winked when I spoke to him. Maybe I did wink—I had a sty—but does that justify such a state of affairs?

Confusion reigns on the main routes. The huge number of accidents is not surprising, considering that so



"If you don't mind my saying so, Mrs. Cavendish, you're very well put together."

many people regularly exceed the speed limit. The worst offenders are women: by travelling fast they slow the passage of time and age less. Also, one frequently encounters rattletraps, like the old cosmobuses that pollute the length of the ecliptic with their exhaust.

When I landed on Palindronia and asked for the complaint book, I was told that it had been smashed the day before by a meteorite. And the supply of oxygen is running short. Six light-years from Beluria, it cannot be obtained anywhere; people who go to Palindronia to sightsee are forced to freeze themselves and wait, reversibly dead, for the next shipment of air, because if alive they would have not a

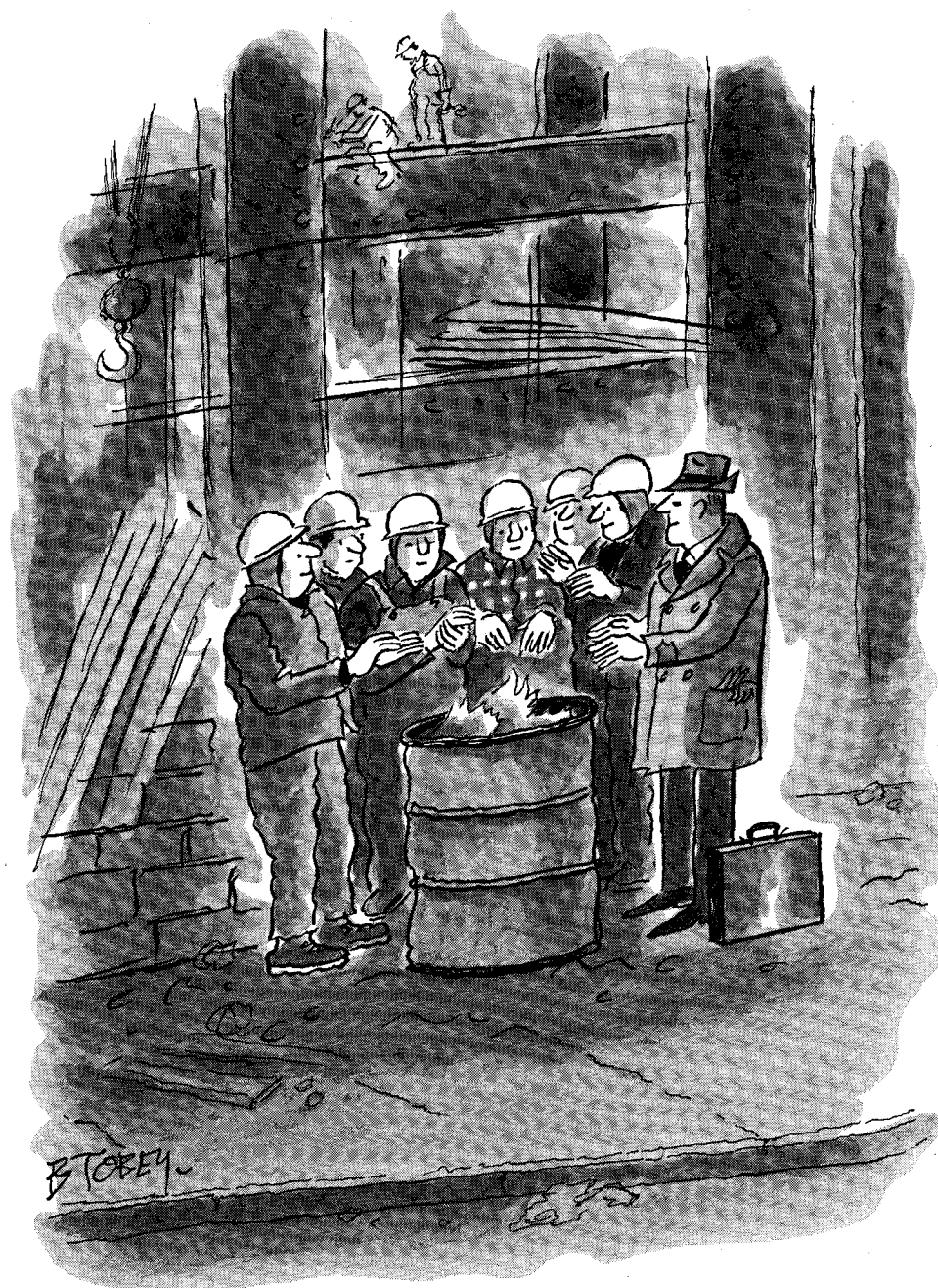
thing to breathe. When I arrived, there was no one at the cosmodrome; they were all hibernating in the coolers. But in the cafeteria I saw a complete assortment of drinks—from pineapples in cognac to Pilsner.

Sanitary conditions, particularly on those planets within the Great Preserve, are outrageous. In the *Voice of Mersituria* I read an article calling for the extermination of those splendid beasts the swallowers. These predators have on their upper lips a number of shiny warts in diverse patterns. In the last few years, however, a variety with warts arranged in the form of two zeroes has been appearing more frequently. Swallowers usually hunt in the vicinity of campsites,

where at night, under cover of darkness, they lie, with wide-open jaws, in wait for people seeking a secluded spot. Doesn't the author of the article realize that the animals are completely innocent, that one should blame not them but those responsible for the lack of proper plumbing facilities?

On this same Mersituria the absence of public conveniences has caused a whole series of mutations among insects. In places famous for beautiful views one often sees comfortable wicker chairs that seem to invite the weary stroller. If he eagerly sits down between the arms, the supposed chair attacks, for it is actually thousands of spotted ants (the bottombiter chair ant, *Multipodium pseudostellatum trylopii*) that group together and mimic wicker furniture. Rumor has it that certain other varieties of arthropods (fripples, scrooches, and brutalacean rollipedes) have mimicked soda stands, hammocks, and even showers with faucets and towels, but I cannot vouch for the truth of such assertions, having myself seen nothing of the kind, and the myrmecological authorities are silent on this point. However, I should give a warning about a rather rare species, the snakefooted telescoper (*Anencephalus pseudoopticus tripedius klaczkinensis*). The telescoper also stations itself in scenic spots, extending its three long, thin legs like a tripod and aiming its tubular tail at the scenery. With the saliva that fills its mouth opening, it imitates the lens of a telescope, enticing the careless tourist to take a peek, with extremely unpleasant consequences. Another snake, the trippersneak (*Serpens vitiosus reichenmantlii*), found on the planet Gaurimachia, lurks in bushes and trips unwary passersby with its tail. However, this reptile feeds exclusively on blondes and does not mimic anything.

The Universe is not a playground, nor is biological evolution an idyll. We ought to publish brochures like those I saw on Derdimona, warning amateur botanists about the cruella (*Pliximiglaquia bombardans* L.). The cruella has gorgeous flowers, but they must not be picked, because the plant lives in symbiosis with the brainbasher, a tree bearing fruit that is melon-size and spiked. The careless botanizer need pluck only one flower and a shower of rock-hard missiles will descend upon his head. Neither the cruella nor the brainbasher does any harm to the victim afterward; they



*Give J&B.
It whispers.*



EXTENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

JAMES WATSON & BROTHERS

James's Street, London, W.C.2

WINE MERCHANTS TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES

GEORGE IV KING GEORGE III

WILLIAM IV KING GEORGE IV

VICTORIA KING GEORGE V

EDWARD VII KING GEORGE VI

ELIZABETH II

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1981 The Paddington Corp. NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO

In Illinois Center
overlooking Michigan Avenue
and the Chicago River.

HONG KONG

In the heart of the shopping
and entertainment district, Hyatt Regency
captures the excitement of Hong Kong.

MONTREAL

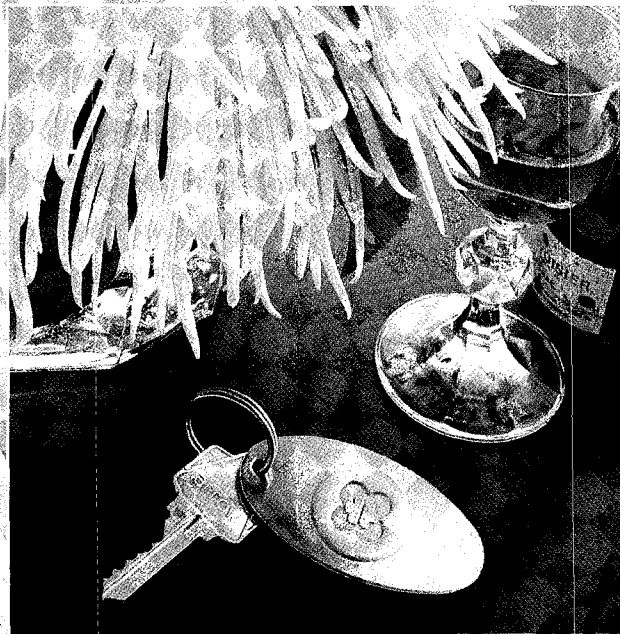
Newest downtown hotel,
connects underground to Metro,
theatres, business.

SAN FRANCISCO

Hyatt Regency soars
above the Embarcadero Center
business complex.

TOKYO

The new Century Hyatt soars
above the vibrant Shinjuku shopping
and entertainment district.



A touch of Hyatt

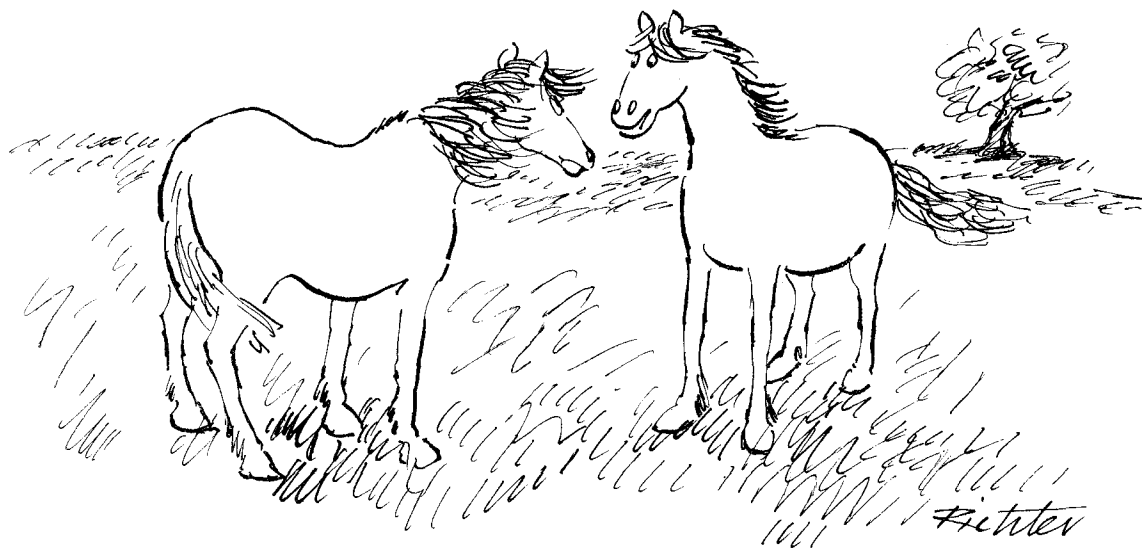
HYATT  HOTELS

are content with the natural consequences of his death, for it helps fertilize the surrounding soil.

Marvels of mimicry occur on all the planets in the Preserve. The savannas of Beluria, for example, abound with colorful flowers, among which there is a crimson rose of wondrous beauty and fragrance (the *Rosa mendatrix tichiana*, as Professor Pingle named it, for I was the first to describe it). This flower is actually a growth on the tail of the herpeton, a Belurian predator. The hungry herpeton hides in a thicket, extending its extremely long tail far ahead, so that only the flower protrudes from the grass. When an unsuspecting tourist stoops to smell it, the beast pounces on him. Its tusks are almost as long as an elephant's. What a strange, extraterrestrial confirmation, this, of the adage that every rose has its thorns!

If I may digress a little, I cannot help recalling another Belurian marvel, a distant relative of the potato—the sentient gentian (*Gentiana sapiens suicidalis pruck*). The name of this plant derives from certain of its mental properties. It has sweet and very tasty bulbs. As a result of mutation, the gentian will sometimes form tiny brains instead of the usual bulbs. This mutant variety, the crazy gentian (*Gentiana mentecapta*), becomes restless as it grows. It digs itself out, goes into the forest, and gives itself up to solitary meditation. It invariably reaches the conclusion that life is not worth living, and commits suicide.

The gentian is harmless to man, unlike another Belurian plant, the furiol. This species has adapted to an environment created by intolerable children. Such children, constantly running, pushing, and kicking whatever lies in their path, love to break the eggs of the spiny slothodile. The furiol produces fruits identical in form with these eggs. A child, thinking he has an egg in front of him, gives vent to his urge for destruction and smashes it with a kick. The spores contained in the pseudo egg are released and enter



"I'll grant you Reagan likes us, but name one thing he has done for us."

his body. The infected child develops into an apparently normal individual, but before long an incurable malignant process sets in: cardplaying, drunkenness, and debauchery are the successive stages, followed by either death or a great career. I have often heard the opinion that furiols should be extirpated. Those who say this do not stop to think that children should be taught, instead, not to kick objects on foreign planets.

I AM by nature an optimist and try to have faith in man, but it is not always easy. On Prostostenesa lives a small bird known as the scribblemock (*Graphomanus spasmodicus essenbachii*), the counterpart of the terrestrial parrot, except that it writes instead of talks. Often, alas, it writes on fences the obscenities it picks up from tourists from Earth. Some people deliberately enrage this bird by taunting it with spelling errors. The creature then begins eating everything in sight. They feed it ginger, raisins, pepper, and yellwort, an herb that lets out a long scream at sunrise (it is sometimes used as an alarm clock). When the bird dies of overeating, they barbecue it. The species is now threatened with extinction, for every tourist who comes to Prostostenesa looks forward to a meal of roast scribblemock, reputed to be a great delicacy.

Some people believe that it is all right if human beings eat creatures from other planets, but when the re-

verse takes place they raise a hue and cry, call for military assistance, demand punitive expeditions, etc. Yet it is anthropomorphic nonsense to accuse extraterrestrial fauna or flora of treachery. If the deadly deceptorite, which looks like a rotten tree stump, stands posing on its hind legs to mimic a signpost along a mountain trail, leads hikers astray, and devours them when they fall into a chasm—if, I say, the deceptorite does this, it is only because the rangers in the Preserve do not maintain the road signs. The paint peels off the signs, which causes them to rot and resemble that animal. Any other creature in its place would do the same.

The famous mirages of Stredogentsia owe their existence solely to man's vicious inclinations. At one time chil-lips grew on the planet in great numbers, and warmstrels were hardly ever found. Now the latter have multiplied incredibly. Above thickets of them, the air, heated artificially and diffracted, gives rise to mirages of taverns, which have caused the death of many a traveller from Earth. It is said that the warmstrels are entirely to blame. Why, then, don't their mirages mimic schools, libraries, or health clubs? Why do they always show places where intoxicating beverages are sold? The answer is simple. Because mutations are random, warmstrels at first created all sorts of mirages, but those that showed people libraries and adult-education classes starved to death, and only the tavern variety (*Thermomendax spirituosus halucinogenes*, of

the family Anthropophagi) survived. This special adaptation of the warmstrel, brought about by man himself, is a powerful indictment of our vices.

Not long ago I was incensed by a letter to the editor in the *Stredogensia Echo*. The writer demanded the removal of both the warmstrels and the solinthias, those magnificent trees that are the pride of every park. When their bark is cut, poisonous, blinding sap squirts out. The solinthia is the last Stredogensian tree not carved from top to bottom with graffiti and initials—and now we are to get rid of it? A similar fate appears to threaten such valuable fauna as the vengerix, the maraudola, the morselone, and the electric howler. The last, to protect itself and its offspring from the nerve-racking noise of countless tourist radios in the forest, has developed, through natural selection, the ability to cancel

out particularly loud rock-and-roll music. The electrical organs of the howler emit superheterodyne waves, so this unusual creation of nature should be placed under protection at once.

As for the foul-tailed fetido, I admit that the odor it gives off has no equal. Dr. Hopkins, of the University of Milwaukee, has calculated that particularly active specimens can produce up to five kr (kiloreeks) per second. But even a child knows that the fetido does this only when photographed. The sight of an aimed camera triggers a reaction known as the lenticular-subcaudal reflex; it is nature attempting to shield this innocent creature from the intrusions of rubbernecks. Although it is true that the fetido, being rather nearsighted, sometimes takes for a camera such objects as ashtrays, lighters, watches, and even medals and badges, this is partly because some

tourists use miniature cameras; it is easy to make a mistake. As for the observation that in recent years fetidos have increased their range and now produce up to eight megareeks per acre, I must point out that the cause here is the widespread use of telephoto lenses.

I do not wish to give the impression that I consider all extraterrestrial animals and plants beyond criticism. Certainly carnivamps, saprophoids, geeklings, dementeria, and marshmuckers are not particularly likable, nor are the mysophilids, from the family Autarchiae, including *Gauleiterium flagellans*, *Syphonophiles pruritulis*, and the throttlemor (*Lingula stranguloides erdmenglerbeyeri*). But think the matter over carefully and try to be objective. Why is it proper for a human being to pick flowers and dry them in an herbarium but unnatural for a plant to tear off and preserve ears? If the echoloon (*Echolalium impudicum schwamps*) has multiplied on Aedonoxia beyond all measure, human beings are to blame for this, too. The echoloon derives its life energy from sound. Once, thunder served it as a food source; in fact, it still likes to listen to storms. But now it has switched to tourists. Each tourist treats the echoloon to a volley of the filthiest curses. It is amusing, they say, to watch the creature literally blossom under a torrent of abuse. It does indeed grow, but because of the energy absorbed from sonic vibrations, not because of the profanities shouted by excited tourists.

Where is all this leading? Such species as the blue wizzom and the drillbeaked borbit have disappeared; thousands of others are dying out. Sunspots are increasing, owing to clouds of rubbish. I still remember the time when the great treat for a child was the promise of a Sunday trip to Mars, but now the little monster will not eat his breakfast unless Daddy produces a supernova specially for him! By squandering nuclear energy, polluting asteroids and planets, ravaging the Preserve, and leaving litter everywhere we go, we shall ruin outer space and turn it into one big dump. It is high time we came to our senses and enforced the laws. Convinced that every minute of delay is dangerous, I sound the alarm: Let us save the Universe.

—STANISLAW LEM

(Translated, from the Polish, by Joel Stern and Maria Swiecicka-Ziemińska.)



"I am in a holiday mood!"

P R O F I L E S

KUROSAWA FRAMES

MONDAY, JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT.

The Japanese movie director Akira Kurosawa lands around 11 A.M., after a thirteen-hour flight from Tokyo, for a visit as the guest of the Japan Society, whose Film Center is about to put on a two-month retrospective of Kurosawa's movies—twenty-six, all told. Kurosawa emerges into the Japan Air Lines reception area: seventy-one years old, six feet tall, slightly stooped, gray-haired; wearing dark-tinted, horn-rimmed glasses, a dark-green-and-tan plaid wool sports jacket, a tan silk shirt, a necktie patterned in brown and beige, wrinkled tan slacks, and well-worn brown shoes; carrying a small brown leather-and-canvas bag; and looking expectant. Accompanying him is Teruyo Nogami, who has been his chief production assistant for the past thirty years—from the time he made "Rashomon," in 1950. She is a short, chubby woman with wild, frizzy black hair, and her expression is deadpan. She is wearing floppy gray flannel pants and a brown leather jacket with tassels. Greeting Kurosawa on behalf of the Japan Society is Peter Grilli, the director of the Film Center—a stocky, sharp-eyed, friendly, Japanese-speaking American in his late thirties. His father, Marcel Grilli, who is a music critic for the *Japan Times*, an English-language newspaper in Tokyo, took Peter there to live at the age of five. Peter attended the American School in Tokyo, Harvard University, and Tokyo University. He started the Film Center about three years ago. He is obviously very intelligent and very fluent in Japanese. With Grilli are David Owens, another thirtyish Japanese-speaking American—from Indiana, and open-faced, sandy-haired, with a hearty air—who works as Grilli's assistant, and Audie Bock, a rangy, authoritative young woman with a mop of ringlets on her head.



She is from Berkeley, California, and she has translated Kurosawa's autobiography, which covers the years up to 1950 and has been serialized in the Japanese magazine *Shukan Yomiuri* in twenty-five installments. Kurosawa, somewhat formal and stiff in manner, speaks only a few words of English, and Miss Bock is slated to be his official interpreter during his visit. Grilli and Owens are wearing tweed jackets and slacks, and Miss Bock is wearing a white fleecy coat over a beige tailored dress. The three Americans bow to Kurosawa, and he bows back. Everybody shakes hands. Grilli then gives Miss Nogami a heartfelt hug.

"Yoku irasshaimashita, ne," Grilli says. Translation: "Welcome. It's great to have you here."

Bows and smiles all around. As they start outside, all three Americans say "Dozo" ("Please"), indicating that the Japanese should go first.

MONDAY. 1 P.M. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA HOTEL. ROOM 3701.

A two-room suite reserved for Kurosawa is not ready. Three chambermaids are working silently at vacuuming, ashtray-emptying, and bedmaking. Kurosawa, followed by Grilli, Miss Nogami, Miss Bock, and

bellboys carrying luggage that includes a cardboard box tied with a rope, nods politely to the chambermaids and shows no sign of displeasure at finding the room not ready. He glances briefly at the view: the Chrysler Building. He looks over the furnishings, which are ultra-modern, in beige, and among which is a small bar covered in a kind of fake wolf fur; he gives a faint smile. The two women go off to their own rooms, and Kurosawa takes off his jacket and necktie and unbuttons his shirt collar, then sits down with Grilli to look over the schedule of activities for the retrospective.

Tuesday:

6 P.M. Dinner at Japan House, with Japan Society directors and special guests.

8 P.M. Opening of Kurosawa Retrospective with screening of "Throne of Blood" ("Kumonosu-jo"). Francis Coppola will introduce Mr. Kurosawa. Mr. Kurosawa will introduce the film.

Reception in Mr. Kurosawa's honor following the film.

Wednesday:

9:45 A.M. Japan House—Kurosawa photo portrait session with Arnold Newman for cover of Knopf autobiography.

12 NOON Press luncheon at Japan House—Stanley Kauffman presiding.

3 P.M. Dick Cavett TV interview.

Thursday:

6:45 P.M. William Friedkin dinner, for Mr. Kurosawa, at his midtown apartment.

Friday:

10 A.M. Special screening of "Ikiru" for members of the Film Directors Guild, with open discussion with Mr. Kurosawa.

7:30 P.M. Public Opening of Kurosawa Retrospective—screening of "Yojimbo."

Kurosawa asks Grilli how many people will be at Friedkin's dinner party. About twenty-five, Grilli says, and he starts naming them: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Penn, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Scorsese, Peter Hamill, Linda Ronstadt, Bud Yorkin. Grilli pauses to explain that Bud Yorkin is a very successful producer and director of



movies and television shows, including "All in the Family," which he co-produced with Norman Lear, and also of films, including "The Night They Raided Minsky's," which was produced by him and directed by Friedkin. Kurosawa nods affirmatively and says nothing, lights a Seven Stars cigarette. Grilli resumes: Mr. Elia Kazan, Frances FitzGerald, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mailer, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lumet—

"Ah, Sidney Lumet," Kurosawa says, interrupting. "I'd like to see Sidney Lumet's film 'Prince of the City.'"

"We could go tonight," Grilli says. "If you're not too tired."

"Yes, yes, yes. I want to see 'Prince of the City,'" Kurosawa says.

MONDAY. 6 P.M. CINEMA III, THE SMALL THEATRE AT THE PLAZA HOTEL.

An usher stands near the box office looking bored as Grilli hurries over, followed by Kurosawa, Miss Nogami, and Miss Bock, and buys four tickets, at six dollars each; with quick

"Dozo"s, has the others go ahead; and hands the tickets to the usher, who gives no sign of recognizing Kurosawa. Kurosawa, Miss Nogami, and Miss Bock are still wearing the clothes they were wearing at the airport. It is dark in the theatre. The three of them and Grilli take seats in the rear, Kurosawa with Miss Nogami on one side, Miss Bock on the other. The picture starts immediately. No sound. On the screen:

An Orion Pictures/Warner Brothers Release

Cut to scene of the hero, Danny Ciello (played by Treat Williams), in bed with his wife (Lindsay Crouse). Some music comes up, together with sound effects like a heartbeat, which are picked up by timpani. Danny wakes, frightened, says there's someone going to break down the door. His wife says no one is there. As the picture fades out, cards are being flipped on the screen. "Dom Bando—Detective—NYPD" is shown, followed by several others and, last, by the card with Danny Ciello's name on it. "Prince of the City" is superimposed

on that card. Kurosawa, still wearing the dark-tinted glasses, leans forward, watching the screen with complete concentration. On the screen, the scene dissolves to one showing a luncheonette, where Danny Ciello looks up as a seedy-looking, nervous man who turns out to be an addict and an informer enters. The informer tells him that "the king" can be found in a telephone booth across the street. Ciello stuffs something in the man's breast pocket. Next, Ciello is shown at the phone booth, where "the king" informs him where "the action" will take place. Each detective named on the flipped cards is then shown telephoning another with the information.

The film takes nearly three hours, in the course of which Kurosawa's full attention never wavers. He doesn't ask for any translations. A couple of times, Miss Nogami and he whisper to each other, without looking away from the screen. The film moves fast. Quick cuts. Lots of action: hitting, running, knocking about, shooting, chasing, getting soaked in the rain, eating—moving the story along. Danny Ciello agrees to work with the United States Justice Department to root out corruption in the Police Department and to destroy a drug ring. He exposes the corruption among the members of his own narcotics squad. Last scene of the film: Ciello, addressing Police Academy students, says, "I'm Detective Ciello," and sees a student get up and walk out, saying, "I have nothing to learn from you," and the last frame is frozen on Ciello's face. End of the film. Lights go on. Kurosawa, Miss Nogami, Miss Bock, and Grilli stand, stretch, smile with obvious pleasure. Led by Kurosawa, who seems to know his way around, they make a beeline for the Plaza's Oyster Bar.

MONDAY. 9:30 P.M. THE OYSTER BAR.

Kurosawa is seated at a small square table with Grilli, Miss Nogami, and Miss Bock. They are talking about "Prince of the City." Kurosawa says that he admires the quality of the color, the camerawork, the fast cuts, and, especially, the way Lumet shot the scenes of Danny Ciello driving in the rain, running in the rain, fighting in the rain, and chasing around in the rain in order to get some drugs to give to his addict informer. It is impossible to shoot in natural rain, Kurosawa says. Lots of laughing from the three others as he tells them how much wa-

Old Bushmills.
It's changing people's minds about Irish Whiskey.



A blend of 100% Irish Whiskeys, 80 proof. Bottled in Ireland. The J. & J. Garrison Co., New York, NY ©1990

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY



OLD BUSHMILLS

IRISH WHISKEY

**ORIGINAL
GRANT**



1608

For free food and drink recipes,
write to Old Bushmills, P.O. Box 639,
New York, New York 10018.
To send Old Bushmills anywhere in the
country, call toll free: (800) 528-6148.
Void where prohibited.

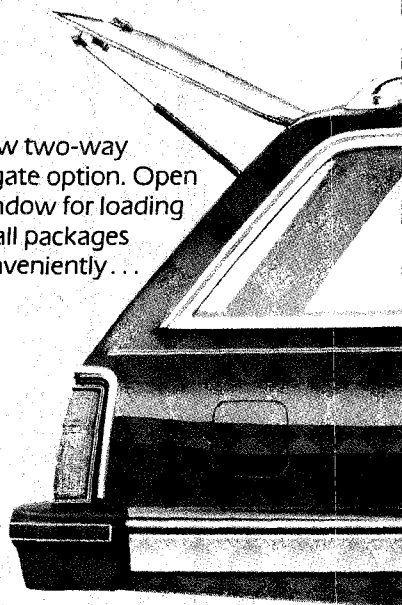
Experience the taste
that experience created.
Old Bushmills.
Since 1608.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

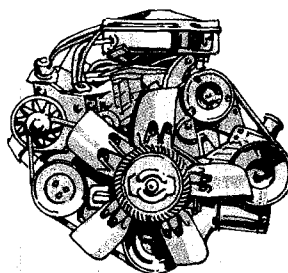
Announcing the first Granada wagon ever.

Granada, it's a car built with Ford's commitment to quality. And for 1982, Ford, the Wagon-master, is proud to introduce the first Granada wagon — with all the style of Granada and more room than any other American-built wagon in its class, based on EPA Cargo Volume Index. Comparison excludes other Ford Motor Company products.

New two-way liftgate option. Open window for loading small packages conveniently...

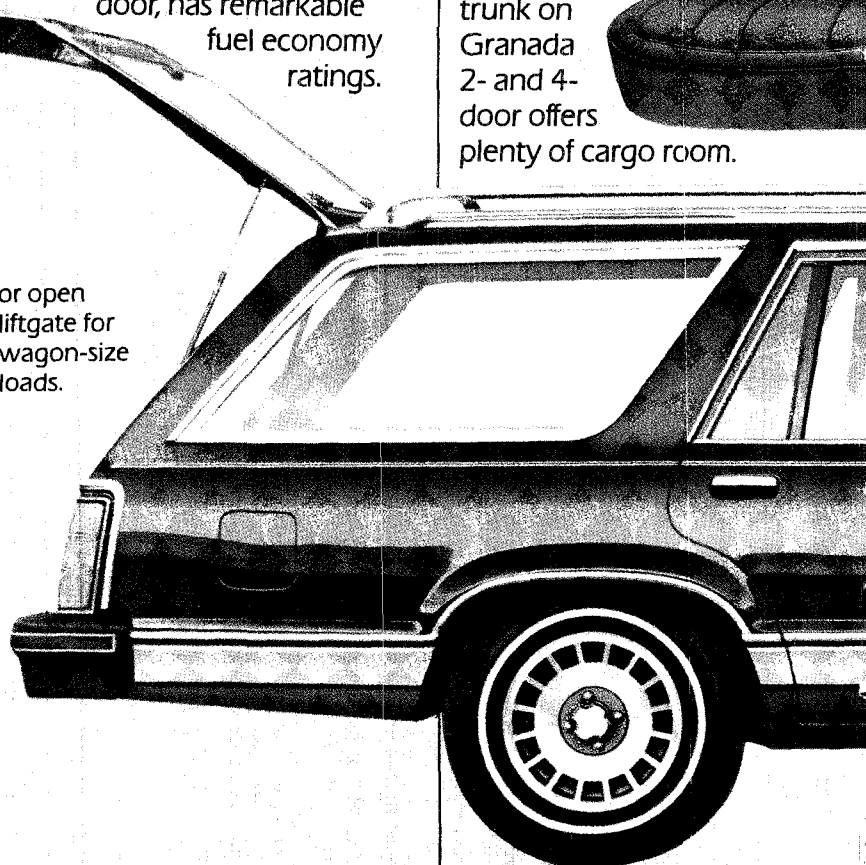


or open liftgate for wagon-size loads.



New 3.8 liter V-6.

Choose the optional 3.3 liter six-cylinder engine, standard on Granada wagon, or move up to Ford's brand-new 3.8 liter V-6. A 2.3 liter four-cylinder engine, standard on Granada 2- and 4-door, has remarkable fuel economy ratings.



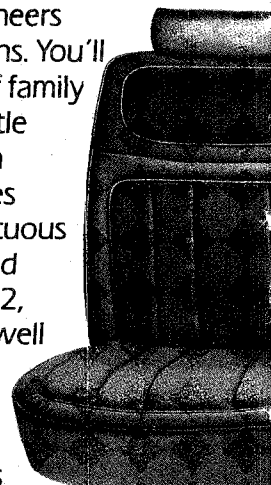
33 EST
HWY

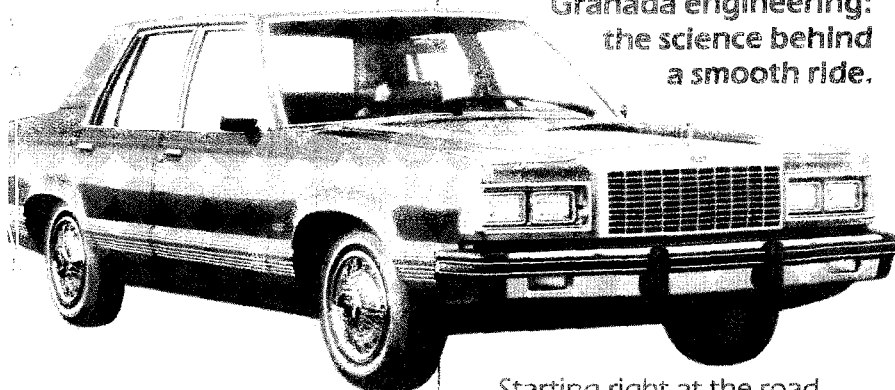
22 EPA
EST
MPG

For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and wagon ratings lower.

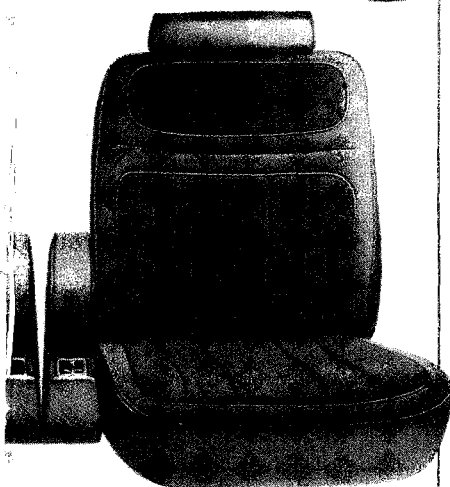
The interior: settle back and settle in.

Granada's interior is crafted by both engineers and artisans. You'll find lots of family room, subtle colors, rich woodtones and sumptuous fabrics. And new for '82, the deep-well trunk on Granada 2- and 4-door offers plenty of cargo room.

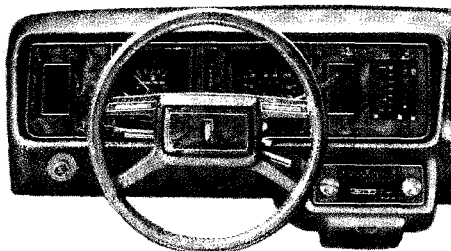




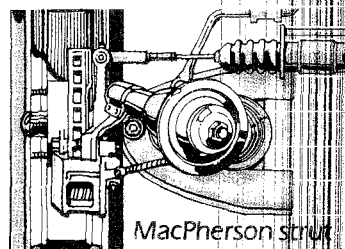
**Granada engineering:
the science behind
a smooth ride.**



Starting right at the road,
Granada rides on P-metric
steel-belted radials. You'll have



the precision of rack and pinion
steering. Your ride is smoothed
by a MacPherson strut front sus-
pension and Ford's 4-bar link
coil suspension in the rear. Power
front disc brakes are standard.
Sound insulation has been
generously engineered right
down to the double weather-



MacPherson strut

stripping around all doors.

Granada VIP means value.

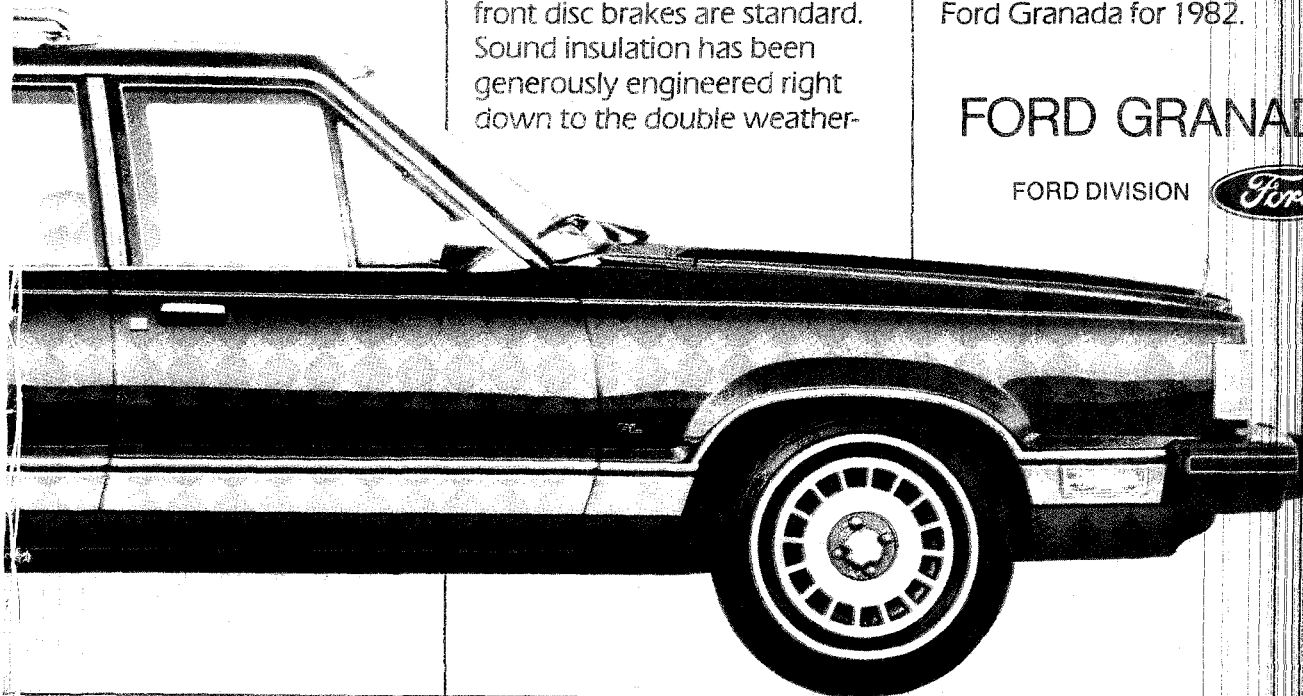
The Granada VIP special op-
tion package offers a savings of
more than \$350. Based on the
sticker price for individual op-
tions purchased separately. Just
buy power steering and you'll
get a split bench seat, folding
armrests, tilt steering wheel and
electric clock at no extra cost.

**Granada: something to
arrive in.**

This is Granada. This is Ford's
commitment to quality, comfort
and value. So see your Ford
Dealer and buy or lease the car
that's something to arrive in.
Ford Granada for 1982.

FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION





What can you learn from a 51-year-old, mentally handicapped man? You can learn about courage, compassion, dignity, and love. And maybe something about yourself.

Starring Mickey Rooney and Dennis Quaid · CBS-TV
Tuesday, December 22 · Check your local listings for the time.

**WE BRING
GOOD THINGS
TO LIFE.**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

ter he had to use up in the last reel of "Seven Samurai," in the big twenty-minute battle scene that takes place during a rainstorm, with both men and horses, when three cameras were working simultaneously. Grilli says that the way Sidney Lumet shot the scene of Danny Ciello walking past the long iron-grillwork fence, showing the passing iron-grillwork poles, reminded him of the way Kurosawa shot the trees rushing by in "Rashomon." He tells Kurosawa that Lumet and other good film directors would be the first to say they had learned much from seeing Kurosawa's films. Kurosawa grins and nods in agreement. They order Bloody Marys and drink a kind of toast to "Prince of the City." The waiter comes over again, and they order oysters, starting with six Blue Points each. They go on to three repeat orders, followed by cherrystone clams. Grilli says that he has seldom eaten raw oysters in Japan. Kurosawa assures him that raw oysters in Japan taste delicious. Kurosawa says that he is rather tired but that he is very happy he got to see "Prince of the City," and that he plans to sleep late in the morning.

TUESDAY, 3 P.M. ROOM 3701.

Kurosawa, without his jacket but wearing a tie, is having Japanese tea with Miss Nogami, Miss Bock, and Grilli. Miss Nogami is brewing the tea behind the fake-fur-covered bar; Kurosawa is sitting on the sofa, his back to the window framing the Chrysler Building. On a low glass-topped coffee table are packages of Seven Stars and Camel cigarettes. Grilli and Miss Bock sit in straight-backed armchairs at right angles to Kurosawa. Miss Nogami pours the tea into Japanese porcelain cups, which Grilli has brought over from Japan House. She hands a cup to Kurosawa, and he takes a sip. With the tea, he smokes a Seven Stars cigarette, holding it between thumb and forefinger. Miss Nogami sits cross-legged on the floor facing Kurosawa, and she lights a Seven Stars cigarette. Kurosawa says the tea is good, and praises Miss Nogami for using warm tap water to make it. That's the best way, Kurosawa says—not with boiling water. He looks at the cup holding the tea. In Japan today, he says, everything is plastic. "In my home, I have all old cups and bowls and plates and spoons—everything I can—because I want my children and my grandchildren to live with the old things, to

know them by living with them," he says. "The most beautiful bowls in Japan are the ancient ones that came from Korea. They were peasants' soup bowls that were used as tea bowls in Japan. There are few left. We don't even know the names of the potters. The later bowls are more famous, but they are not as good." He picks up the teacup and runs his fingers over the base. "The bases of the Korean bowls are completely original," he says. "You can't reproduce them. We know the names of the later potters. They put their names on their bowls." He takes a sip of tea and draws on his cigarette, holding it practically down at the hot end. "As soon as you put your name on a work, something happens to it," he says. "It is lessened." Kurosawa says he thinks it's very important to learn from the past—in the Japanese phrase, "*onko-chishin*." That is why he is attracted to making films with historical themes. He says that he knows he was greatly influenced by American directors in his filmmaking, and that he has the greatest admiration for the work of D. W. Griffith, John Ford, and John Huston, among others. "Stagecoach" is still one of his favorite movies. What motivates him now, however, is the desire to have modern Japanese learn that the great old powerful samurai left a rich

cultural heritage, which means much more than the physical strength and swordsmanship depicted in many Japanese movies. He feels it's important to show the high level of education, the sense of beauty, the spiritual training, and the mental sharpness of the samurai class. That is the spirit of the Japanese heritage.

In Japan today, Kurosawa goes on, children grow up worshipping everything from the West. The most painful thing in Japan today is the artificial democracy. After Japan lost the Second World War, Japan became democratized from the outside. Democracy didn't develop out of Japanese needs; democracy was just laid over Japanese society.

Peter Grilli asks whether the costumes in Kurosawa's latest film, "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"), were accurate duplicates of the ones worn in the sixteenth century—medieval times in Japan. Kurosawa says he tried to give a sense of what the costumes were, but it would be impossible to get the same colors, because they were made with natural dyes in those days, not with chemicals. Grilli says he knows about the subtlety of Japanese color differences, and says he was surprised to learn, years ago, that there was a separate Japanese dictionary for colors, which lists about a



*"Your castle may crumble,
your kingdom may tumble,
they're only made of clay."*

hundred different words for the color red. Everybody smiles.

"Television is a very harmful influence in Japan today," Kurosawa says. "University students only watch television and read comic books. They don't read the classics. If I'm working with a writer and I refer to a classic and find he hasn't read it, I can't go on working with him." He looks distressed. "Japan today," he says. "It is all but impossible now in Japan for me to make a film—even one film a year."

TUESDAY, 7:30 P.M. THE RECEPTION ROOM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

Japan House is a very modern four-story black concrete building at 333 East Forty-seventh Street, across from the United Nations at the East River. It was designed by the Japanese architect Junzo Yoshimura. Traditional-style *sudare*, or sunshades, but of steel instead of bamboo, hang over the windows on the top two floors. Inside, the lobby floor is of polished black slate. There is a reflecting pool with bamboo trees growing out of planters in the water and with lighted candles floating in it. In an adjoining glassed-in reception room, the Japan Society board of directors is winding up a dinner. There are five large round tables. Kurosawa, in a dark-blue suit and a white shirt with a red-white-and-blue figured necktie, is sitting at a table with Robert S. Ingersoll, the chairman of the board of the Japan Society and a former United States Ambassador to Japan (under President Nixon), who is also wearing a blue suit. At the same table are six others, including Grilli and Miss Bock. The film director Francis Coppola, bearded, wearing a gray rumpled suit and with a dark-green wool scarf tied around his neck, is at the next table, along with Miss Nogami; Lily Auchincloss, a longtime board member; Mrs. Grilli; and Mr. Kenji Tamiya, president of the Sony Corporation of America. Mrs. Grilli, a dark-haired, attractive young woman wearing a black dress and an Egyptian gold necklace, listens quietly as Coppola and Tamiya enthusiastically discuss Sony video equipment and its possible future use for making movies. Ingersoll gives a toast. He thanks Kurosawa for coming from Japan to open the complete retrospective of his films, which is a major event of the Japan Society's Seventy-fifth Anniversary program. He refers to Kurosawa as "Japan's greatest film director."

Kurosawa, who is still wearing his dark-tinted glasses, rises and responds to the toast. He speaks in Japanese, pausing every few sentences for Audie Bock to give the translation: "I am deeply grateful to the Japan Society for collecting all of my films and for arranging for them to be shown in the retrospective film series that is opening this evening. For a filmmaker, there can be no greater joy than to have his films seen widely and by as many people as possible. I am grateful to you for bringing about such an opportunity for me. My first films were made nearly forty years ago, in wartime Japan. Who at the time would have dreamed that such an event as this film series might one day take place in America? I am a filmmaker, and my greatest love is films. My whole life has been devoted to making films. All of them were made with my own Japanese people as their intended audience. Never once while I was making them did it occur to me that they might also come to be loved and appreciated by Americans and people all over the world. To me, it is almost like a dream, and I am profoundly moved that my films should be so well received. And yet—when you think about it—people everywhere share basic human sentiments that transcend all cultural differences and different ways of thought and social patterns. As human beings, we are the same, and our fundamental sympathy for one another as people is the same everywhere. I am often asked in Japan if I make films in some special way that will appeal to foreigners, or, at least, be understood by them. I do no such thing. As a Japanese, I can think only like a Japanese, and I can make only films that are honest and meaningful to Japanese. Perhaps, in some way, it is for just that reason that foreign viewers also admire these films and are moved by them. I find it wonderful that when people of all nations

state their thoughts and feelings honestly and directly they can find mutual understanding and a sympathetic response. Today, at a time when the nations of the world too often confront each other with distrust and suspicion and we grope along rather hopelessly in the dark, I think it all the more important that filmmakers like me exert our efforts to bring the peoples of the world closer together in forthright exchanges of values and honest attempts to understand each other better. Simple though these thoughts of mine may be, I am grateful for the opportunity to express them and to present to you my films. Thank you very much."

Kurosawa sits down. Applause. The dinner guests get up and wander out into the lobby, where perhaps two hundred additional guests are milling about before going into the screening room. There is a mixture of film critics and film buffs, people from the movie business and from museums, and people whose interest in Kurosawa reaches beyond his films: Richard Gere; Mr. Tadao Fujimatsu, of Japan Air Lines; Robert Duvall; Geoffrey Holder; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoving; Stanley Kauffmann; Edwin Newman, of NBC News; Kazuto Ohira, of Toho Films; William W. Scranton, a former governor of Pennsylvania and a Japan Society board member.

LATER. THE AUDITORIUM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

The guests have taken their seats for the showing of the film. On the stage, Mr. Ingersoll again speaks: "As chairman of the board of the Japan Society, I am delighted you could be with us for the start of this retrospective of the twenty-six films of Akira Kurosawa. No other filmmaker has made as great an impact on our young directors. One such director, Francis Coppola, has revolutionized American cinema." Mr. Ingersoll then introduces Coppola.

Coppola says that no one surpasses Kurosawa in the sense of humanity and the sincerity that mark his films. Then he points out that there is some conflict between art and commerce in Japan, as there is in the United States. "It is very difficult for a master like Kurosawa to do his work," he says. "I would like to see this trend reversed."

Coppola introduces Kurosawa, who takes the stage and says, "My profession is that of film director. I hide behind the camera. I don't know what to do when I am put in the spotlight like this. Since I am put here before



THANK YOU TO THOSE WHO'VE TAUGHT US THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

In 1843, Charles Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol* to "awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season."

The book was an immediate success. And since then it has become as much a part of the holiday season as mistletoe and stockings hung by the fireplace.

Ebenezer Scrooge, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim have shown generation after generation that Christmas isn't just a day of getting but a season of giving.

We at Cutty Sark toast the spirit of Christmas and those who keep it alive. And hope that you, too, will raise a glass to everyone who's shown you what Christmas is all about.

Charles Dickens

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

**BIGGER
ISN'T
NECESSARILY
BETTER
IN THE
BIG
BUSINESS
OF OIL.**



You don't have to be a giant company to become a big success in the oil business. At Union Texas Petroleum, we take advantage of our size. As a hardworking independent company, our efficiency and speed have let us achieve some giant-sized successes.

For example, when it comes to finding oil and gas, our strength comes from our efficiency. In fact, in 1980, our finding and development costs per barrel were almost 50% lower

than the industry average.

Unlike most companies, we have higher oil and gas reserves today than 5 years ago. And in the next 5 years, we'll be spending almost \$3 billion to keep them high. We're currently exploring in the U.S. and 20 foreign countries, and in 1981 alone we made significant discoveries in Louisiana, Texas and Pakistan.

Along with energetic businesses like fibers and plastics, chemicals, and electrical products, UTP's oil

and gas help fuel Allied Corporation.

True, size can be a large factor in the energy field. But UTP shares a giant advantage with every Allied company.

We mean business.

 **ALLIED**
Corporation
We mean business.

you, I have to say something. Making a film takes a great deal of effort, and if I don't put this effort into the film it doesn't come out right. So the most painful thing is to think you will come to see the film and then forget it. It is also painful to think that you see the film, remember it for a little while, and then forget it. So I try to keep you from forgetting. I try to present a human being that you are unable to forget. It is very simple, but this is what I have to say."

The lights go out. "Throne of Blood"—a version of the "Macbeth" story—starts.

"Throne of Blood" was made in 1957, with the Macbeth character played by Toshiro Mifune, the most renowned actor in Japan, who worked with Kurosawa for many years. In 1948, Mifune was in Kurosawa's "Drunken Angel," and it made him a star. He played the bandit in "Rashomon," the straying samurai in "Seven Samurai," and the title character in "Yojimbo." In "Throne of Blood," Mifune plays a feudal lord, master of a forest castle. The style of the film is based on various techniques of the Noh theatre, in which style and story are one. There are many frightening scenes of conspiracy, murder, and treachery, with a horrible witch. There are few closeups. At the end of the film, the feudal lord's own men turn on him and kill him brutally with a hail of arrows.

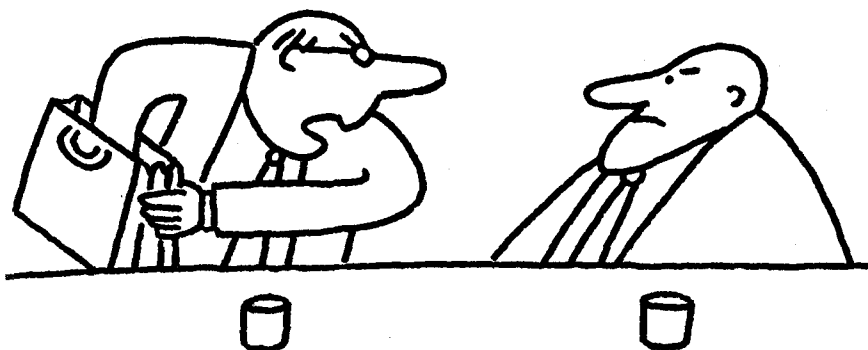
The film lasts for a hundred and ten minutes. The audience receives it quietly, with an occasional gasp. Robert Ingersoll eases the collar of his shirt and gives a few audible sighs.

TUESDAY, 9:15 P.M. THE RECEPTION ROOM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

The round tables have been removed. At two rectangular tables on one side of the room, two bartenders are at the ready, the wherewithal for champagne drinks all set up. Members of the audience wander into the reception area. They look a bit shaken, but many of them are smiling. It is obvious that at this point, at any rate, all of them are remembering the feudal lord and his ambitious and evil wife. Snatches of conversation:

"The Japanese are suspicious of international success. Some of the critics in Japan hate Kurosawa. The money people there don't consider his films an art. They won't give him money to make a film."

"Francis Coppola and George Lucas got Twentieth Century-Fox to



C. G. C.

"Oh, yeah? Well, I just happen to have a copy of the Bill of Rights with me."

buy the international distribution rights to 'Kagemusha,' and that's the only way he got to finish the picture. It cost six and a half million dollars—the most expensive Japanese film ever made."

"Now he's got this incredible script based on the 'King Lear' story, but with sons, and he can't get the money to make it. Coppola and Lucas are going to bat for him again."

"He's never allowed himself to go crawling for money to make his movies. As a samurai, money is beneath him."

"Everybody thinks 'Rashomon' was his first picture, but he made ten terrific films before 'Rashomon.'"

"Coppola and Lucas, and Billy Friedkin, too, will help him get the money to make another movie. But Kurosawa has his samurai pride. You know the Japanese saying: 'The samurai, even though he hasn't eaten, picks his teeth.'"

"From here, he goes to Italy, where the President of Italy is going to give him the Second Order of Merit of the Italian Republic. Fellini is going to present him with the Vittorio De Sica Award, and he's also getting the Donatello Award for the best foreign picture of the year in Italy—'Kagemusha.'"

"George Lucas invited him out to California to see all the elaborate equipment at his new studio."

"Knopf is publishing his autobiography, and Charles Elliott is editing it. Chuck is here, with his wife."

"The photographer Arnold Newman is supposed to take his picture tomorrow for the autobiography. Newman asked him to pose wearing a cap and other 'working' clothes, to give the impression that he was work-

ing. Kurosawa refused to wear a cap or anything special. He said to Newman, 'If you want to get a picture of me working, come to Japan.'"

The reception area is now jammed with people. Kurosawa stands near the doorway, Audie Bock by his side, interpreting, as the guests introduce themselves, shake his hand, present him with Film Center programs (there is a photograph of Kurosawa on the cover) to be autographed. Kurosawa works hard at the reception-line chores, shaking hands, smiling, bowing, autographing, and only now and then nervously edging away from popping flashbulbs, which seem to hurt his eyes. He keeps his tinted glasses on. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd, president of the board of trustees of the Museum of Modern Art and a longtime friend of the Japan Society, arrives late and heads directly over to Kurosawa, apologizing graciously as she shakes his hand. She is slender and tall—in high heels, a bit taller than Kurosawa—and she is wearing a long purple print gown with a ruffled collar. She had to attend a screening of the new movie "Rich and Famous," she explains, but she rushed over immediately, because she wanted to thank him for coming to the U.S.A., and she is so happy he could come. There is a concentration of popping flashbulbs as most of the photographers take a shot of Kurosawa with Mrs. Rockefeller. There are at least a dozen photographers, half of them Japanese; they take pictures of Kurosawa posing with this one and that one, and also take candid. Kurosawa produces a Seven Stars, and a photographer lights the cigarette for him and then takes his picture smoking, as he again holds the cigarette

between thumb and forefinger. Around him, several Japanese are saying "Dozo," each indicating that one of the others should take the path to Kurosawa's handshake first. A number of the guests hug Miss Nogami. A Japanese man, short, with a gray goatee, and wearing a black wool jacket, black slacks, and a gray turtleneck, comes over to Kurosawa, accompanied by a woman, taller than he, with a long face and with black hair pulled straight back. They are Mr. and Mrs. Takehiko Kamei. Mrs. Kamei wears a beautiful purple kimono—the only kimono in sight. Kurosawa hasn't seen them in several years. He and they beam at each other, bow, and shake hands. No hugs à la Hollywood. Kamei addresses Kurosawa as "Sensei," which means "teacher" and is used as a term of affectionate respect. Kamei is a painter, an illustrator, and an animator who made commercials for television in Japan before moving, with his wife, Yoko, to Toronto. He met Kurosawa originally while making a documentary about filmmakers. Kamei and his wife have come down from Toronto in order to attend the opening of Kurosawa's retrospective. Before the other handshakers move in on Kurosawa again, he invites the Kameis to come over to his room at the hotel after the reception. Coppola, still wearing the dark-green scarf, wanders around among the guests, giving jolly hugs and greetings to many, and looking over frequently to see how Kurosawa is doing.

As the reception thins out, Coppola and Kurosawa go off to one side of the room, the older man regarding the younger with undisguised admiration and affection. With lively gestures, Coppola describes his use of the new electronic equipment in his studio—Zoetrope—in Hollywood, in preparing and in shooting his next movie, "One from the Heart." Video, Coppola explains, is about to evolve into what he calls the electronic cinema, and "One from the Heart" was an experiment in its use. Kurosawa, nodding with interest, gives a few vigorous puffs on a cigarette. In particular, Coppola goes on, he organized the production of this experimental movie from the start with a kind of electronic storyboarding. The script was placed in an information processor, which then became the central link to all the many activities and departments of the studio. He goes on to explain that his art department made sketches. The actors read the script as if it were a radio play.

The budget was calculated. Everything was done to the constantly changing text circulating through the various departments, Coppola says, as though a clothesline were running through the entire studio, with each department hanging messages on and taking messages off simultaneously, until the clothesline itself became the movie. Kurosawa looks fascinated. Eventually, Coppola says, the flexibility and intimacy of the system will give us a new instrument, capable of doing things that were not possible before.

Kurosawa nods, and says that he made hundreds of sketches and paintings for "Kagemusha" before that movie was started. He then listens, deferring to what Coppola is saying.

Coppola says that the possibilities for future use of electronic technology in moviemaking are mind-boggling, reducing many of the enormous costs of filmmaking by cutting down the time needed by technicians and talent—collapsing the traditional pre-production, production, and post-production periods into a single-design production process. Since photographic film is a physical material that has to be handled, cut, and Scotch-Taped together, it is obviously slower and more rigid than video, which is pure energy.

Kurosawa says pensively that *he* is still using, for editing in Japan, the same small, primitive Moviola he has been using for years and years.

Almost *all* moviemakers in the world are still using an old-fashioned Moviola or something quite like it, Coppola puts in quickly. Now the same company is making a Videola, a new machine for handling film-to-videotape, and it's part of Zoetrope's editing system.

Kurosawa looks impressed.

Before parting, the two men discuss Kurosawa's plan to go to California after the opening of the retrospective, and meet with George Lucas and then with representatives of Twentieth Century-Fox about financing Ku-

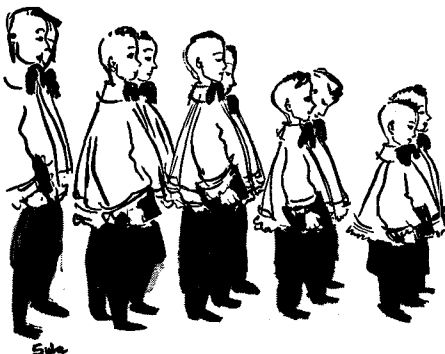
rosawa's "Lear" movie. Coppola is in high spirits and is reassuring. Kurosawa is subdued and thoughtful.

TUESDAY. NEARLY MIDNIGHT. ROOM 3701.

Takehiko and Yoko Kamei are having drinks with Kurosawa. They are sitting on chairs and a sofa. Miss Nogami again sits cross-legged on the floor, and passes around a dish of peanuts. Everybody takes some. A bottle of Scotch and a bottle of bourbon, along with packs of Seven Stars and Camels, are on the coffee table. The atmosphere is quiet and comfortable. They are talking about various shots in "Throne of Blood." Kurosawa tells how tiring it was to get one of the long shots of the feudal lord's castle, which he took with a telephoto lens. In order to give instructions to his actors, Kurosawa says, he had to hike all the way down a long road to the castle and then hike all the way back. No walkie-talkies in Japan? Kurosawa says he doesn't like to use walkie-talkies to give instructions to his actors. Kamei says he was much impressed by the sequences in which the murdered man's ghost appears as a vision to the lord. Kurosawa laughs, takes a sip of his drink, and says that the print is so washed out that it makes the ghost look even paler and much scarier than he might look in a better print of the film. He smokes, laughs, and shows no sign of tiring of the talk about his film. For the final scene, he says, in which the feudal lord is showered with arrows—with the last arrow going in one side of his neck and coming out the other—he called in an archery expert to demonstrate how to use real arrows for the shooting. Kurosawa says he insisted on authenticity. Toshiro Mifune, playing the lord, was so frightened as he was shot, even though he had on ample padding, that he had *real* terror in his eyes. Everybody laughs, and the guests agree that they saw the real terror in Mifune's eyes. At 3 A.M., still talking, they finally make a move to leave.

WEDNESDAY. MIDMORNING. A CONFERENCE ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF JAPAN HOUSE.

Under a skylight stands a dramatic abstract sculpture of black granite by Masayuki Nagare. Kurosawa, wearing the plaid wool jacket and tan slacks he has worn before, with shirt and tie and tinted glasses, has been placed next to the sculpture. Arnold Newman, portly, gregarious, cheerful,



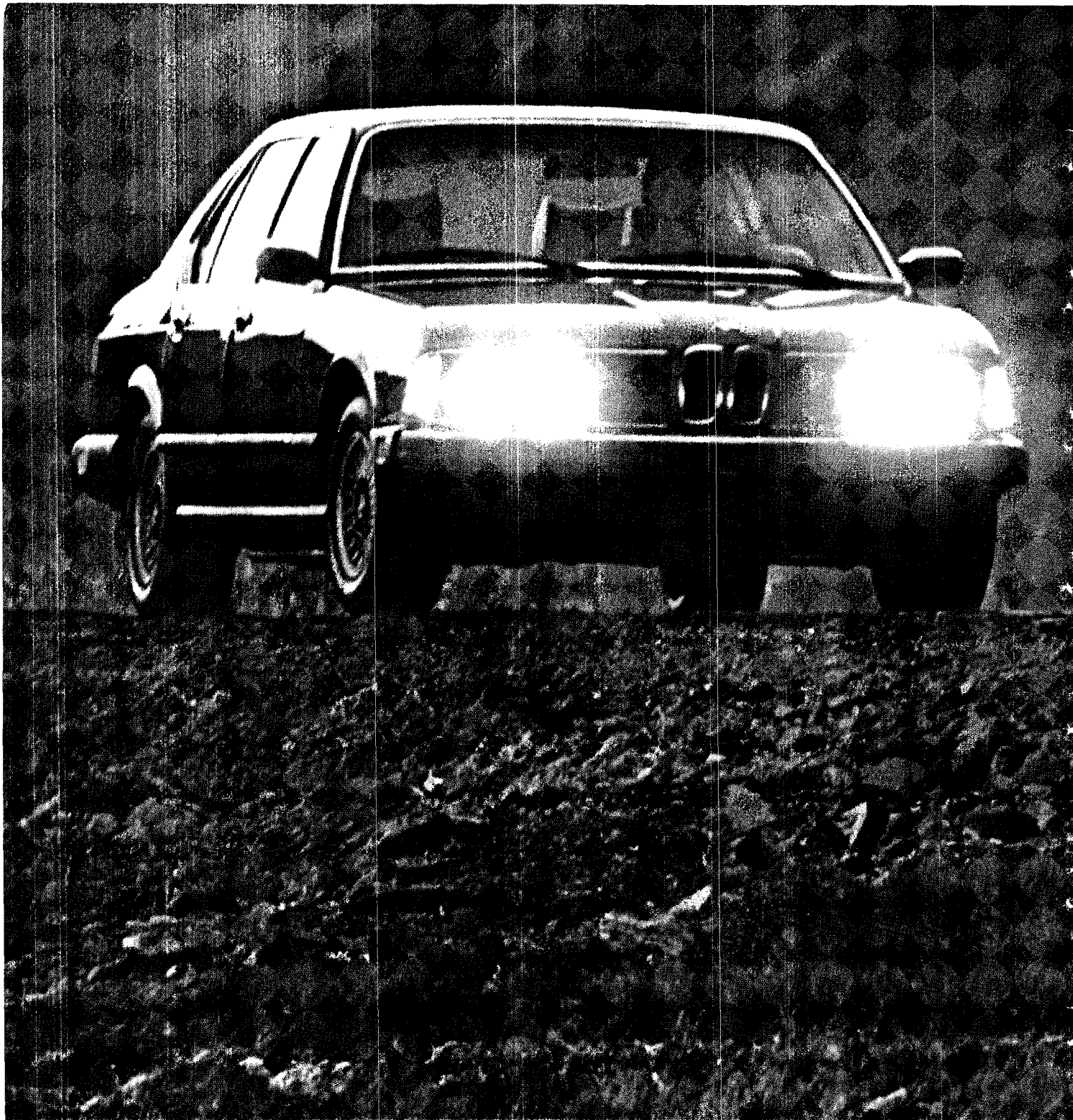
METAXA SEVEN STAR. A STEP ABOVE COGNAC.



METAXA

The Imported Greek Classic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The protest we have in mind is against prestigious luxury cars that succeed as symbols, but disappoint as cars.

Cars whose underlying engineering seems to have lagged behind their considerable reputations.

Luxury car buyers dissatisfied with this state of affairs will find a perfect vehicle for dissent in the BMW 733i—the \$35,000 luxury car engineered to lead where others have lagged.

INTRODUCING DIGITAL MOTOR ELECTRONICS.

The 733i is the first automobile

in America to offer Digital Motor Electronics—a system that illustrates the difference between technology and gadgetry.

"DME" measures, reports on and, most importantly, governs engine efficiency.

It assures that the optimum mixture of fuel and air is ignited at the optimum time in the ignition cycle. It adjusts idling speed, cuts off fuel flow to cylinders when they're not needed, and even helps report back, through a fuel economy indicator, your actual mpg figures as you drive.

The figures will make interesting

reading. The 733i with standard five-speed transmission now delivers a pleasantly surprising 19 EPA estimated mpg, 29 mpg highway. Automatic is also available.

(Fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will most likely be lower.)

Inside, an onboard computer provides such useful functions as anti-theft protection and speed monitoring—and even helps control the weather. A special climate con-

THE WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT PROTEST AGAINST MEDIocre ENGINEERING.

trol adjusts temperatures to a preset level, going so far as to warn you of potential icing conditions.

All these technological advances accompany a car that's fairly steeped in amenities.

Its molded bucket seats are upholstered in wide rolls of fine leather. Carpeting is thick and plush. And the attentiveness to comfort throughout caused Car and Driver to single out the 733i as "the height of refined elegance."

PERFECTION IS UNATTAINABLE.
SUPERIORITY ISN'T.

Of course, the true measure of

any machine is how well it performs—an axiom that confers an almost unfair advantage on the 733i.

Its 3.2-liter, electronically fuel-injected engine has been called "without a doubt, the most sophisticated production in-line six in the world" (Road & Track magazine), delivering the exhilarating performance that's conspicuously absent among cars in its class.

Its revolutionary double-pivot front suspension is so advanced it has been awarded an international patent.

And its amazingly agile steering

reflects the precision inherited from over six decades of building high-performance vehicles.

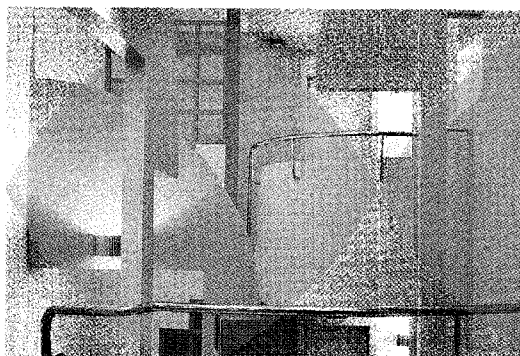
The sum, according to Car and Driver, is a car whose "parts and pieces...work so well together they must have been melded in another world."

If your present luxury sedan suggests more mundane origins, you might contact your nearest BMW dealer, who will be happy to arrange a test drive at your convenience.

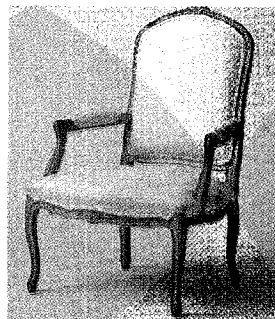


THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.



Trends matter. Trendiness doesn't.



Expensive is O.K. It lasts.



Merely eating won't do.



Our readers are doors.



Immense buying power looking for ways to go.



Yes, twice as efficient reaching \$40M+ households as Time or Newsweek.*

*source: 1981 Monroe Mendelsohn

**BEAUTIFUL, INFLUENTIAL ENVIRONMENTS.
FOR READERS.
FOR ADVERTISERS.**

**BEAUTIFUL ISN'T JUST OUR NAME.
IT'S OUR DIFFERENCE.**

**HOUSE
BEAUTIFUL**

717 Fifth Avenue—(212) 935-5900

talking with a strong New York accent, is photographing him. Newman has two jeans-clad young men—both of them eager, polite, and deferential—assisting him, and they make their way around Kurosawa, studying him, photographing him with several cameras, including a small one on a tripod. Kurosawa is very restless and ill at ease. He complains that he doesn't like to sit as a subject, to be on this side of the camera. He makes no attempt to hide his dissatisfaction.

THURSDAY EVENING. BILLY FRIEDKIN'S MIDTOWN APARTMENT. Friedkin, the forty-one-year-old director of "The French Connection," "The Exorcist," and "Cruising," had the apartment built to his specifications. It is comfortable, spacious, and handsome, with English-oak floors throughout, and huge safety-glass windows. A large room given over to a billiard table has two nine-foot-high English-oak panelled doors separating it from a sixty-foot living room, which is furnished with eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century English antique tables and chairs, and goosedown sofas with Porthault coverings and embroidered Japanese silk pillows. Over a marble fireplace in the living room hangs a nineteenth-century French mirror with a gilt frame. There's a lot of original art on the walls: a small Turner watercolor of Sidon fishermen drawing in their nets; nineteenth-century Japanese prints from the series "100 Views of the Moon," by Yoshitoshi; a large Degas watercolor of horses and jockeys at Longchamp; a George Grosz; a Picasso. In a corner of the foyer leading to the living room is the cardboard box that Kurosawa had with him on his arrival at the airport. For this evening, Friedkin has placed small Japanese-boxwood plants here and there in the foyer and in the living room.

Kurosawa, Grilli, Miss Nogami, and Miss Bock have arrived before most of the other guests and are sitting with Friedkin in his study. The furnishings

here include a nineteenth-century French table and black leather Charles Eames chairs. On the walls are a Matisse crayon drawing of a woman's face; a George Grosz drawing of a sailor kicking a woman; several Daumier prints; two large, signed photographs of Red Auerbach, the general manager and president of the Boston Celtics (Friedkin's favorite basketball team); a Boston Celtics pennant; and large, framed stills from "The Exorcist." Several small Japanese-boxwood plants have been placed around this room, too.

Friedkin is a trim, volatile, friendly, good-natured, and likable man, his eyes alert behind glasses with thin gold frames, and his manner warm and hospitable. He is making a big effort to see to it that everybody feels comfortable. He is dramatically dressed in black pants, black boots, a black shirt, a beautiful tie of red Japanese silk embroidered in pink and red. Kurosawa has on his dark-blue suit and his tinted glasses. Others in the study are Bud Yorkin, who is serious, polite, and watchful, and who also wears a dark-blue suit; and Frances FitzGerald, a tall, blond, attractive, and gracious young woman, who is wearing a black pants suit.

Drinks are served. Friedkin raises his glass to Kurosawa and says, "*Kono go o-kampai!*" He translates, "Let's

drink to the future," and adds, "What we all want is for you to make more pictures." Friedkin speaks precisely and clearly, like a confident student in an elocution class.

Kurosawa seems to understand him even before Audie Bock translates for him: he is nodding and saying "Thank you" in English while she is still translating.

"Everyone owes him a debt. Everyone," Friedkin says.

"In 'Kagemusha,' in that fantastic battle scene where you had two hundred horses all being shot and falling down at the same time, how did you get them all to fall down simultaneously?" Frances FitzGerald asks Kurosawa.

He responds with great enthusiasm, explaining that he had lined up two hundred people, one for each horse, to give the horses an injection of a soporific at a certain signal. The horses were all put to sleep, and then were filmed as they were getting up, stumbling, falling down. All around the horses, he adds, were actors who were supposed to act dead. Very difficult to do, with horses kicking and flailing all around them. He pauses, then says that all the costumes and armor that were used in "Kagemusha" will be very useful in his "Lear" picture, if he can get it made. He learned so much, with "Kagemusha," about the culture

of that medieval period, he says, and he wants to use all that he learned when he makes "Lear." He looks around at the pictures on the wall and indicates one of a scene from "The Exorcist."

"Did that picture scare you?" Bud Yorkin asks.

"I wasn't scared," Kurosawa replies. "But I took my daughter, and she was so scared she couldn't eat for two days."

"Do many of your pictures end up on Japanese television?" Yorkin asks.

Kurosawa nods glumly.

The doorbell rings. Friedkin gets up to admit new arrivals: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Penn; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mailer; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen.

"The last time I did this was fifteen years



ago—gave a whole dinner,” Friedkin says from the doorway. “It was for Harold Pinter.”

LATER. THE LIVING ROOM, WHERE THREE ROUND TABLES HAVE BEEN SET FOR A SEATED DINNER.

Sidney Lumet, wearing brown cords, a heavy white turtleneck, a tweed jacket, and black-rimmed glasses, enters and makes straight for Kurosawa. They shake hands, and Kurosawa, grinning widely, holds on to the younger director's hand and keeps pumping it. He tells Lumet immediately that he has just seen “Prince of the City” and thinks the film is wonderful.

“From you, that is very, very special to me, and I don't say that often,” Lumet says.

“And I, too, am not given to flattery,” Audie Bock translates after Kurosawa, still holding Lumet's hand, makes his reply.

“Beauty many people can do, but beauty with meaning very few people can do,” Lumet says, falling in oddly with Audie Bock's translation rhythm, and speaking as though he himself were giving a translation.

What impressed him so much, Kurosawa says, was the physical beauty of the cinematography in the movie and how it related to the story. Also, he was impressed by the way Lumet used light.

Lumet looks as though he were going to weep with joy. “For you to recognize these things!” he says. “These things we worked so hard for. In the first third of the film, the people are separated from the backgrounds; the light is not on the people but on the backgrounds—the neon signs, for example. In the second third of the movie, the light is on both the people and the backgrounds. In the last third, the light is on the people in the foreground; walls are stripped bare, and the focus is fully on the people.”

“And in the last shot,” Kurosawa says, becoming as excited as Lumet, “you have the sea of blue shirts at the Police Academy, and then you show just that one face, the face of Danny Ciello. Superb!”

“For you to recognize all that . . .” Lumet says. “I've never seen one fake frame in your films.” Turning toward the other guests, he adds, “To achieve the beauty he achieves without falseness is incredible.”

“I don't feel I've yet achieved everything you describe,” Kurosawa says.

“One always feels that way,” says Lumet. “There were two directors after the silents who changed movies. One was Carl Dreyer, and the other was Kurosawa.”

“Now I'd like to go back to making silent films again,” Kurosawa says. “There's still a great deal to learn. How to make the words, the talking passages, shorter.”

Billy Friedkin comes over. “In Japan, he's a prophet without honor,” he says to a guest on the edge of the group around Kurosawa.

Friedkin listens politely as Kurosawa continues to talk to Lumet about “Prince of the City.” Kurosawa says that the rain scenes in the movie looked like real rain, but he knows that it is impossible to shoot in real rain.

Lumet replies happily, “We created blocks and blocks of rain. We had four hundred-foot cherry pickers, with hoses and metal pipes extending for thirty-two more feet. Four pipes were crossed with spinning nozzles, and we let the natural wind carry it. We used tens of thousands of gallons of water.”

While Audie Bock struggles to get the information about the cherry pickers and the water translated into Japanese, Billy Friedkin tells Lumet, with what appears to be genuine admiration, “You did it this time, baby. Beautiful!”

The dinner is being catered by Eli Zabar's E.A.T., and canapés—black caviar, Scotch salmon—are passed around by pretty young waitresses wearing dark skirts and white silk blouses. Young waiters wearing dark pants, white shirts, and neckties serve glasses of champagne.

“Gadg!” Friedkin says, greeting the director Elia Kazan. “You look great.”

While Kazan and his host are hugging each other, Kazan asks Friedkin whether he has ever met Kurosawa before.

Friedkin says no, but that when Grilli asked him if he wanted to give

the dinner he said he'd be delighted to do it, because of his tremendous admiration for Kurosawa.

“For directors, his work is almost like a textbook,” Grilli says.

“Kurosawa is one of the figures in world cinema I respect,” Friedkin says. “Last January, when I went to Japan on a promotional tour with my ‘Cruising,’ I wanted to meet him, but I was then being spirited around so fast from place to place that I never had a chance. In Los Angeles, I used to go to the Toho La Brea to see his films, but that theatre doesn't exist anymore. It's hard to see a Japanese film in this country now.”

“The Kurosawa film I want to see is the one he made in Russia—‘Dersu Uzala,’” Kazan says.

“We're showing it in the retrospective,” Grilli says. “We're showing *all* of them. What I find exciting is the way he follows everything the American directors are doing.”

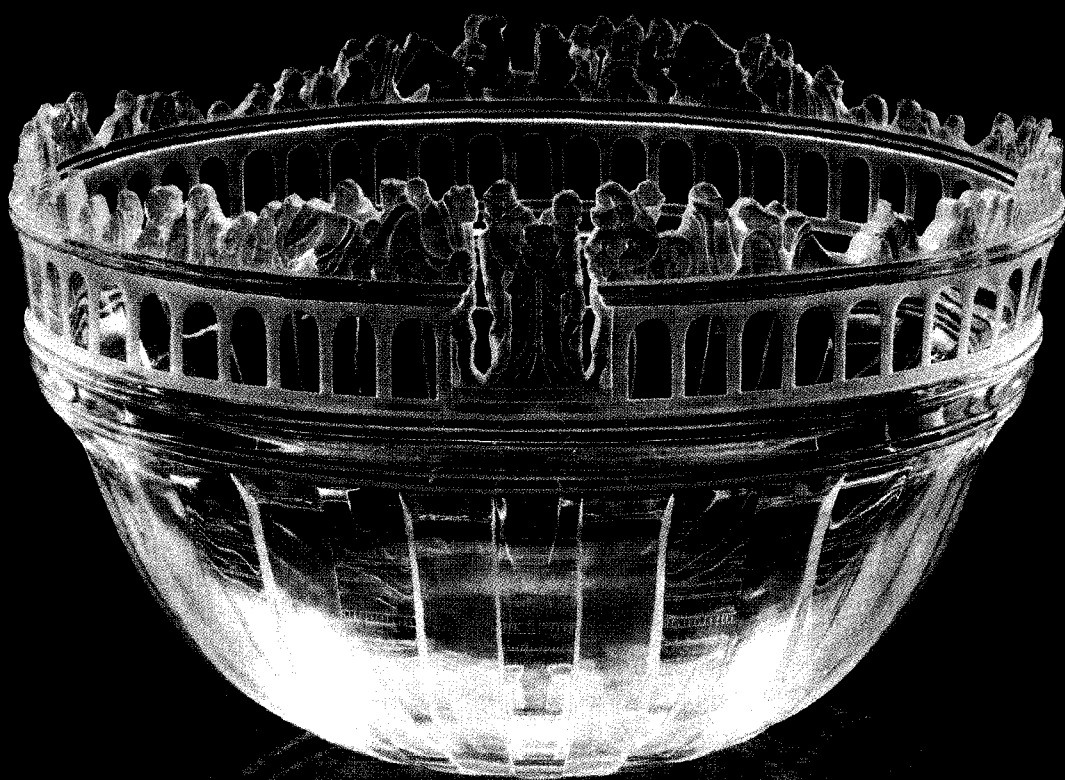
“And he's so nice about us,” Friedkin says. “When ‘The French Connection’ opened in Japan, he wrote me a letter about it from there. It just came in like that, over the transom. He said ‘The French Connection’ was one of the most visually exciting films he'd ever seen. That meant so much to me, when I'm just overwhelmed by *his* work.”

LATER. SEATED DINNER.

On each of the three tables are a couple of small Japanese-boxwood plants in terra-cotta pots. Kurosawa remarks on how nice they look. Along with everybody else, he relishes what turns out to be one of E.A.T.'s great dinners: ziti with Nantucket bay scallops and wild chanterelles; aged filet of beef with a tart raspberry jelly or béarnaise sauce; Manor House rolls baked without yeast in a brick oven; French-field-lettuce salad; giant chocolate-covered strawberries; giant stem strawberries with crème fraîche; fresh raspberries; California white wine (Spring Mountain Chardonnay); California red wine (Jordan Cabernet); chocolate truffles; chocolate cake. Sitting with Frances FitzGerald, Sidney Lumet, Elia Kazan, and Audie Bock, Kurosawa is now relaxed, even jovial. Right after the ziti, he takes off his tinted glasses for the first time in company since his arrival three days before. He talks easily about his own background.

He was born in Tokyo, the youngest of eight children. His father, who was a descendant of one of the best-





The Crusaders

*In the collection of Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales.
Designed by Zevi Blum. Engraved by Roland Erlacher. Length 13". Limited to a single example.*

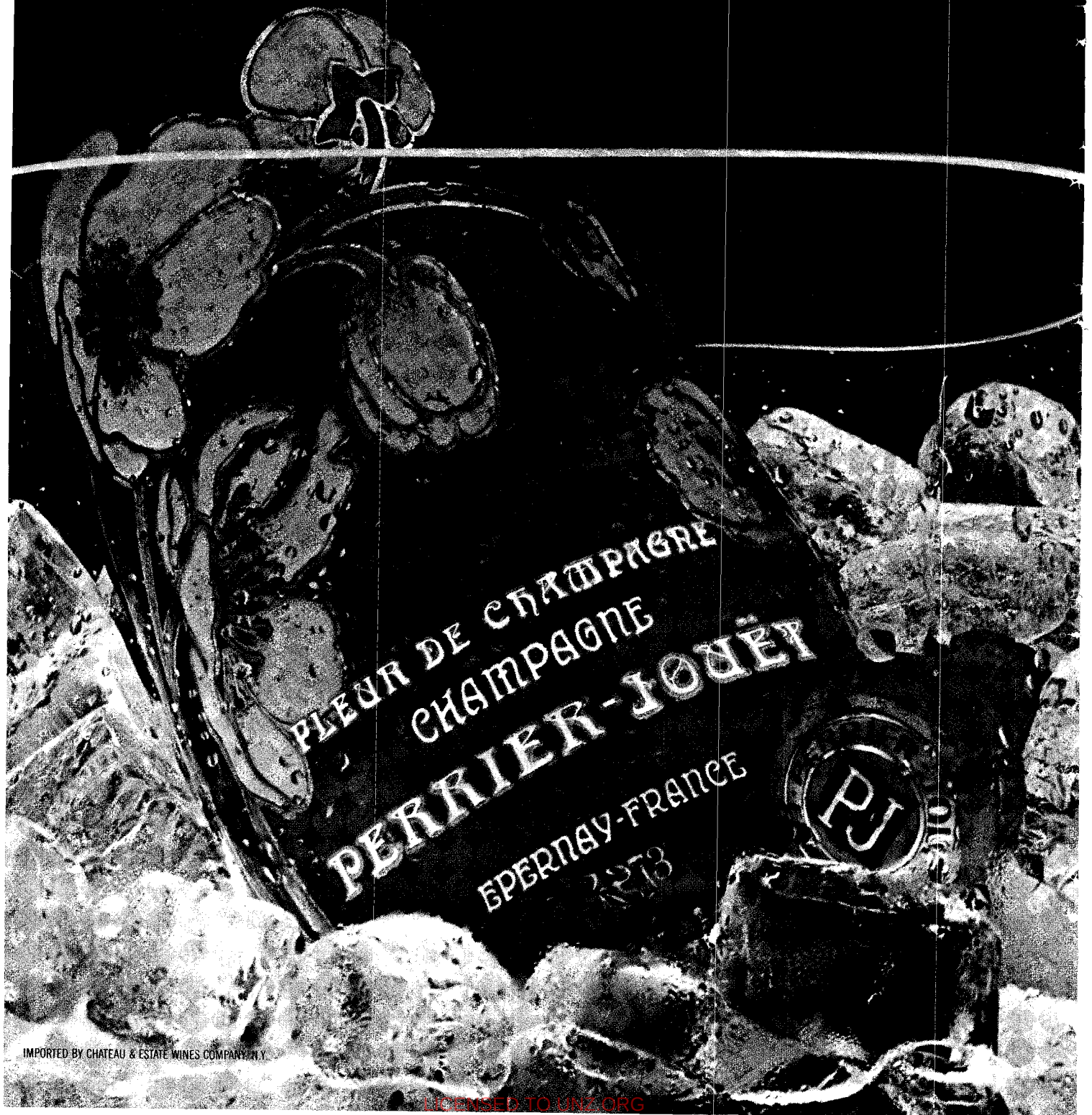
Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-752-1441.

Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.



STEUBEN GLASS

UNCORK THE ULTIMATE.



IMPORTED BY CHATEAU & ESTATE WINES COMPANY, N.Y.

100%
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known samurai families, the Abe Sadato, dating from the eleventh century, was a physical-education teacher at Toyama Army Academy; he had come to Tokyo from Akita, in the north. Kurosawa went to schools in Tokyo. He got into the movie business by accident. His father loved going to the movies and took his children to see them. One of Kurosawa's older brothers was a narrator of silent films. During the Depression, Kurosawa started out as a painter, trained in Western painting at the Doshusha School, in Tokyo, but he couldn't make a go of it. He answered an advertisement for young people to take an examination for the job of apprentice to a film director, got a job as apprentice to a director he couldn't admire, wanted to quit, but was persuaded by friends to stay. Then he worked under Kajiro Yamamoto, a fine director of comedies and action films, who was the best teacher he ever had. Yamamoto told him to work on writing scripts and to learn editing if he wanted to become a director. Before he directed his first film, he took part in every phase of filmmaking: lighting, set design, props, camerawork—everything. At the age of thirty-three, he directed his first film, "Sanshiro Sugata." It was 1943, and because of the war the censorship bureau was being very strict about what could and couldn't be made, so he had decided to make a very old-fashioned film. He wasn't taken by the Army for service, because one of his brothers had been killed, and the Army held to the principle that the loss of one son in a family was enough. "Sanshiro Sugata" was a success. It is about a young student of the martial arts, apprenticed first to an arrogant jujitsu teacher and then to a teacher who stresses spiritual ideals and moral discipline. For his second movie, Kurosawa was asked in 1944, by a representative of the Information Ministry, to make a film to inspire the young people at home to work for the war effort. The film is about three factory girls, and he actually put the three actresses playing the roles to work in an optical-instruments factory, to make them lose their self-consciousness as actresses. They became hardworking factory girls, did lose their "actress" qualities, and, after the film was finished, got married and settled down. The leading actress, Yoko Yaguchi, got married and settled down with him. They have a son, Hisao, and a daughter, Kazuko, both in their mid-thirties. Kazuko is a

housewife, married to an automobile designer who is the son of an actor who appeared in many of Kurosawa's movies. They have two little boys. Hisao, who is also married and has a two-year-old son, has done many things—he once had an interest in a basketball team, for instance, and he has acted for television—and he is now forming his own film company, with the intention of making films that are less difficult to make than Kurosawa's.

Kurosawa has a plate of giant chocolate-covered strawberries, giant stem strawberries, and fresh raspberries in front of him. A waitress offers him some chocolate truffles and some chocolate cake, and he helps himself and contemplates his desserts with obvious pleasure. Elia Kazan, a few seats away at the table, catches his eye. "The film I want to see again is the Russian one—'Dersu Uzala,'" Kazan says, looking at Kurosawa with boyish admiration. "I saw it five years ago, when it came out. Did you work with the author? How does a script like that come to be?"

Kurosawa nods several times and laughs, putting back on his plate a chocolate-covered strawberry he was about to eat. "The Soviets came to me and said, 'We want you to direct a film in Russia. Whatever you want to do.' I suggested the Russian novel by Vladimir Arseniev. I had read it thirty years before. The Russians were amazed that I knew this book, and accepted it immediately. The Russian writer Yuri Nagibin kept coming in. We did the screenplay together, working in Russia. That is"—Kurosawa gives a mischievous kind of grin—"his ideas were not usually acceptable, so we stayed mainly with ideas that were mine." He pops the chocolate-covered strawberry into his mouth.

Someone at the table wants to know what "Dersu Uzala" is about.

"A Russian Army captain and his team of surveyors come upon Dersu, an old Mongolian hunter, in the forests of Siberia," Kurosawa says. "Dersu agrees to become their guide. While he is showing them how to find their way through the rugged terrain,

he tells them of his philosophy of life—to respect all living things, because man must live in harmony with nature. Five years later, the Army captain and his team return to Siberia and again find Dersu. This time, he shoots a tiger that has been following the group, and falls into a deep depression over having violated his principles. Because Dersu is losing his eyesight, the captain takes him to live with him in Khabarovsk, but Dersu can't stand civilization, returns to the forest, and dies. The film was a big success in Russia."

"I want to see that again," Kazan says.

Kurosawa eats another chocolate-covered strawberry and courteously tells Kazan he greatly admired his film "Splendor in the Grass."

Kazan looks a couple of decades younger and gives a boyish smile. "Trying to make films in this country now is much too difficult," Kazan says. "Trying to raise those millions of dollars to do what you want to do. So in recent years I've written two novels and now I'm finishing a third."

Kurosawa looks sympathetic. Turning to Lumet, he says, "It would be impossible to make 'Prince of the City' in Japan today."

"How much political pressure is applied on your movies?" Lumet asks.

"It depends, one, on what the film is, and, two, not on the government but on who runs the government," Kurosawa replies.

Lumet says, "In Hollywood, if it can make money there are no limitations on the money. Is that true of Japanese financing?"

"Pretty much the same pressures but more complicated," says Kurosawa, and he samples a chocolate truffle as Audie Bock translates. "In 1960, I made 'The Bad Sleep Well,' a film critical of corruption and bigness in business which destroyed the lives of men working for corporate structures. When I submitted the original script, the producers disagreed with everything. I had to make cowardly compromises. I couldn't show what I wanted to show—that the real and final source of the corruption was at the top. I had to settle for a faceless voice on the other end of a telephone line. Even so, it was surprising even then—about twenty years ago—that I could go that far. I don't think I could make that film today. It might appear that I could make anything I wanted today if I had the funds. Actually, it is not so. My 1952 film 'Ikiru' was criti-



cal of bureaucrats, but it was respected, and it was given an award by the Education Ministry. Today, that film could not be made. Now I want to make films about the past. The past is important to me, of course, and I can say what I want to say. But Japanese critics attack me for not making films about present-day society, and the attacks take the form of saying 'He spends too much money on those big historical films.' They don't understand why I feel forced to make films about historical subjects. They don't understand that the problems I like to deal with are *human* problems, which are ageless."

"Do they consider you a reactionary in Japan?" Lumet asks.

"Yes," Kurosawa says, looking sad.

"When you hold on to where you came from and what you are, it's impossible for young people to understand," Lumet says. "Young people like labels."

"Yes," Kurosawa says, still looking sad but starting in on the fresh raspberries. "I just keep on doing what I can do," he adds.

Martin Scorsese and his wife, Isabella—a beautiful young woman, who looks very much like her mother, Ingrid Bergman—come over to Kurosawa and greet him. Kurosawa says that he saw Scorsese's movie "Raging Bull" and liked it very much.

Isabella Scorsese tells Kurosawa that she is hardly ever taken to the movies. "When I was a child, both my parents were working at acting or directing for the movies, and when they came home they always wanted to do something other than take me to the movies," she says. "Now I'm married to Marty, and he never wants to take me to the movies, either!" Everybody laughs.

Before leaving the table, Kurosawa stands and drinks a toast to his host. "I wish to apologize for my lack of education in not knowing English," he says, in Japanese. "I am very much overwhelmed that all of you gathered here for my sake." In English, he adds, "Thank you."

Billy Friedkin comes over to the table as Eli Zabar, the creator of the delicious dinner—a slender, slightly built man wearing an oversized white apron—peeks from behind one of the tall panelled doors. Friedkin turns from Kurosawa and calls out, "Eli! Mr. Kurosawa wants to tell you that it was one of the best dinners he has ever eaten in his life."

Miss Nogami drags Kurosawa's

cardboard box into the room, opens it, and takes out copies of glossy-paper picture books, with Japanese text, dealing with Kurosawa and his movies. She hands them to Kurosawa, and he signs one for each of the guests. Billy Friedkin then presents Kurosawa with gifts: the large National Museum of American History book on folkcraft and art (from the first American flag to the first Model T Ford), a book on American art with a front section in which everybody at the party has signed his name, and albums of thirty-six of Mozart's symphonies, performed by the Academy of Ancient Music under Christopher Hogwood. Kurosawa says he loves Mozart. Billy Friedkin looks very pleased.

FRIDAY. 10 A.M. THE AUDITORIUM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

About a hundred members of the Directors' Guild of America have come here on a beautiful, clear, sunny morning and are attending a screening of "Ikiru" ("To Live"), Kurosawa's movie, made in 1952, about a petty official in a city ward office who is told he has only six months to live and decides to use his remaining time to do something good; namely, fight red tape and bureaucracy and so push through to completion the construction of a playground for children. The role of the official is played by Takashi Shimura, and it is a memorable and famous performance. The last half of the movie shows an all-night wake held by the official's colleagues, where some of the politicians present try to take credit for what the official did but are shown up by his friends. It is a heartrending movie. When the lights in the auditorium go on, the audience is very quiet, very shaken: Billy Friedkin is sitting in one of the last rows with Frances FitzGerald. Like the others in the audience, they sit waiting, not even talking to each other.

Kurosawa appears at a microphone set up on the stage, with Audie Bock at his side. He speaks in Japanese, and she translates: "My name is Kurosawa. Thank you very much for

coming to see my film today. When 'Ikiru' was first released in Japan, it did very well, but the distribution company felt that it would not be understood by foreigners. Especially the second part, the wake, they felt, would be incomprehensible. But I kept after them. Finally, they agreed to submit it to the Berlin Film Festival. At the Berlin Film Festival, it was very well received, and I won the Silver Bear, the prize for the best film. This experience served to confirm my belief that film is international and humanity is universal. I am often asked if there is anything special I do to make my films understood by foreigners. I reply that I am making my films as a Japanese as honestly as I can. So these films are understood by other people and sometimes are loved by them. It seems that everyone becomes closer to everyone else through cinema."

A FEW MINUTES LATER. THE RECEPTION ROOM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

Several long rectangular tables have been set up facing the speakers' table, at one side of the room. The tables are set with black lacquer boxes holding a typical Japanese lunch—several varieties of raw fish, meat, rice, vegetables, salad. Kirin beer. Tea. Chopsticks. No forks. Billy Friedkin is at the speakers' table. His clothes look sharp, snappy, and becoming. He wears a brown corduroy jacket with tan suede patches on the elbows; gray slacks; a red-and-tan checked shirt; a solid-red necktie; and dark-tinted aviator glasses. Kurosawa, also at the speakers' table, wears a well-pressed beige jacket and tan slacks. Audie Bock is on one side of him, Peter Grilli on the other. Everybody opens a lacquer box, eats rapidly with the chopsticks, and drinks the Japanese beer and tea. Time is not wasted. Then the talking starts.

Billy Friedkin is the master of ceremonies, and he introduces Kurosawa. As usual, Friedkin is warmly good-natured and speaks with emphatically clear diction. He takes off his dark-tinted glasses. Kurosawa keeps his on. "One thing Akira Kurosawa and I have in common is that we both got into the movie business by answering an ad," Friedkin says. "He was given an oral exam, and he was also asked to write an essay on the subject 'State the basic defects of the Japanese film industry and how they should be remedied.' His answer was 'If the defects are basic, they can't be remedied.'" Friedkin pauses. Lots of laughter. "He



"Cloning the sun's fire could mean a billion years of energy."



"Nuclear fusion is the energy source of the sun and the stars, and if we can reproduce

that process on earth, we'll have energy for a billion years," says Dr. Tihro Ohkawa, Vice President for Fusion Power Research at General Atomic Company, a subsidiary 50% owned by Gulf Oil Corporation.

"Our research programs, sponsored by the Depart-

ment of Energy and others, could lead to construction of an experimental fusion reactor within a decade.

"Both fusion and conventional fission reactors produce heat, which can, for instance, generate electricity. But fusion produces less radioactive waste than fission. It can't get out of control. And it uses cheaper fuel - hydrogen instead of uranium. In fact, fusion reactors can make fuel for

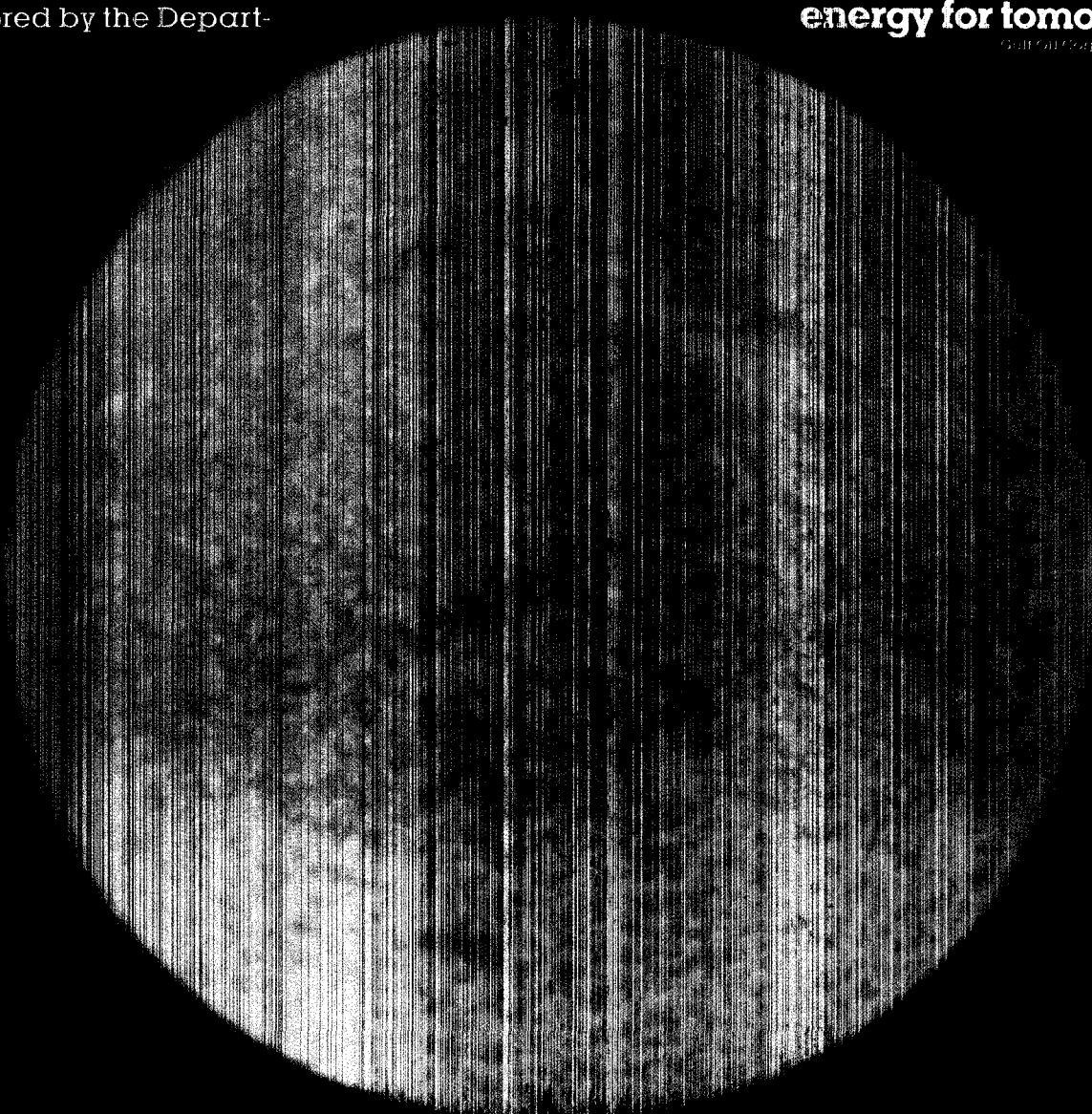
fission reactors, and possibly could even burn the fission reactors' wastes.

"It's a tremendous technological challenge, but the reward is tremendous, too: inexhaustible energy for tomorrow."



**Gulf people:
energy for tomorrow.**

Gulf Oil Corporation 1981





If you can't own our \$10,000 console,

The Sony Limited Edition console costs ten thousand dollars. For a very good reason. It's worth ten thousand dollars. It has the largest picture tube ever made for the home: 30" (measured diagonally). A remote control system called the Express Commander that does just about everything, including even opening and closing the sliding tambor doors of the set automatically. Its picture is incredibly rich and detailed because of the new microcomputer circuitry we've developed: Dynamic Color, Dynamic Picture, and Velocity Modulation Scanning.

The Dynamic Picture system continuously monitors and adjusts the black and white values of the picture. The result is greater detail in the

bright highlights and dark shadow areas of every scene.

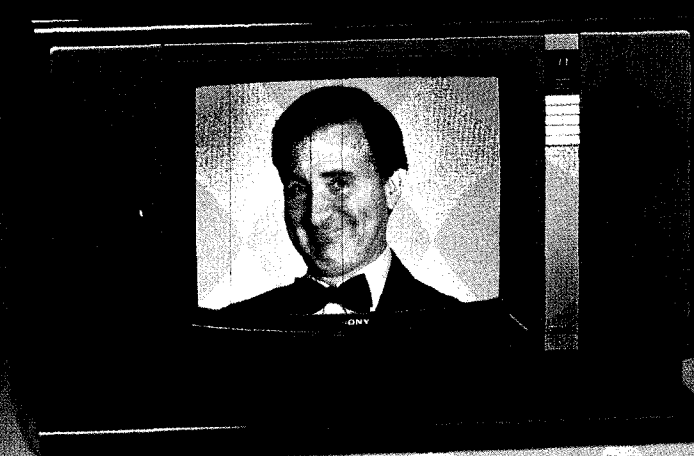
The Dynamic Color system treats the color portions the same way, to achieve extraordinarily lifelike color values, including remarkably natural skin tones.

The Velocity Modulation Scanning system, a Sony exclusive, delivers the critical sharpness and superb resolution normally expected on smaller screen sets.

The overall effect is a refinement of detail combined with subtle gradations of light and color, so that the picture seems to acquire a deep, dimensional character never seen before on any ordinary television.

Models shown: KV-3000R, KV-2647R, KV-2602, KV-2647RS, KV-2648R. © 1981 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Trinitron, Express Commander, Dynamic Picture, Dynamic Color.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



here's some consolation.

That spectacular picture is accompanied by a spectacular audio system known as Sony Matrix Sound: twin built-in speaker systems project a rich, resonant tone that's incomparable in the world of television.

And all of these hand-assembled electronic wonders come enclosed in a handcrafted console of rare and beautiful tamo ash. And just 1000 of these televisions will be sold.

But if you can't get your hands on our ten thousand-dollar console, don't be discouraged. Because Sony has a full line of 26" consoles (measured diagonally) that have many of the incredible features of our Limited Edition 30" console.

Like Dynamic Picture and Dynamic Color. Like

Velocity Modulation Scanning and Matrix Sound. Like Express Tuning and Remote Control. And all of our consoles come in beautifully crafted cabinets.

But perhaps, most importantly, every one of our consoles are Trinitrons, with the unique one-gun, one-lens system that won an Emmy.

So if you're looking for a console, look at Sony. All our consoles have many of the incredible features of our 30" Limited Edition, but at prices that are thousands and thousands of dollars less. And that can be a tremendous consolation.

SONY®
THE ONE AND ONLY

Velocity Modulation Scanning, and Express Tuning are trademarks of Sony Corporation. KV-3000R suggested retail price of \$10,000.

TV picture simulated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



American Creme.
That creamy, expensive taste you love.
At last, at an All-American price.

While American Creme and the most popular imported cream liqueur both offer you a rich premium taste, American-made American Creme is only about half the price. So why pay the difference if you can't taste the difference?

American Creme, 34 Proof, © Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT, U.S.A.

got the job," Friedkin says. "For which we are all grateful." More laughter, and applause. Friedkin makes a few remarks about Kurosawa's apprenticeship to the film director Yamamoto and about his list of twenty-six movies. "He is always engrossed in separating what is real from what is false," Friedkin says. "Now here is Mr. Kurosawa."

"Thank you very much for your welcome," Kurosawa says. "In front of so many people, I'm not very good at speaking, but I'd like to say what is important to me in directing. What I fear is we'd put all our energy into our film, then people would come, see the film, walk out the door, and forget it. Throughout my career, I have tried to present human beings on the screen that you will not be able to forget. With that philosophy, I'd like to continue trying to make new films. If any of you have questions, I'll be glad to answer them."

Young woman wearing a tweed suit and horn-rimmed glasses: "Is Mr. Kurosawa working on a project now?"

Kurosawa: "I do have a project. And it came to me through my study of Japanese history. There is a medieval warrior, a marvellous man who had three marvellous sons. What would it be if three sons were not marvellous, if two of them were like King Lear's daughters? That is my idea for a film I'd now like to make."

Young man wearing bluejeans, who says he directs commercials for NBC: "Why did you choose 'Ikiru' for today's screening?"

Kurosawa: "It is one of my better-made films, I think."

Older man: "Are you more at ease with contemporary or historical themes?"

Kurosawa: "I don't feel particularly more at ease with one or the other. Today, it is very difficult to make contemporary films. If I were to submit the kind of contemporary-film idea exemplified by 'Ikiru' to the film companies in Japan, they would be likely to refuse it."

Youngish man: "You made hundreds of elaborate sketches and paintings for 'Kagemusha' before you made the film. Is that a new way you have of preparing a film?"

Kurosawa: "The sketches for 'Kagemusha' are unusual. I had submitted my 'Lear' idea for a film, but it was rejected, partly because the budget was too high. I began to feel that it would never get on the screen, so I began doing the sketches—paintings—

for 'Kagemusha.' I always do sketches for the film continuity, but I had never done anything as elaborate as this. I had plenty of time. I thought the 'Lear' film would never be made. I ended up with four hundred paintings, which will also be very helpful for preparing the 'Lear' movie now. I've prepared a deep study of the armor and the costumes of those medieval times."

Woman: "Why, after the success of 'Rashomon,' did you have problems getting your films made?"

Kurosawa: "Immediately after 'Rashomon,' I made 'The Idiot,' based on Dostoevski's novel. This movie was viciously attacked by every critic in Japan, so I couldn't get any projects off the ground. As I was resigning myself to eating cold rice for the rest of my life, the Venice Film Festival gave 'Rashomon' the Grand Prize. Suddenly, everything changed, and I made 'Ikiru.'"

Young man: "Have you ever considered doing a series for television, like Ingmar Bergman's 'Scenes from a Marriage'?"

Kurosawa: "No. The way television films are made and the way theatrical films are made are fundamentally different, and I only know how to make theatrical films."

Strong applause from the audience. Kurosawa bows his head and lights a Seven Stars cigarette.

Older man: "Are your films autobiographical?"

Kurosawa: "My films contain what I have felt and thought about in my life, but no events of my personal life have been taken directly into my films."

Older woman: "You always seem to bring out unique acting talents from your actors. How do you do it?"

Kurosawa: "What's most important for all of us involved in any film I'm making is to get to understand each other, so that we can work together. When we sit together and chat over food, that's the most important part of



the job for me. From everyone who works with me on a film, I demand total concentration on the film twenty-four hours a day for as long as we have to work together. For many years, I worked with the same actors on many films. They became almost a repertory company of great actors. But now many of them have died. Most of today's actors are forced by various pressures to work in television, a medium that destroys their talents as film actors. I do not like to have spoiled-by-television actors. It is very difficult to re-train them for my films. Instead of re-training, I prefer to find new, inexperienced actors. For 'Kagemusha,' we held open auditions and advertised in the newspapers for actors. More than ten thousand inexperienced actors applied. About three top-quality, talented actors came out of that episode, and there were many others whom I'd like to have again in minor parts. Their 'Kagemusha' training qualifies them for me."

Friedkin: "Is there an equivalent of the Directors' Guild in Japan? Does it work for creative rights and better salaries, as ours does here?"

Kurosawa: "There is an organization, but it doesn't do much. The great film directors in Japan seem to have died, and the directors who are left are without energy. The younger ones seem interested only in fitting into the pattern of turning out routine, money-making products."

Man with a big black mustache: "Would you share your thoughts about color versus black-and-white in films?"

Kurosawa: "I think that black-and-white is beautiful. I also think that color is beautiful. But we have longer experience with black-and-white, greater artistic capacity. Color is still in the future."

Young woman: "Have you been influenced by directors outside Japan, or do you admire them?"

Kurosawa: "I have loved movies from the time I was a very young child. I greatly admire the work of directors all over the world. My admiration is not limited to my seniors. I also admire many directors who are younger than I am."

Man wearing bluejeans and a sweater: "Would you make films outside Japan? In the United States, for example?"

Kurosawa: "It depends on the subject matter. The subject comes before the country."

Man with a beard: "Your films have

this overriding theme of love for man and people who become reformers. Do you identify with these people?"

Kurosawa: "I don't think that I am myself such a wonderful person. I admire the people in my films. That's why I put them in my films."

AN HOUR LATER. AN ART GALLERY ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF JAPAN HOUSE.

Figures and other art objects, dating back to the sixth century A.D., are exhibited in glass cases. The art has been sent over from the famous Horyu-ji Temple, in Nara. Built in 607 A.D., it is believed to be the oldest wooden building in the world.

It is dark in the museum. Accompanied by Grilli, Miss Nogami, Owens, and Miss Bock, Kurosawa, wearing his tinted glasses, clasping his hands behind his back, stands before a gilded and lacquered camphorwood figure of Kwannon, a god or goddess of mercy, dated late seventh century. "Figures like these are often hollow," Kurosawa tells the others. "They used to put the religious documents inside the figure for safekeeping and to make the statue holier." Looking solemn, he remains standing in front of the figure for a long time. "This one is really fine, really fine," he says with a sudden smile.

Kurosawa then explains patiently that the technique of lacquering these statues involved putting on gold foil and then hundreds and hundreds of layers of lacquer. He points out to Grilli and Owens that they must be very careful to maintain the correct temperature and humidity in the room, because the lacquer is so sensitive to both that it could crack in a moment under adverse conditions. Grilli assures him that they monitor the humidity with the utmost concern, using gauges and other equipment brought over from Japan.

Kurosawa smiles and puts a hand on Grilli's back in a restrained gesture of approval.

THAT NIGHT. THE AUDITORIUM OF JAPAN HOUSE.

The first public screening of the retrospective. The movie being shown is "Yojimbo" ("The Bodyguard"), which was released in 1961. Toshiro Mifune plays the role of the bodyguard. In the movie, the bodyguard, an unemployed and masterless samurai, in the nineteenth century, comes to a town where the two richest men—one a *sake* merchant who runs the

prostitution business, the other a silk merchant who runs gambling—are fighting each other for control of everything. The samurai sells his services first to one, then to the other, deceiving both gangs, playing them off against each other, and getting them to wipe each other out. Kurosawa, who is an admirer of "Stagecoach" and other American Westerns, made in "Yojimbo" the model for what have become known as "the spaghetti Westerns." "A Fistful of Dollars," with Clint Eastwood, an American-type Western filmed in Italy a couple of years later, was a remake of Kurosawa's movie. "Yojimbo" goes over smashingly with the audience at the retrospective. The applause is loud and prolonged.

THAT NIGHT. NEAR MIDNIGHT. ROOM 3701.

Kurosawa is entertaining his Japanese friends again. Mr. and Mrs. Takehiko Kamei have been joined by a striking-looking woman named Eiko Ishioka—Japan's foremost graphic designer, who is in New York studying English. Miss Ishioka has shiny black hair that hangs down to her shoulders. She wears black mod pants and a loose-fitting matching blouse. As before, Kamei addresses Kurosawa as "Sensei," and they remark to each other that their shared understanding and appreciation of art draw them together in friendship in New York. The Kameis say that tonight they are going to stay only briefly—none of this business of staying until 3 A.M.

The guests have brought Kurosawa a present—some fresh avocados, a fruit not grown in Japan. Mrs. Kamei suggests trying some avocado with soy sauce. Miss Nogami finds the soy sauce and prepares the avocado with it. The flavor is something like that of raw tuna, Kurosawa says, and he reports that he likes it. "Umai," he says, which means "Delicious."

Kurosawa says that he should feel tired but he doesn't. The guests say that they don't feel tired, either—"Yojimbo" was so stimulating. Kurosawa tells them how he happened to think of the opening scene of the movie: the shot of a dog trotting across a dusty road with a human hand held in its mouth. It's a grotesque scene, Kurosawa says, but he wanted to set the mood of the film, to demonstrate what the samurai might have in store for him. One of the actors had a pet dog on the set, and one day Kurosawa saw the pet dog walking with a glove

held in its mouth, and that gave him the idea for the scene.

For the next five hours, they talk mostly about "Yojimbo." How Nakadai, one of Japan's leading actors, who plays a pistol-carrying gang member in the movie, suddenly decided, one day, to wear a British muffler tied around his neck, above his kimono, and how that touch gave the character a special kind of dash. How Kurosawa wanted the film's music to have a contemporary sound, and, because the mambo was popular in 1960, he had mambo music played by Japanese instruments—very effective. They wind up the visit with a discussion of how to bring freshness to old ideas in movies by doing the photography in an unusual way. The guests leave shortly before dawn.

A FEW DAYS LATER. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL.

Kurosawa, accompanied by Miss Nogami, arrives from Los Angeles, and they are met by Grilli. Kurosawa has made a quick visit to George Lucas, at his new studio, near San Francisco, and to officials at Twentieth Century-Fox, in Los Angeles. He has shown them his script for his new movie—the one based on the "Lear" story. Audie Bock has stayed on the West Coast, at home in Berkeley, California. Kurosawa is pretty much on his own in English. He looks very cheerful. Miss Nogami looks very cheerful, too. Grilli bows to both of them, then gives Miss Nogami a hug. He shakes hands with Kurosawa and waits for the older man to speak. Kurosawa grins.

Grilli asks, "*Umake ittemashita ka?*," which means "Did it all go well?"

"*Umake itteru*," Kurosawa says, grinning again and taking off his tinted glasses. "Very O.K.," Kurosawa adds, in English. Then he puts an arm around Grilli's shoulder, in his own kind of Hollywood hug.

—LILLIAN ROSS

A musical about the early career days of the baseball player Jackie Robinson. Book by Joel Siegel with Martin Charnin, music by Bob Brush, lyrics and direction by Mr. Charnin. With David Huddleston and Lonette McKee, and introducing David Alan Grier playing Jackie Robinson. The review is coming, the review is coming, the review is coming, the review is coming, the review is coming, the review is coming. Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (246-6363)—*The Times*.

Down, *Times*, down!



JOYEUX NOEL

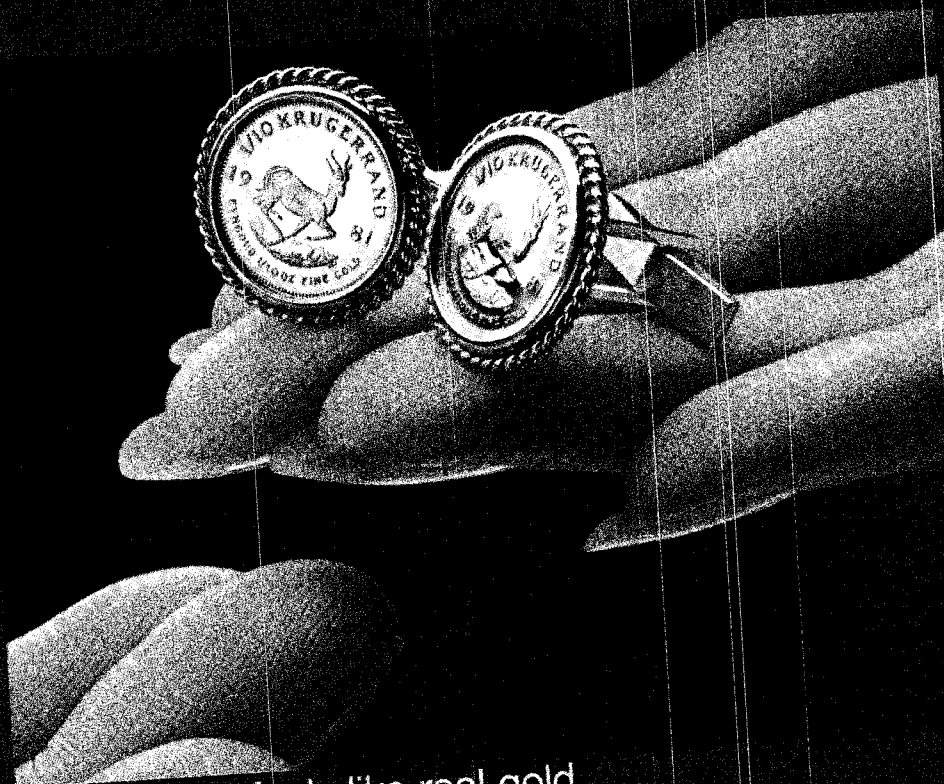
Chambord. The gourmet gift for Christmas. In the crown jewel bottle which is treasured the world over. Created in France in the historic time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. Each bottle is made with several baskets of luscious framboises (tiny black raspberries) from the Burgundy region of France. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

Celebrate the holidays with a splash of Chambord in a glass of your favorite champagne. Watch the color glow and the taste become indescribably delicious. For other ways to enjoy this superb liqueur, do send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, P.O. Box 1600, New York, N.Y. 10116.



CHAMBORD... LIQUEUR ROYALE DE FRANCE

**"This Christmas, darling,
I'm just giving money."**



Nothing else feels like real gold.
Nothing else makes any moment so precious.

KARAT GOLD JEWELRY

Krugerrand coin jewelry is available in a variety of styles for 1/10, 1/4, 1/2 and 1 ounce sizes. For the name of your nearest retailer call 800-447-4700 Ext. 4140. In Illinois call 800-322-4400.

LETTER FROM EUROPE

DECEMBER 7

LECH WALESA came to Paris and was photographed backstage at the Olympia, where Yves Montand is singing in a one-man show. In the photograph, Walesa and Montand are laughing; Walesa is nearly doubled over, and Montand is holding out an arm to support him. They are sharing a story or a joke, sharing a moment—the hero of Poland's social revolution and the performer best known for playing heroes like him in such movies as “La Guerre Est Finie” and “Z.” Walesa's face is still a new face to the people who buy French picture magazines. It is, anyway, Montand's familiar, funny, practiced face—melted a little by experience, touched by world-weariness and amusement—that holds one. Alongside Montand, Walesa seems ordinary and diminished. This is the response the eye has to the photograph—the first, sentimental reaction—and it is not really so odd, because such images are often more seductive and satisfying than the reality on which they draw. There is a kind of aesthetic of politics here. People are “attending” Poland now as if it were a theatre. They are dropping in on the Polish revolution the way Europe's aristocrats drove their best carriages to Waterloo in 1815 to watch the Duke of Wellington take on Napoleon. Everybody goes—students, reporters, tourists, timid scholars hoping to attach themselves and their careers to something important. And occasionally the Polish revolution comes here, with its fine ironies (Walesa wanting to meet not François Mitterrand but Brigitte Bardot) and its confusions of identity (Simone Signoret in the background of the Olympia photograph, ample and radiant and modest, like a Polish wife).

THE young man next to me on the plane from Milan to Budapest looked at the picture in the magazine and decided that Yves Montand must be the Polish revolutionary and Lech Walesa the performer. He had never heard of Yves Montand before—though this had less to do with his being Hungarian than with his being twenty-three and never having seen “Z” or “La Guerre Est Finie” or, for that matter, any of Montand's movies. He had heard of Walesa, of course, but he had never seen his picture in a

Hungarian newspaper. When I told him who was who at the Olympia, he said that maybe the tall French singer in the terry-cloth robe *should* be leading the Polish revolution—that maybe Poland would be in less of a mess with Yves Montand running Solidarity. It was his idea of a Polish joke, and he liked it so much he repeated it, unbuckling his seat belt and leaning out into the aisle to pass the magazine to some friends in the row behind him. *En bloc*, he and his friends were the Szombathely soccer team. Milan had beaten them, 2-0, in a match earlier that day, and now they were flying back to Hungary; they said that Szombathely was just a small city, off near the Austrian border, and they had never expected to beat a big city like Milan anyway. They were open and agreeable, a little shy, and obviously proud of their new team travelling clothes: every one of them had on a gray pin-striped suit and vest, a bright-blue drip-dry shirt, a navy tie, and “Western” boots from Italy—the pointed, orange kind that stop short just above the ankle. They may have missed “Z,” but they *had* seen “Kramer vs. Kramer” in Szombat-

hely, and they could describe in detail the various adventures of Charlie's Angels, Kojak, and Columbo.

The Hungarians and the Poles were friends, the young man next to me said, handing back the magazine. He did not like the Czechs. He certainly did not like the Rumanians. He liked the Poles best of anybody else in Eastern Europe, but his life in Hungary—to judge from the pin-striped suit and the shiny boots and the new family house he described and the money he made moonlighting as a mechanic and his trips abroad with the soccer team—was a good life, and he thought that the Poles were risking *his* good fortune with their wildcat strikes and their romantic revolutionary posturing. The man across the aisle thought so, too, and *he* was Italian—a Genoese in the container-shipping business, who passed out cards to the astonished soccer team and was rather downcast that none of the Hungarians on Malév Airlines Flight No. 411 (three times a week out of Milan) had heard of Brooks Brothers, where he had bought his tie. He liked the Poles as much as anyone did, he said. Poles and Italians were friends. They were so much alike, really—warm, impulsive, Catholic, *Latin*. But no smart businessman



“Oh, for heaven's sake! Twenty years from now, will it matter whether the italics are yours or his?”

ICELANDER PONCHO

The incomparable sheepswool of Iceland. Cashmere-soft and incredibly light for all its insulated warmth; brushed for added beauty. Exquisite natural colors; undyed. Specify Sm. or Med. Impressive value! Calif. resid. add 6% tax. Immediate shipment. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.** By mail or Call collect 213/623-7287. MC, Visa, Amer Exp O.K.

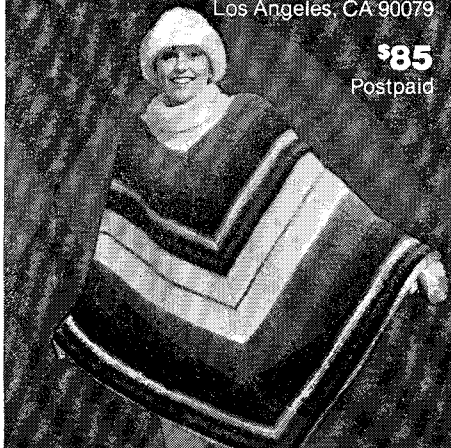
Icelandic Wool Fashions

Dept. A-2020

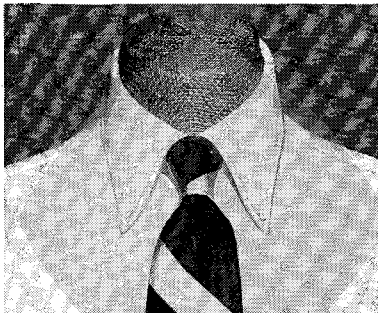
1011 S. Los Angeles St., Suite 306
Los Angeles, CA 90079

\$85

Postpaid



Call collect by Dec. 20th and Icelandic will ship by air for Christmas delivery.



Our Classic Button-Down All Cotton or Cotton/Dacron Oxford Shirts Box of 4, \$66

A special value—your choice of fine, long-staple pure cotton or easy-care, no-iron cotton/Dacron in our traditional, long-sleeve oxford cloth shirts. Single needle construction, softly rolled button-down collar. Box pleat in back. In white or blue. Sizes 14½-32 to 17½-36, including 16½-32.
☐ Please send catalogue.

A1M211

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Cot/poly(41054M):Size____Col.____Boxes____
Cotton(41017M):Size____Col.____Boxes____
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card # _____ Expir. _____
Add \$2.50 Ship. & Hdlg. Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax
Name _____
Address _____
Zip _____

would invest in Poland. Hungary was the place to make a deal. Hungary had got so rich since 1956 that the country was exporting grain surpluses. Hungary was joining the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. The Hungarian forint was about to become a convertible hard currency, like the lira or the dollar (though only for foreigners making deals, and not for ordinary Hungarians). The Genovese was a rich man, obviously a *nouveau-riche* man, one of a generation of European entrepreneurs whose network of trade and profit had nothing to do with East-West politics or border tensions or détente. He was a good twenty years older than the soccer player across the aisle, but there they both were, sharing a chilled Hungarian Tokay with their airline sandwiches and talking a rudimentary English—which the soccer player was studying nights because the Russian he had studied for four mandatory years in school was useless when the team travelled. Each of them was a materialist in his own way, and neither was much interested in any new liberties in Eastern Europe that might disrupt an equilibrium they had come to count on.

The soccer player (I'll call him Otto) was born after Hungary's two-week revolution. He had read a paragraph or two about the revolution—it was called a Fascist uprising—in a school history book when he was twelve, but no one in Szombathely had ever really talked to him about it. Once, on a trip with the team to Budapest, he took a bus up the Buda hills to the Hapsburg royal palace, which is now the National Museum, and visited the big permanent exhibit on the history of the city—but the exhibit stopped with 1949 and the triumph of Socialism. He knew that the palace, along with most of Buda, had been rebuilt with Russian money over the years since the Second World War, but he had no idea that it was Russian tanks that had destroyed so much of Buda in 1956, or that the Russians' restoration was political—a way of erasing two weeks of Hungarian history, like expurgating a textbook. Early last month, Otto was practicing for the match in Milan and was too busy to read the paper when his government commemorated the anniversary of the Hungarian revolution for the first time—that is, when the Central Committee of the Hungarian Communist Party, anxious about the bad influence of Poland, decided that it

would speak out about the counter-revolution that had threatened Hungary in 1956, and about the Communists who were martyred, and about how János Kádár, the Party Secretary, had saved the nation on November 4th with his new "Revolutionary Worker-Peasant Government." (Kádár himself stayed out of the observance in case it backfired, which it did: most Hungarians thought it was tasteless of the government to remind them.) Otto was coming home on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day the uprising ended—the day the Russians completed their occupation of the country. When we arrived, Budapest was getting ready for its obligatory celebration of that other revolution: the Russian Revolution of 1917. All the public buildings in the city and a lot of shops and restaurants, and even houses, were hung with the red-white-and-green flag of the Magyar Republic and with the red flag of that revolution, and it was instructive to note that while no one neglected to hang a red flag next to his country's flag, only a few people had thought or cared to add a hammer and sickle to the upper left corner.

THERE is something dashing about a city hung with red flags. Budapest, at any rate, enjoyed its flags. People talked about how festive the city looked that weekend, and they even seemed a little sorry when the flags came down, like children after the Christmas ornaments are put away. It may be that Hungarians have lived by their wits for so long—through centuries of occupation by Turks and Austrians and finally Germans—that by now they are able to persuade themselves that they are one up, as it were, on their own repression. They seem to believe that their tolerance of the Russians since 1956 is a kind of ruse—a smoke screen thrown over what in Hungary is usually referred to as "the political arrangement." A lot of Hungarians are frankly relieved that nothing is demanded of them anymore in the way of heroics. It is as if they thought of liberty (when they thought of it at all) as a long-lost Hungarian cause, and of their two weeks of resistance in 1956 as an aberrant moment in Hungarian history. There are eleven million people in Hungary. Two hundred thousand left in 1956, and, according to the economist Péter Kende, who left with them and lives in Paris now, a few thousand more have been emigrating every year since then. The

émigrés of 1956 were an odd lot of Communist idealists and bourgeois liberals and Catholic conservatives. (Cardinal Mindszenty, who took refuge in the American Embassy and stayed for fifteen years, and was consequently taken up by Americans as a kind of official spokesman of the uprising, was an outright reactionary and, by some accounts, a Fascist.) The émigrés of 1968—the “Prague Spring émigrés,” people call them, because their disenchantment had to do with Russian (and consequently Hungarian) intransigence about Czechoslovakia—were mainly dissident Marxists. Some of them were old students of the philosopher György Lukács, and some of them settled as far away as Australia, trying to avoid the lecture-circuit notoriety of political exiles, and especially of Russian exiles, for whom dissidence becomes a kind of career in itself. Hungarians have a keen sense of the ridiculous. They do not have much appetite for spending their working lives as gloomy, wandering prophets of some Communist apocalypse. A lot of them leave Hungary—and then come home. Mihály Vajda, the political philosopher, left for the University of Bremen in the late seventies, and after two years was back in Budapest. György Konrád, the novelist, went to Berlin and then to Paris and New York, and he came back, too. He says that it is simply not very interesting to be an exile—that intellectuals who stay in Hungary (and the sort of people who think about staying or leaving are almost by definition intellectuals) may be isolated, but they are not alone. They have an adversary role to play. Konrád himself was detained for a week in 1974 for writing a book called “The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power” with his friend Ivan Szelényi, the sociologist. He was offered emigration then, and refused it. His novels are, in effect, banned in Hungary now, and it seems to be forbidden to mention any of them in the newspapers. But he keeps on writing, and his books are published abroad and find their way back to Hungary, and that, he says, is mainly what he wants as a dissident and a writer and a Hungarian—to live and work in his own language and be understood.

EVERYBODY in Hungary had the day off in honor of the Russian Revolution. The important Communists went to their summer houses on the Danube. A lot of less important

Christian Dior

POUR HOMME



EAU SAUVAGE

Virile. Discreet.

Refreshing. Uncompromising.

A fragrance of masculine refinement.

Exclusively Dior.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Look for reindeer bearing gifts.

IMPORTED

FINLANDIA

Vodka of Finland

1 Litre 80 Proof Finlandia Vodka

IMPORTED

FINLANDIA

Vodka of Finland

1 Litre 80 Proof Finlandia Vodka



DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, EIGHTY AND ONE HUNDRED PROOF VODKA, IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

IMPORTED

FINLANDIA

Vodka of Finland

1 Litre 80 Proof Finlandia Vodka

IMPORTED

FINLANDIA

Vodka of Finland

1 Litre 80 Proof Finlandia Vodka



IMPORTED FINLANDIA®
THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The original
Teddy Bear
Handcrafted
in Germany
since 1903.
Available at
fine toy and
department
stores.



A lifetime of love.

people stayed in Budapest, walking through Buda, window-shopping in Pest, sitting down to coffee and pastry at the Vörösmarty confiserie, and wondering what was happening that day in Poland. Hungarians talk about Poland with all the mixed emotions of people who have tried the same thing and failed. They talk with bitterness and arrogance and shame, and with a fear that is the real legacy of 1956. They genuinely do not know why Russian tanks entered Hungary two weeks after *their* uprising, while Poland has gone free for seventeen months. "We are the Sancho Panzas of Europe, and for two weeks we were the Don Quixotes—it nearly finished us," a woman I met for coffee at the Vörösmarty told me. It was another way of saying that Hungarians have traded regret for an image of themselves as cautious, practical, shrewd people—as people who have "survived" Russia. They like to compare their history and Poland's. A hundred years ago, they say, Hungary had to contend with the Hapsburgs and Poland had to contend with the Romanovs, but then it was the Poles who adapted, while the Magyars dreamed on about a great and independent Hungary. Now it is the Poles who are dreaming and the Hungarians who accommodate, talking about things like the commodities market and the balance of trade, biding their time, making money, making contacts, telling jokes about their own corruption.

People in Hungary love telling jokes. It is a kind of pseudo politics in a world where real politics are forbidden—a way of talking about that world. Two old Budapest Jews called Kohn and Grün have always been the stock commentators on socialism in Eastern Europe, and so I was struck by the fact that in Hungary last month Kohn and Grün were gone from the stories. The jokes had lost their edge of self-irony and self-knowledge. They now mocked the Poles and their poverty. There were jokes about cats with mouse rations, jokes about meat—or, rather, about no meat. (Why is there not enough meat in Poland? The American says, "What is 'not enough'?" The Russian says, "What is 'why'?" The Pole says, "What is 'meat'?" I spent an evening with some middle-aged establishment literati—an editor from the state publishing house, a one-novel novelist with a job reading manuscripts for the editor, and a poet they publish who has made a name for himself representing



Join Society For The Winter Games.

Come to the most regal resort community in America. The Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

Come enjoy the hell-for-leather excitement—the fast horses, sparkling champagne and fascinating people who surround the regal sport of polo.

Lavishly decorated private villas are available for lease, for a night or a season for those who appreciate the pleasures of Palm Beach Society and enjoy a faster paced, more exciting lifestyle.



For details, send coupon, see your travel agent, or call 1-800-327-4204. In Fla., 1-800-432-4151.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

**Palm Beach Polo
and Country Club**

MN3

**The Most Regal Resort
Community in America.**

13198 Forest Hill Blvd., Wellington,
W. Palm Beach, Florida 33411



Germany, now only \$3.15

It's the new low rate. \$3.15 for a 3-minute call to Germany. Just dial the call yourself during the lower rate periods...any night, 5p.m. to 5a.m.

If you don't have International Dialing in your area, you still get the same low rate as long as it's a simple Station phone call. (Person-to-person, credit card and collect calls, for example, cost more because they require special operator assistance.) Just tell the local Operator the country, city, and telephone number you want.

Here's how easy it is to dial Munich:

INTERNATIONAL ACCESS CODE COUNTRY CODE CITY CODE

011 + 49 + 89 + LOCAL NUMBER

(If you are calling from a Touch-Tone* telephone, press the "#" button after dialing the entire number. This will speed your call along.)

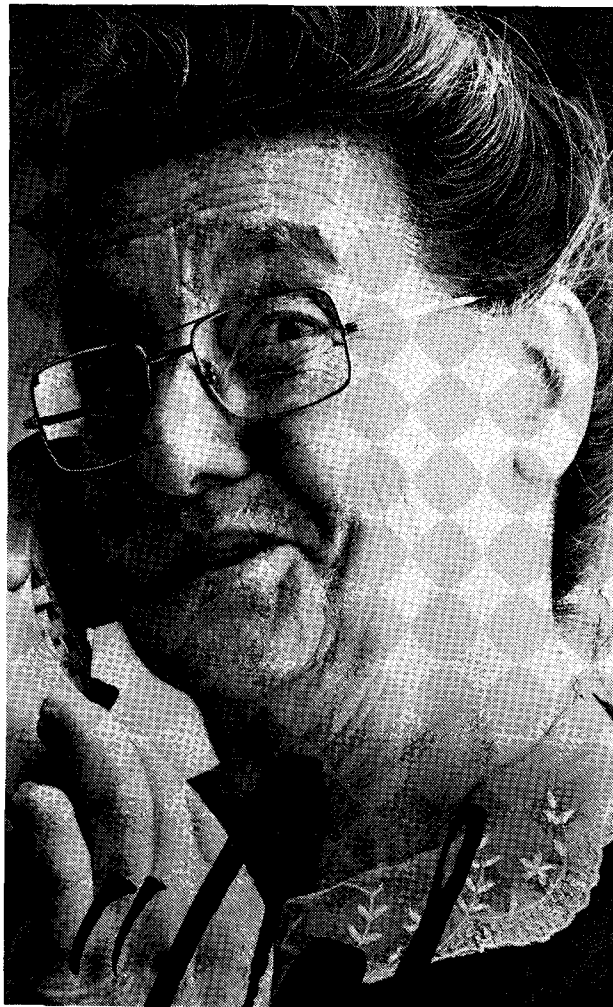
\$3.15! What a nice surprise! Or, as they say in Germany, "Ach Du lieber!"

*Trademark of AT&T Co.

Want to know more? Then call our International Information Service, toll free:

1-800-874-4000

In Florida, call 1-800-342-0400



INITIAL 3-MINUTE DIAL RATES

FROM THE U.S. MAINLAND TO:	DAY RATE	LOWER RATE
Austria	\$4.05	— A
Belgium	4.05	\$3.15 B
Denmark	4.05	3.15 B
Finland	4.05	3.15 B
France	4.05	— A
Germany	4.05	3.15 C
Greece	4.05	— A
Ireland	3.00	2.40 B
Italy	4.05	3.15 B
Luxembourg	4.05	3.15 B
Monaco	4.05	— A
Netherlands	4.05	3.15 B
Norway	4.05	3.15 B
Portugal	4.05	3.15 B
San Marino	4.05	3.15 B
Spain	4.05	3.15 B
Sweden	4.05	3.15 B
Switzerland	4.05	— A
United Kingdom	3.00	2.40 B
Vatican City	4.05	3.15 B

A) No lower rate period

B) Nights 5pm-5am & Sunday

C) Nights 5pm-5am only

The charge for each additional minute is 1/3 the initial 3-min. dial rate. Federal excise tax of 2% is added on all calls billed in the United States.



Bell System

Ach Du lieber!

SOUSA & LEFKOVITS

Traditional Clothing Brokers



Traditional Clothing Catalog

Our Catalog enables you to purchase quality Traditional Clothing at affordable prices, such as...

OXFORD CLOTH SHIRTINGS, 60/40 cot./poly., avail. in white, blue, ecru, yellow & pink. Men's (14½"/32-17½"/36), Women's (4-14) Our price **\$16.50**

Please include sizes and color. Add \$1.75 ship. and hdlg., Calif. res. please add 6% sales tax. **Your satisfaction guaranteed.** Send your check, money order, Visa or Master Card (acct. # and exp. date)-to:

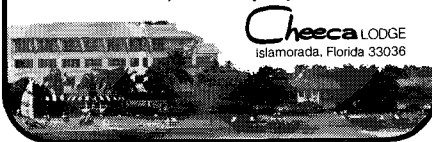
ORDER A FREE CATALOG NOW.
621 South B St. NYN1, Tustin, CA 92680
Telephone 714/731-7151
outside Calif., Alaska & Hawaii
call: 800-854-6177

Discover the Florida Key
to uncommon leisure . . .

the place is
Cheeca

Whether your pleasure is outstanding gamefishing, Jack Nicklaus-inspired executive golf, tennis, pool, jacuzzi, or simply an escape from the ordinary, Cheeca offers the answer for vacation connoisseurs. This quietly elegant Shangri-La also offers gourmet dining, tastefully appointed rooms and villas; outstanding service. Cheeca - one of the Keys best kept secrets.

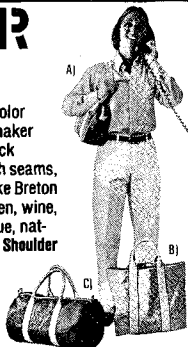
See your Travel Agent or call TOLL FREE
1-800-327-2888, or direct (305) 664-4651.



Cheeca LODGE
Islamorada, Florida 33036

CALL FOR CANVAS!

Call toll-free for our 24-page free color Catalog of Classic Maine Canvas, sailmaker designs in 100% durable cotton duck with industrial webbing, dual-stitch seams, never-rust zippers & great colors like Breton red, slicker yellow, navy, kelly green, wine, avocado, brass brown, powder blue, natural & sand. Shown here: A) Nomad Shoulder Bag; top zip, 3 inside/2 outside pockets. 8x10x3". \$29.00 Ppd. B) 1889 Ice Bag, extra-rugged for books, groceries, even wood. 12x14x5". \$21.00 Ppd. C) Roomy Sportbag shoulder duffel. 18x10". \$25.00 Ppd.



FREE COLOR CATALOG!

PORT CANVAS COMPANY

Kennebunkport, ME 04046 MC, VISA, AE & DC

1-800-341-9674

Hungarian literature at international conferences, and was, in fact, just back from a P.E.N. seminar abroad. The evening began with Polish jokes, and with everyone agreeing that "the trouble with Poland is the Poles," and ended with everyone agreeing that Hungary was winning the fight for freedom slowly, with vegetables, not strikes—sounding just like the propaganda they claimed to despise. The litany, public and private, goes like this: The Poles are lazy. The Polish worker will not work, and, furthermore, expects the hardworking Hungarian worker to feed him with meat and grain that Hungary could be selling to the West for hard currency. (A Pole is carried off, chained to two policemen. A friend, seeing him in the street, asks what happened. "I killed my wife," the Pole says. "Ah, good," says the friend. "I thought they were taking you to work.") The Poles are striking and carrying on now, the litany continues, but it is the Hungarians who will have to send their sons to fight and die for that extravagance when Russia invokes the Warsaw Pact and calls the troops out. In the end, there will be a terrible backlash, and it is the Hungarians who will lose the liberties they have won with their vegetable revolution. "Now, for the first time, we are beginning to crawl out of the mess of our history," the poet said. "For the first time, we have a sense of the future, a more or less decent way to handle our problems, a new possibility to be clean—and the West says no, stop, dissent. The West wants to know our terrible secret compromise. The West says that we must be morally crippled if we admit that it is not so bad here after all." On another evening, in another apartment, an economist whose theory about "shortage" in traditional socialist societies has got him

guest professorships at Princeton and Stanford says that maybe Hungarians like him have made compromises, that maybe the compromises don't look very attractive to a Westerner, but that revolution, close up, does not look very attractive, either. He does not have a very high opinion of the masses anyway, he says. Millions of people will sacrifice themselves for a while—he calls it the adrenaline of revolution—but in the long run if it is a question of liberty or meat the masses

will choose meat. Then, there is the historian who takes me to lunch at the cafeteria of his institute and makes a list of the bad things in Hungary and the good things in Hungary. He is very courteous and shy. One of the good things, he says finally, is his salary and his wife's salary. Together, he and his wife make the equivalent of about twelve hundred dollars a month, and this means that now, twenty-five years after the Russians came, he can relax and travel, and even send his children to the West, to America, to study.

The West is the real privilege in Hungary. Kádár's genius was to introduce a generation of Hungarians to the West—to have made the West the particular reward of being a compliant citizen of his Communist state. The compliant citizen obeys a few easy rules: do not complain about the Communist Party or ridicule the Party or challenge its authority; do not criticize the Warsaw Pact or Hungary's part in the Pact or Soviet expansion backed by the Pact; do not condone neutralism, pacifism, or revisionism; hang out a red flag on Russian holidays. Then the citizen can put away his red passport—which is a special passport for visiting other socialist countries—and get his blue passport stamped for Western travel. He does not have to vacation in Bulgaria anymore, or spend his free semester in Moscow. He can go—as the poet and his two friends had gone—to the University of Iowa's

Writers' Workshop. He can teach for a year at a time in America, like the shortage economist.

Hungarians like to call their country "the West of the East." Kádár had nationalized the farms by 1962, but he left the peasants their garden plots, and eventually even the state started buying produce from those plots. By now, the fifteen per cent

of the land that is farmed privately accounts for over forty per cent of the agricultural output. A peasant family these days can mean a father working in a factory, a mother working on a farm coöperative, the children studying in school, or even college, and all of them getting together nights and weekends to tend the garden and feed the pigs and chickens they will eventually sell for whatever the market brings. Everybody works in Hungary—or, rather, everybody saves his best effort for the work he does for himself, by



How you impress a rum drinker.

Simply. Just give the world's most precious rum, Bacardi Gold Reserve. So smooth. So mellow. So rich. Perfect neat or on the rocks.


Ron
BACARDI
Gold Reserve
(AÑEJO)

80 PROOF
Ron
BACARDI
Gold Reserve
(AÑEJO)

PRODUCED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)

THE HISPANIC RUM

BACARDI® Gold Reserve. Simply the world's most precious rum.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS, AND AÑEJO IS A TRADEMARK, ALL OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1981 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF.

PASTA MATIC! NOBODY MAKES PASTA, FASTA!



Everybody knows fresh pasta is the best pasta in the world.

The trouble is, making it has always required the patience of a saint and the muscles of a linebacker.

Well not anymore. Because now there's PastaMatic.™

You see, PastaMatic isn't just an improvement on other pasta machines—it's in a whole class by itself. That's because it's the first and only full-cycle machine that mixes, kneads and shapes

pasta automatically. All you do is add eggs and flour and in a matter of only 4 to 5 minutes you have the most incredible pasta you've ever eaten. The secret to this remarkable product is a patented device which simulates the hand-rolling process with, as we say in Italian, "con la forza di 20 braccia muscolose" (or the strength of 20 muscular arms).

But PastaMatic not only makes the world's

best pasta, it also gives you a world of varieties to choose from. By simply adding extruder heads to our machine, you can make everything from the finest capellini to cookies, pizzas and breadsticks.

In fact, PastaMatic is so remarkable we've sold one million machines to Italians. And if you get one million Italians to agree on anything, you've got to be terrific.

SIMAC 

Available at fine department stores and gourmet shops.

Simac Appliances Corporation • 14 East 60th Street • New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself. Some eighty per cent of the population makes money in what is delicately referred to as "the second economy." It is pretty much acknowledged that whatever energy the Hungarian economy has depends on people working on their own or in coöperatives they control. The adrenaline, clearly, seems to be not revolution but free enterprise. Kádár began loosening up the state system in 1968—persuading Moscow that this was the best way to avoid another Czechoslovakia. He introduced profit sharing and left most factories free to indulge in a certain amount of market sensitivity; now Budapest women, who like to dress well, remember 1968 not as the year the Czechs begged for freedom but as the year the shoes in the stores began to resemble the shoes they actually wanted, which were French shoes, rather than the shoes they had been getting, which were designed by five-year planners and produced in lots of no fewer than a hundred thousand. Now there is so much private business going on in Hungary that the government has divided it into official categories—making it legal, first of all, so as to claim some of the enormous profits in income tax. There are already private restaurants, private shops, private services like plumbing and garages. In January, there will be "private collectives," too, which means, in effect, that people will be able to "associate" and start businesses and hire other people to work for them. Hungarians working in a state industry—a munitions factory, say—can get together now and manufacture bicycle parts in that factory, or hair restorer, or anything the market will bear and the Party will tolerate. Family businesses can take on apprentices. A group of editors at the state publishing company are even planning a private press within the company, and no one is at all worried about their publishing dissident books, because their one object seems to be to turn out bad novels for a mass market and make a lot of money. And in a few weeks' time Hungarians will be allowed to invest as stockholders in private collectives like that new press and count on realizing their investment in two or three years.

IT is hard to be a dissident in Hungary today precisely *because* there is so little overt injustice, or evidence of injustice. Where other Eastern European regimes throw their dissidents in jail or lock them up in mental hos-

Innovative Dressing in Parts, very modern. Checked sports jacket and sweep of softly pleated skirt, by **bleyle**, start the plan. Add the bow tied blouse in crepe de chine and ribby knit sweater for a complete look that works, right now and through the season ahead.



FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE HOOPER ASSOCIATES, 1451 BROADWAY, N.Y., 10036
In Canada: 4200 Blvd. St. Laurent, Quebec

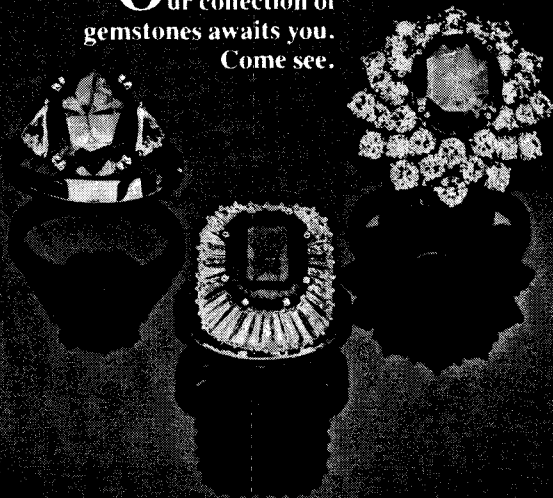
CELINE

PARIS



Madison Ave. At 51st Street New York (next to the Helmsley Palace Hotel)

Our collection
of gemstones awaits you.
Come see.



GÜBELIN

745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. (bet. 57th & 58th Sts.) 212-755-0054

Lucerne • Zurich • Geneva • Berne • Basel • St. Moritz • Lugano
American Express and other cards honored.

pitals, Hungary punishes dissidents by firing them from their jobs. András Hegedüs, who was Prime Minister during the fall of 1956 (and, some people say, was the man who called in the Russians), is a dissident now; having lost his job at the Sociology Institute, he rides to Pest on the public bus to lecture old students from the institute at a kind of floating Monday-night free university. His oldest son has just quit *his* job to open the first Chinese restaurant in Hungary—a *private* Chinese restaurant. Altogether, it is difficult to say what kind of country Hungary is anymore—beyond being a police state that runs less on brutality than on the memory of brutality and the tension of capricious reprisal. Hegedüs had been a protégé of Mátyás Rákosi, and it was Rákosi who had János Kádár imprisoned and tortured in 1951, when Rákosi was running the Party and Kádár was considered a revisionist. Kádár himself is a mystery. He dropped out of sight during the Hungarian revolution, and everyone assumed that the Russians had shot him until he reappeared in Szolnok a few days later in a Russian armored car to take over the country. Since then, he has survived all sorts of palace plots, quietly compromising his enemies until they retire, in disgrace, from Party politics. There are pictures of Lenin in every ministry—the favorite seems to be an inlaid-wood mosaic, with the famous bald head in sandalwood—but never of Kádár. He is not so much modest as mindful of the risks of exposure. He would never tolerate what is now referred to in Eastern Europe as “a Poland”—where important apparatchiks skim money from Party dues for lavish villas and private planes and trips to Paris for their wives’ haircuts. Occasionally, he will purge the Party of some extravagance; a few years ago, he called in the fifteen hundred Mercedes-Benzes the Party owned, auctioned them off, and instructed his underlings to make do with Russian Ladas, which are a kind of Communist-bloc *deux-chevaux*. At the same time, he has cynically bought off social discontent in Hungary with department stores full of clothes and gadgets, and has encouraged such a consumer lust in workers that Hungarians have started calling the nineteen-eighties their “Eisenhower years.”

ULRIKE MEINHOF, in prison in West Germany as a terrorist, talked about *Konsumterror*—the ter-

rorism of things and of the society that valued the objects it sold more than the clean conscience it could not sell. There is a kind of *Konsumterror* in Hungary. People have chosen things. They say that the sacrifices they must make for those things are rhetorical—a vote with Russia in the United Nations, an invasion condoned—and don't matter very much anyway. They say that they have got the best of the bargain—that the regime in Budapest is at least benign, and has long since stopped dragging dissidents out of bed at night or executing unruly politicians the way that Rákosi executed his Foreign Minister, László Rajk, in 1949, or that Kádár, for that matter, saw to the execution of Imre Nagy after the 1956 revolution. Today, László Rajk's son has organized a *samizdat*, or do-it-yourself dissident press, and supervises a clandestine weekly distribution of its publications. There is, in short, a psychology of compliance and a psychology of dissidence, and the chasm between them is so profound that no one in Hungary talks anymore about levels or degrees of protest. Dissidents say, simply, that it is humiliating for a man or a woman to be grateful to the state for whatever liberty the state allows. They are what they call "outside." They do not accept the humiliation. Other people do accept it. They exercise a kind of self-censorship that is effective in that nobody really knows what the limits of expression are; they are not going to risk their jobs by saying the wrong thing, writing the wrong book, meeting with the wrong people.

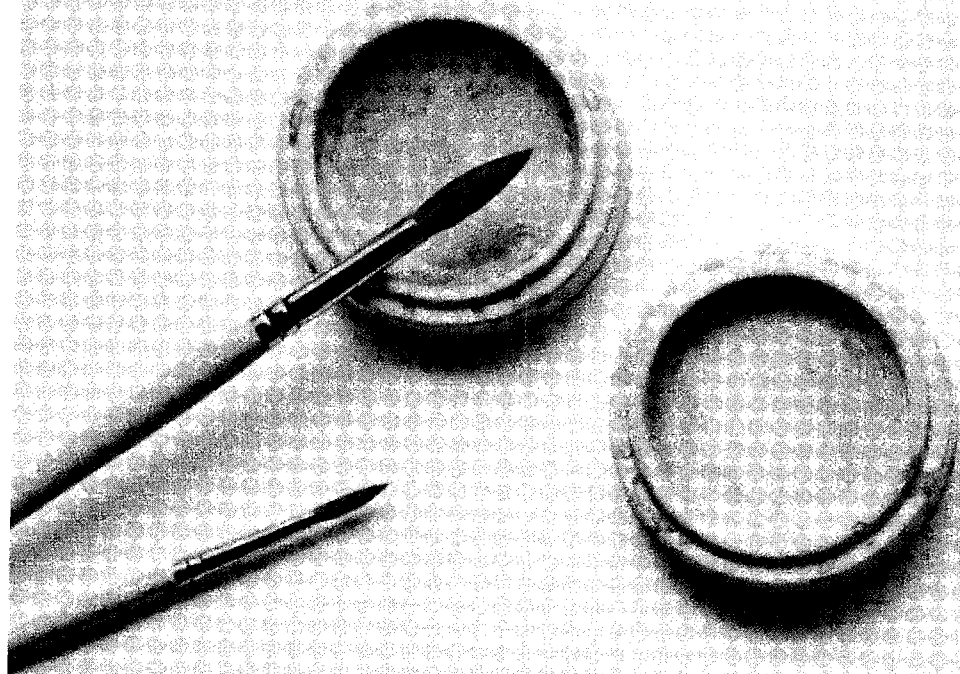
The Hungarian who does not actively, formally dissent is apt to overlook little incidents of repression and go shopping when he feels bad, or take a walk across the beautiful Chain Bridge to Buda. He can choose his information. He "knows," for example, that the head of Hungary's official labor union wrote a long answer to Lech Walesa's appeal to Eastern European workers, but he does not know what the answer really was, because only the tough parts were published in the paper or read on television. He knows that the government is nervous about Poland, but unless he makes it his business to find out he has no way of knowing that fifty young Hungarians had their red passports taken up for trying to leave the country for Poland; he knows, instead, how many Poles are coming to Hungary and buying Hungarian medicine and food. Most of all, he knows that he has no

Imported by Browne Vintners Co., New York © 1981

For 256 years, B&G has
been keeping good
company with wine lovers.



Wine lovers the world over have loved B&G's fine French wines since 1725. Our 31 superb red, white and rosé wines are savored for their consistent taste and superior quality. Come enjoy the pleasure of our company. B&G.



A PRINT AS LUMINOUS AS A WATERCOLOR.
TO GET IT, MARTEX® HAD TO FIND A WAY TO CAPTURE LIGHT ON A SHEET.

*Taffeta Rose includes products of 50% Dacron® polyester and 50% combed cotton.

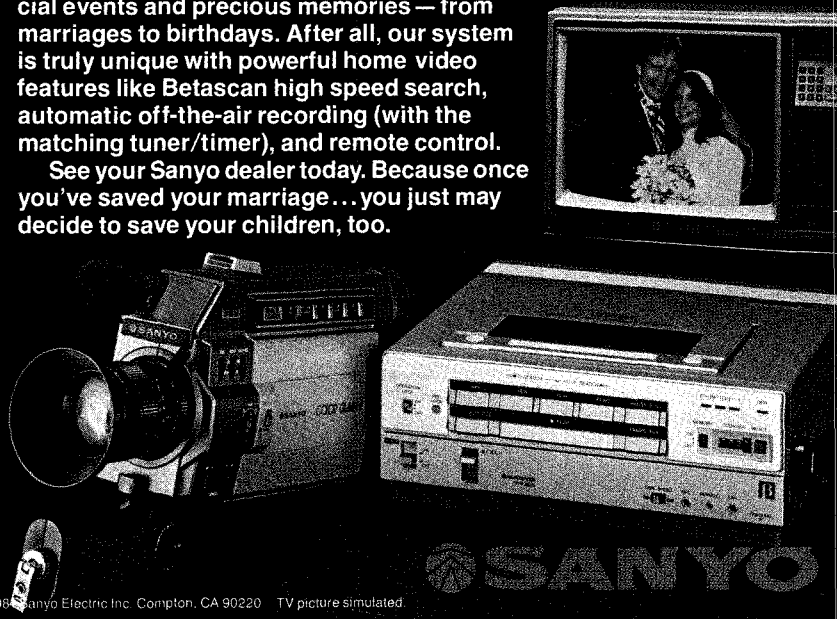


COLLIER CAMPBELL PAINTS FOR MARTEX® THE ART OF MAKING A BED. 

SAVE YOUR MARRIAGE.

Smart people can use Sanyo's new little portable video system to save *all* of life's special events and precious memories — from marriages to birthdays. After all, our system is truly unique with powerful home video features like Betascan high speed search, automatic off-the-air recording (with the matching tuner/timer), and remote control.

See your Sanyo dealer today. Because once you've saved your marriage... you just may decide to save your children, too.



© 1981 Sanyo Electric Inc. Compton, CA 90220 TV picture simulated.

*The chair is
Louis seize,
the fabric is
Brunschwig.*



Brunschwig & Fils, Inc.

410 East 62 Street • New York, N.Y. 10021 • Through decorators and fine stores

STRAIGHT SEAT AND BACK: printed cotton

choice but to work for the state, since there is usually no other way for him to do the job the state has taught him.

HUNGARIANS are always taking polls. There are thousands of sociologists in the country, and most of them spend their time doing surveys for the government. They believe that the right sociologists asking the right questions of the right sampling of Hungarians every couple of months will give them the key to their society — the answer to what makes Hungarians happy and what keeps Hungary compliant. The government believes it, too; the government believes so much in the power of the information it receives this way that it keeps the polls secret and the conclusions secret — though inevitably word gets out and people talk about them. Early this year, there was a poll to determine what Hungarians considered the most important thing happening in the world. The reply was supposed to be the Soviet Party Congress then in session, but, to the government's distress, two thousand typical Hungarians said that it was either Ronald Reagan's election or the Russians' war in Afghanistan or Solidarity in Poland. This year, the government asked a more convoluted question, and discovered that eighty per cent of the people in Hungary think of themselves as being more favorably disposed toward the revolution in Poland than their neighbors are. This was considered a very Hungarian answer.

—JANE KRAMER

JOHN CALLAWAY INTERVIEWS: Songwriter Aaron Copland discusses styles of music that have influenced him and how he writes movie scores.—*TV listing in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

Way to go, Aaron baby.

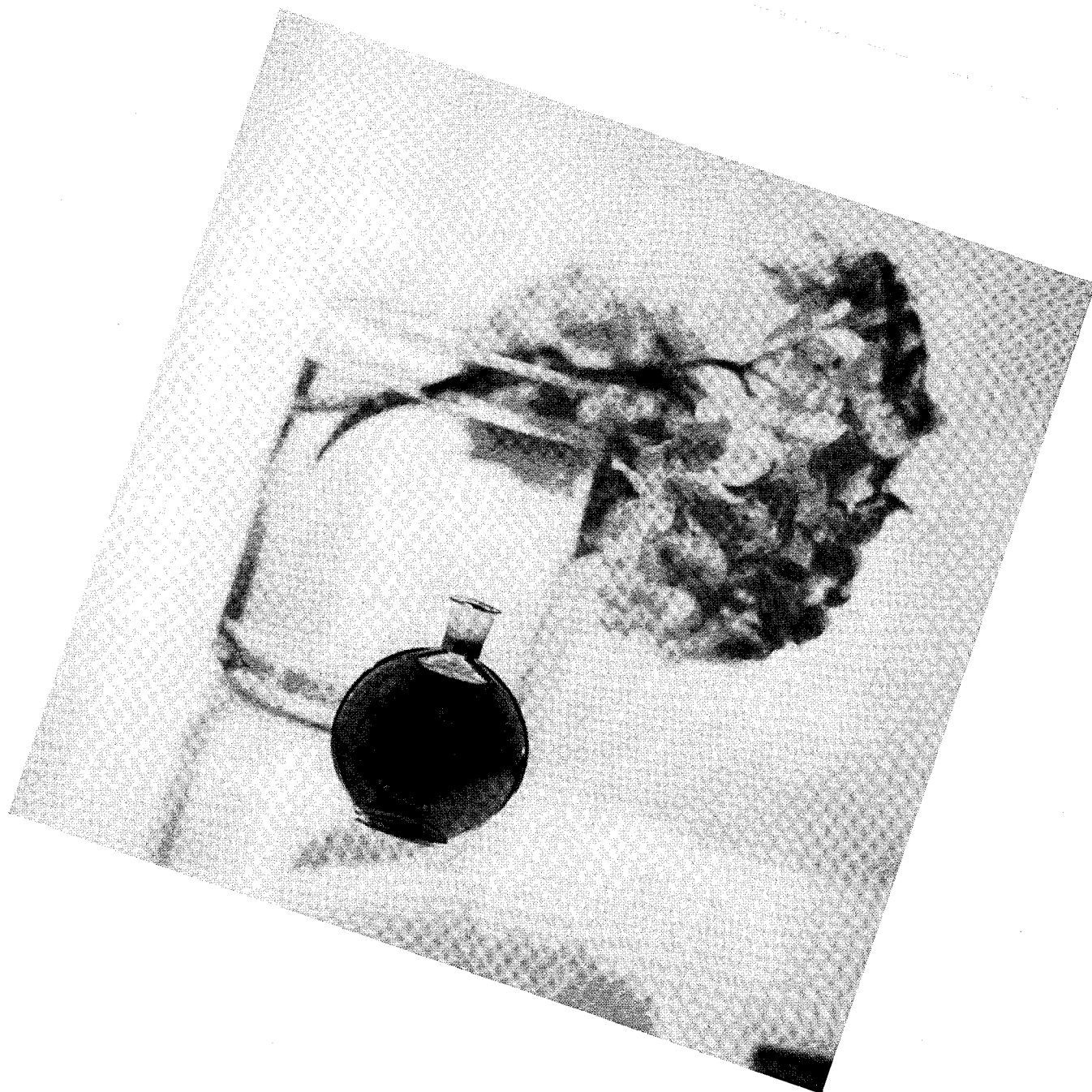
Crime in the District is no myth. As David Fegan, a Capitol Hill community leader, has said, the odds are one in ten that a member of a family of four living here will be murdered sometime in his or her lifetime.—*Washington (D.C.) Georgetown.*

Probably near the end.

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[From *News & Views*, published by the Wisconsin Education Association Council]

The true teacher should inspire his students as in the immortal words of Robert Browning, "Ah, but a man's reach should not exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"



*Je Reviens, still made just outside of Paris, by Parfums Worth
perfume, cologne and bath powder at B. ALTMAN*

THE THEATRE

Family Troubles

TO my astonishment—and perhaps to his astonishment as well—that young firebrand Jules Feiffer is now in his fifties, and he has become as much an old pro at writing plays as he is at drawing cartoons. (I reckon the number of his plays at five, and a sixth is said to be awaiting production in the spring.) “Grown Ups,” which has just opened at the Lyceum, was written back in 1974, and one is reluctantly obliged to conclude that the many literary misdeemeanors it manifests—indeed, appears to revel in—are there because they continue to please the author, though they are very far from pleasing me. Why on earth is this vehement little work so determinedly misshapen, with a first act that seems to be heading in one direction and a second and third act that lead us elsewhere? What the three acts have in common is the personal anguish felt by Jake, a member of the editorial staff of the *Times*, but the play opens as if the protagonist were going to be Jake’s sister Marilyn, whom we first observe bustling about in the sunny kitchen of her house in New Rochelle. A plump, not very pretty, mildly whining housewife, Marilyn is preparing food for a birthday celebration that is taking place in an invisible back yard. Marilyn and Jake’s inexpungibly vulgar and tiresome parents, Helen and Jack, arrive for the party, followed by Jake and his wife, Louise; we perceive that Jake is at once alienated from Mom and under her continued, if ineffectual, tyranny. He has always been favored over Marilyn, which Marilyn

rightly resents, but as the act ends the audience has become aware that what “Grown Ups” is to be about is not Marilyn’s problems but Jake’s. Farewell New Rochelle and its suburban sunlight; the author is eager to pitch us headlong into the horror of contemporary New York Jewish-American urban life, next to which the life of the Tyrones in turn-of-the-century New London takes on, by contrast, a certain homely charm.

In the second act, a year has passed, and we are in Jake and Louise’s commodious apartment on the West Side of Manhattan; the play proper begins. The domestic setting is deceptively serene: Jake is correcting the galleys of a book that is sure to make his reputation in the world; Louise, who has lately lost interest in reading, has been encouraged to take a chance on an Agatha Christie paperback; and their little daughter, Edie, is doing homework behind a closed bedroom door. Edie calls out to Louise, who is concentrating too hard on Christie to pay attention; Jake seizes the opportunity to pick a quarrel with Louise (it turns out that his mother used to ignore him in a similar fashion), and this quarrel, much heightened, carries through into the third act, during which Jake, with reiterated howls of rage, contrives to break off relations with everyone, including that symbolic epitome of Jewish-outsider-makes-good the *Times*. Most of the true action of the play occurs inside Jake’s head and is scarcely more accessible to us, except in clinical terms, than a frustrated infant’s banging of his silver cup against

a high chair. It takes remarkably little to set off these prolonged adult tantrums; we find ourselves paraphrasing Shakespeare: What a piece of work is man! . . . In apprehension how like a cornered rat! Surely there is more to Jake than that, but we are not invited to discover it.

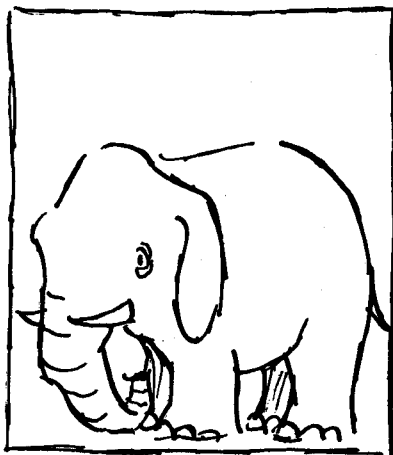
Imperfect and often irritating as “Grown Ups” may be, it’s worth attending for the performance that Bob Dishy gives as Jake. So masterly is his rendition of neurotic behavior that no matter how outrageous Jake’s conduct becomes we never for a moment lose sympathy for him. Harold Gould is excellent as Jake’s craven, henpecked father, and Cheryl Giannini, Kate McGregor-Stewart, and Jennifer Dundas as Louise, Marilyn, and Edie earn our respect in their unequal struggles with Jake. (Only Edie is likely ever to outwit him; she is an intelligent child and will no doubt grow up to be just as distressingly maladjusted as Jake.) As for Frances Sternhagen as Jake’s mother, I thought her miscast; the lines she speaks are those of a *kvetcherkeh*, but the tone in which she speaks them is that of a Spence School mother.

The calculatedly hideous settings of “Grown Ups” are by Andrew Jackness, the ugly costumes are by Dunya Ramicova (Louise wears shoes and low socks that give her feet the look of hooves), and the lighting is by Paul Gallo. The high-pitched direction is by John Madden. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Footnotes

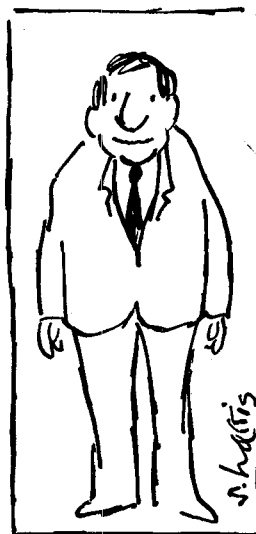
LYNNE THIGPEN, the dynamic black singer of last year’s “Tintypes,” is now appearing in what amounts to her own little show—Eve Merriam’s “And I Ain’t Finished Yet,” at the Manhattan Theatre Club—in which she plays (in words and songs) a series of black women in American history. She is supported by three other players (2 m., 1 f.), who sing and dance and speak when called upon, but her main support comes from Patti Bown, the musical director and arranger of the show, who is at the piano. Miss Thigpen begins as a farm wife,



NEVER FORGETS



SOMETIMES FORGETS



ALWAYS FORGETS

bandanna around her head, who recalls with many a chuckle (and grimace) the days when she was a child in slavery, and she ends as the fiery, independent Fannie Lou Hamer, leader of the small independent delegation from Mississippi that tried to unseat the regular delegation at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City in 1964. These characterizations are effective, if somewhat limited by skimpy material, but Miss Thigpen really comes into her own in two theatrical impersonations: of Ma Rainey singing the blues ("The blues is a good woman feelin' bad") and, above all, of the wildly funny and mysteriously heartbreaking Moms Mabley, at the Apollo. Miss Merriam also wrote the sly, humorous, and successful "The Club," of several seasons ago. "I Ain't Finished" is no "Club," but, skimpy or not, as a display case for the manifold talents of Lynne Thigpen it will serve.



AT James Sherman's "Magic Time," we are backstage on the closing night of a "Hamlet" performed by a relatively inexperienced group of actors in a small theatre in Chicago; more precisely, we are in their common dressing room during the hour and a half before curtain time. Much of the dialogue is, of course, shop talk about auditions and television commercials and where everybody is going next. Two regional producers are said to be in town, and their unseen presences provide the tensions that lead to some semblance of action. The Stanislavski-struck Laertes, who is the company butt in any case, becomes unbearably an-

noying to his colleagues; a married couple who see themselves as instant Lunts or Cronyns must revise their plans when the wife is tapped for a part by one of the out-of-town impresarios—that sort of thing. Everybody's nerves are on edge, and there are quarrels and a declined proposal of marriage before the show, but when the curtain has fallen on "Hamlet" love and good fellowship and pledges of eternal friendship abound.

"Magic Time," which is running at the Actors and Directors Theatre, Off Off, is Mr. Sherman's first play; it is inside stuff—theatre about theatre—and it is often awkward, and sometimes downright embarrassing. Nevertheless, there is life in it, and there are people. A rather engaging bunch they are, and they are quite nicely performed by a young cast under Henry Hoffman's direction.

AT the American Place, two distinguished actors, Roscoe Lee Browne and Anthony Zerbe, are presenting "Behind the Broken Words," a program of poems of their own choosing, which they recite singly and together, sometimes to Mr. Zerbe's accompaniment on the guitar. The first half, punctuated by funny, impudent selections from Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Junkman's Obligation," goes better than the second half, which is far too long and bogs down in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Conversation at Midnight." All things considered, though, the recital makes for a civilized evening in the theatre—a bit too civilized for my own taste; I could have used a few fireworks.

—EDITH OLIVER

RAGE

18 below: the black-capped chickadee bangs on the suet in front of the cat pressing against the pane. The woodpile sprawls below the porch, the woodsmoke shadow solid as the snow, the emptiness where the old elm used to be—all frozen forever in this scene, by these words, on this page: a poor farmhouse broken down by age.

And rage, too, will never go away, never; your disappointment, bitter as ash, more murderous than this weather, is part of what we'd taste like now if whatever's in the woods got in the house. You're sleeping now: you never had it better.

—PETER MEINKE

Crafted in Italy by Georgian House.

"Imperial Crown," one of twenty patterns from the Georgian House Collection. Dinner-size five-piece place setting in Sterling Silver, \$395.



Fortunoff, the source

681 Fifth Ave. at 54th St., N.Y.C.
(212) 758-6660; out of N.Y. State call
toll free (800) 223-2326.
Westbury, L.I.; Paramus, N.J.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

WITH a telephone call (534-8923), a gala—indeed, grand-luxe—Christmas-dinner-with-knobs-on will materialize. You'll get foie gras; langoustines with mayonnaise; a sorbet; turkey (or pheasant) stuffed with chestnuts, with glazed chestnuts on the side, or venison with gravy, a chestnut purée, and special cranberry jelly; salad; French cheeses; a *Bûche de Noël* or a fruit tart; fruit salad or a basket of fresh fruit; dried fruit; and chocolates. With the exception of the *bûche*, the cooked items on the menu will be done by Jean-Claude Lacaze, a chef of high standards and ability, who hangs his *toque blanche* at Charlotte's, 146 Chambers Street, a takeout and catering establishment whose standards are equally high. We have not had the good fortune to sample this meal, but if M. Lacaze gives his imprimatur as well as his labor to this dinner we are ready to believe that it will be glorious. This feast must be ordered through La Fromagerie, 1374 Madison Avenue (96th) and 189 East 79th Street, and should be ordered as soon as possible. It's \$50 to \$75 a person, but you can play with your toys all Christmas

morning and it is cheaper than going out to a fancy restaurant.

Those who are not in this league will be able to scrape along nicely, however, with a combination of home cooking and store-bought delicacies, which with a little imagination should produce an equally festive meal for a lot less money. Every family has at least one favorite dish that is the sine qua non of Christmas dinner, and as long as that requirement is honored anything goes.

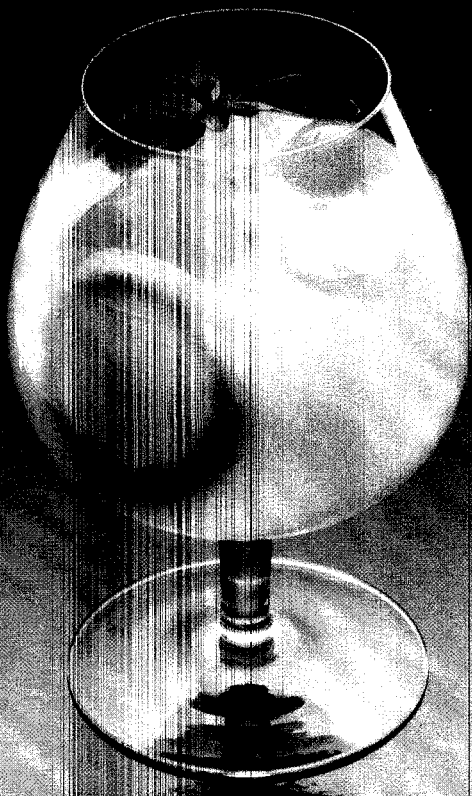
The meal could start with smoked salmon, large or small, hot-smoked or cold-smoked. Scotch, Irish, Swedish, Norwegian, Japanese, Nova Scotia, and Skagit Indian salmon are available, all good, some better than others. The field has grown so large and so bewildering that we asked Mats Engstrom, of California Sunshine (which distributes Tsar Nicoulai fish products), to enlighten us, and here's what we learned: Fish from the north are the best, because they have a high fat content—the result of a varied diet. Norwegian and Baltic Sea salmon are exceptionally good. (Mr. Engstrom is Swedish.) "Wild" salmon is preferable to hatchery-raised, again because of

diet, and line-caught is superior to fish caught in nets (where the flesh can be bruised). The French import vast amounts of king salmon from the Pacific Coast. (King salmon is the best of the five species of salmon from the Coast; the four others are coho, chum, red, and pink.) Fish is hot-smoked at a temperature of from 81° to 90°F.; fish smoked at any temperature under this is cold-smoked. In hot-smoking, the whole fish is smoked; for cold-smoking, the fish is usually filleted first. In either case, the humidity is a very important factor. The Scots and the Norwegians normally smoke their salmon for a shorter time than the Americans, and the Scots never hot-smoke salmon. "The bastard way of smoking," to quote Mr. Engstrom, "is to inject chemicals." (Some baloney and smoked sausage are "smoked" in this manner.) The size of the fish does not necessarily determine the manner of smoking, though it makes more sense to hot-smoke a very small salmon, because of *la présentation*. If a very small salmon is cold-smoked and sliced in the traditional manner, the result is a plate of scraps. End of lecture. Petrossian has a spanking-new shoplet at Bloomingdale's, with a view of 59th Street, in the window of which is to be found Michael Rafferty, (cold-smoked) salmon-slicer extraordinaire, at his labors. He has two kinds of cold-smoked line-caught Norwegian salmon; both are superlative, although we preferred the Royal to the Extra Royal, which is larger but saltier. The Royal is pale pink, plump, not oily, and exquisitely sliced; \$22 a pound, and at the head of the class. Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th), carries excellent cold-smoked Norwegian salmon—also pink, plump, and not oily, but with a milder flavor—for the same price.

This year, smoked salmon *trout* began to appear in quantity. Cold-smoked trout, which has a finer, softer texture than the large salmon, is available for around \$20 a pound at Macy's Cellar, among other places. Most salmon trout are hot-smoked, however. They have the look and texture of poached salmon, and should be sliced in the same manner—at an angle, to produce fairly thick slices. Zabar's sells hot-smoked Scotch salmon trout for \$18 a pound, and very good it is. A number of stores



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SUNNY SAM.
1½ oz. Sambuca Romana, 1½ oz. vodka, 3 oz. orange juice.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil, garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream, and chocolate curls.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR CON MOSCA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana, float 3 roasted coffee beans, light prior to serving.



Add Sambuca Romana to your favorite recipes or write for ours.

New recipe booklet for Sambuca Romana, Italy's fabulous liqueur. 84 proof. Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, N.Y. 11791.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN LIFE
MADE MADE
FIBER IN BETTER



**Dacron[®]. A classic way to look.
By Austin Reed.**

It's the look you want—when Austin Reed of Regent Street tailors it in the Classic Blend of tradition and performance: Dacron[®] polyester with wool worsted. Call it classic. Call it yours. At fine stores.

DACRON
DUPONT POLYESTER



Suits shown: 55% Dacron[®] polyester,
45% wool worsted. [®]DuPont registered trademark.

carry the hot-smoked lake salmon trout produced by California Sunshine. It is usually sold in clear plastic vacuum packs weighing between one and a half and two pounds; it would look more appetizing out of the pack but it lasts longer in the pack. It is pale pink and moist, and costs \$12 a pound at Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th). You can get it at Zabar's and Macy's Cellar, too. All three of these stores also carry Skagit Indian smoked salmon, which is first cold-smoked and then hot-smoked. The result is a robust, meaty, smoky fish, dark pink in color, that is completely different from any other smoked salmon. A little goes a long way, and it needs some fixing up. It should have a sauce, such as a light, lemony mayonnaise, or it should be combined with eggs in any form. This salmon is worth fussing with, because the flavor and texture are unique; \$16 a pound. The Skagit Indian salmon enterprise is a bootstrap effort started by Andy Fernando, who is the leader of the Upper Skagits, a tribe of four hundred and fifty in Washington (state of), with a fifteen-thousand-dollar grant.

Macy's Cellar has the most catholic array of smoked fish. No smoked goldfish, but, besides all that salmon, they have brook trout, haddock, sturgeon, tuna, bluefish, scallops, cod, and cod's roe. Among the best is the smoked bluefish, which is better than unsmoked bluefish, because it is lighter and less oily; \$7.90 a pound. The smoked tuna is a startling and refreshing change from the familiar tuna-on-rye, hold-the-pickle; \$14 a pound. With a minimum of effort, an interesting and colorful plate of various American fish could be composed—a sort of smoked sashimi. The smoked cod's roe here is the first we've found in good shape on this side of the Atlantic. A delicacy in Europe, it comes in a sac, rather like shad roe, and is pale apricot in color. Mixed with lemon juice and served with hard-boiled eggs on toast, it makes a delicious hors d'oeuvre. (It's also good mixed with crème fraîche and dill—a dish called Maviar.) It's \$9.75 a pound.

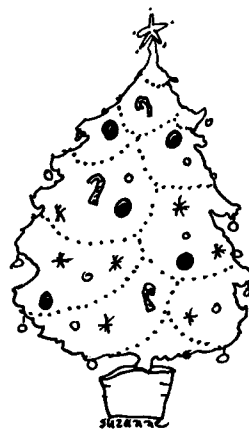
The hot-smoked salmon at Charlotte's is a whole other matter. It is king salmon, and is first marinated in a salt-and-sugar brine, then air-dried, and then hot-smoked in a Putnam County smokehouse. The end product resembles the old familiar poached salmon in appearance only. Served warm or at room temperature, it is

moist, with a slightly smoky flavor, and has a delicacy of both flavor and texture unlike that of any other salmon we've ever eaten; \$11.85 a pound. There is a green sauce to go with it which is hard to resist eating by the spoonful; \$10 a quart.

Charlotte's is run by Charlotte Bonnier, a Swedish woman blessed with a knowledge of and a feeling for food that are above the ordinary. She is also blessed, of course, with her chef, M. Lacaze. The cuisine here is Swedish, French, and haute, with a heavy fish bias. Besides her specialty, it includes cold-smoked Swedish salmon, gravlax, and cured salmon; quenelles; brioche, with a choice of stuffings; feuilletés; mousses; pâtés; crêpes; quiches; sauces; canapés; and cookies. The pâté with pistachios is especially noteworthy; the nuts impart flavor as well as texture. The quenelles are seventy-five cents each, and they are as light as a nun's sigh. A small brioche stuffed with lamb, onions, and anchovies is \$2.50. A generous feuilleté of lobster, for one, is \$5.25. A tarte provençale—the genuine article—for eight, is \$12. A pint of lobster-sauce concentrate is \$10, and with the addition of some cream and cognac it would make a satisfactory lobster bisque. Superlative cheese sticks are \$10 a pound. The almond cookies are also superlative; \$12 a pound—and there are a lot of almond cookies in a pound. Many of Mrs. Bonnier's offerings can be bought frozen, and there is a three-dollar delivery charge for orders under \$50.

PHILIPPE BERARD, chief operating officer and cook at Self Chef, 1224 Lexington Avenue (83rd), has decided to put out a newsletter whenever he has something to tell his customers. Volume I, No. 1, has just appeared, prompted by a frequently asked question (particularly in the summer): Will it keep? To quote from the newsletter: "What you actually did is put me in Napoleon's shoes. He had the same problem with his troops, they were not merely travelling, they were invading but nevertheless they had to be fed. Napoleon bought Appert's invention (sterilization), for \$20,000. I didn't have to buy it, I just borrowed it." Self Chef now carries five conserves, all with a shelf life of at least a year. Each jar, with its contents, is

boiled for two hours and allowed to cool overnight. Then, just to be safe, it is boiled again. The more assertive the contents, the better the result, because the sterilizing process diminishes the flavor. We liked the Texas Chili, at \$9 a pint, and the Lentils en Cassoulet (with smoked pork and garlic sausage), at \$7.50 a pint. We have not tried the Beef Brouilly, the Poulet Basquaise, or the ratatouille. These conserves are not for the Christmas table; they are for an emergency. You will be happy to see them on the shelf when you return in the spring to clean your country house. M. Berard's objective is to fill the gap between la haute and la fast-food cuisine, at reasonable prices. His customers' favorites, such as the Chicken Orientale or the Sesame Noodles, are always on hand, supplemented by entrées, salads, and desserts that change every day. A recent addition, the



pumpkin mousse, is superb; ninety-five cents a portion. The chocolate cake is good, too; \$6 a pound. So is the anise toast, even if you don't much like anise. It has the consistency of zwieback, and leaves the same carpet of crumbs. It would be wonderful to have for tea, or just to chomp on between meals; \$5.75 a pound.

Ruslan, 1067 Madison Avenue (80th), has expanded its repertoire since it opened last year. It has also pulled up its socks, and, while transactions don't exactly go apace, they go more easily. For one thing, although the owner, Tania Hutchason, remains firm in her resolve to employ Russian émigrés, she now sees to it that there is someone behind the counter who speaks English. In general, the food here is not only unusual but of high quality—a combination of honest ingredients, subtle seasonings, and imagination. Ruslan makes two hearty soups, borscht and shchi, that are meals in themselves. The borscht is made with brisket of beef, cabbage, and beets, and with a bowl of sour cream at the ready it is one of the great soups of the world. Shchi is made with self-fermenting cabbage, to which pieces of beef are added. Small potatoes are cooked with it to thicken the soup but are removed before serving. Russians find this soup addictive even though they do not add sour cream. Both soups are \$3.50 a pint. As an alternative to a freezer stuffed with

IF YOUR INVESTMENTS AREN'T DOING

PRESENT THE MERRILL LYNCH CASH

Until quite recently, the traditional role for an investment portfolio was rather strictly defined: To grow in worth. To provide income. Basically, to earn money.

But, no matter whether it was stocks, bonds, money market instruments or simply certificates of deposit, the net result was that earning money was all that your investments could do for you.

Then a few years ago, Merrill Lynch invented the Cash Management Account® financial service. A revolutionary new kind of brokerage account that not only earns money for you, but also manages it at the same time.

In effect, CMA™ allows your money to work continually at its maximum potential, without relinquishing the least amount of liquidity, flexibility and convenience that you demand.

Today, there is no question about CMA's proven abilities and potential for the sophisticated investor.

In fact, more than 450,000 investors with over 25 billion dollars invested now rely on its many features.

The only question remaining should be how the Cash Management Account program can begin working for you, immediately.

QUALIFICATION. To open a CMA account requires that you

place a minimum of \$20,000 in cash or securities, or a combination of both, in a Merrill Lynch brokerage account.

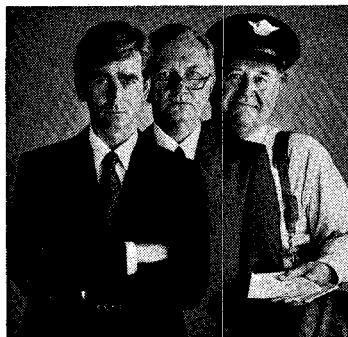
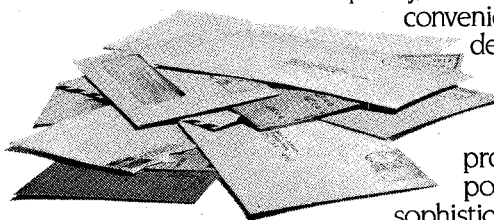
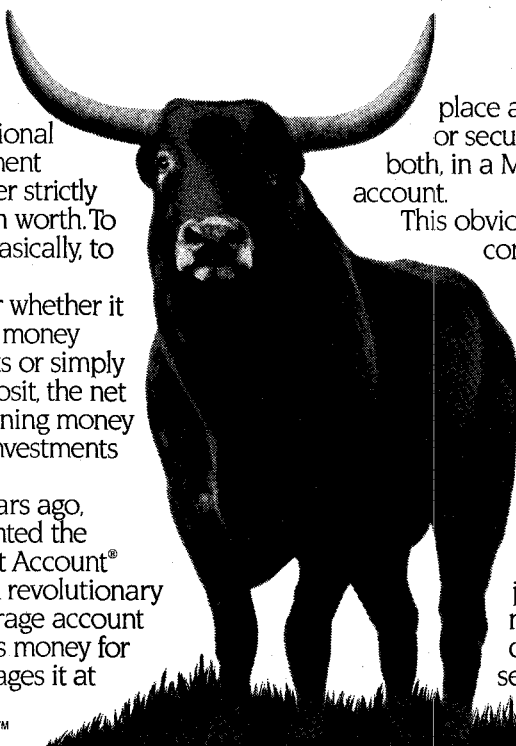
This obviously affords you a safe and convenient place to hold your securities.

And, importantly, it entitles you to the services of an experienced Merrill Lynch Account Executive whom you can rely upon for sound advice, counsel and an immediate conduit to our number-one research department.

But, much more, this is just the beginning your assets need to give them the special qualities that make the CMA service so unique.

MAXIMIZATION. There is virtually no such thing as idle cash in a CMA account. On opening your account, any cash you originally place there is automatically invested in your choice of three professionally managed money market funds. The choice of which fund is best for your particular investment strategy is, of course, your decision. But the CMA Money Fund, Tax-Exempt Fund or the new Government Securities Fund can provide definite advantages for any portfolio.

Daily, the dividend on your money market fund is reinvested for you. And any cash that is generated on your securities (i.e. dividends, interest, proceeds from sales) is also automatically invested in your money fund. Without you, your



CMA™ is not available in all states. The Cash Management Account program is proprietary to Merrill Lynch, U.S. Patents Pending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY EARNING YOU MONEY, NEARLY ENOUGH.

TING MANAGEMENT ACCOUNT.®

broker or the postman ever getting involved. So, your money continually works earning more money, without your having to work at doing anything.

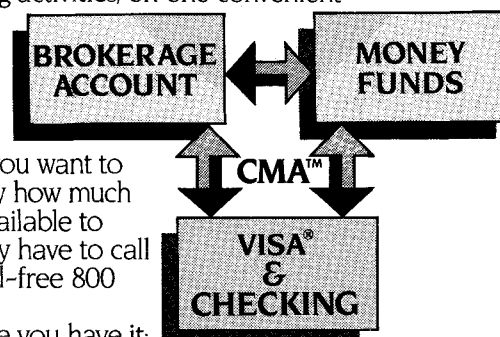
LIQUIDITY. Now, let's assume that while your money is busy working for you, it's necessary to take an important business trip. Or, on vacation in Mexico City, you spot a rare antique.

With the CMA service, you have instant access to your assets, anywhere in the world, at any time. You can make purchases. And although Merrill Lynch is not a bank, you can get cash advances when you need to.

CMA's special checking and VISA® card (provided by Bank One of Columbus, Ohio,

transactions, and a daily reconciliation of your account. You'll have a record of everything from the market value of your security positions, including annual percent yield and estimated income, as well as all your VISA and checking activities, on one convenient form.

And, if on any business day during the month, you want to know exactly how much money is available to you, you only have to call a special toll-free 800 number.



So, there you have it:

The Merrill Lynch Cash Management Account. A unique service that keeps your money working productively, while giving you immediate access to your assets.

For more complete information, including a prospectus containing all sales charges and expenses, call 800-526-3030 (in New Jersey, call 800-742-2900). Read the prospectus carefully before you invest or forward funds. We're convinced that once you realize all that your investments can do for you, you won't want to be without it.

**THE MORE YOU DEMAND
OF YOUR MONEY,
THE MORE YOU NEED CMA.™**



Merrill Lynch

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.

A breed apart.

**Merrill Lynch
Pierce Fenner & Smith Inc.**
Member, Securities Investor Protection Corporation (SIPC)

**Monthly Statement
Cash Management Account®**

Account # 123456789
Statement Period: 01/01/88 to 01/31/88
Statement Date: 02/01/88

Account Information

Account Type	Account Balance	Annual % Yield	Estimated Annual Income
Cash Management Account	\$100,000.00	5.50%	\$5,500.00

Transactions

Date	Description	Debit	Credit	Balance
01/01/88	Opening Balance		\$100,000.00	\$100,000.00
01/05/88	Transfer from Brokerage Account		\$5,000.00	\$105,000.00
01/10/88	Transfer to Money Funds	\$2,000.00		\$103,000.00
01/15/88	Transfer from VISA Card	\$1,000.00		\$102,000.00
01/20/88	Transfer to Checking Account	\$500.00		\$101,500.00
01/25/88	Transfer from Brokerage Account		\$3,000.00	\$104,500.00
01/31/88	Ending Balance			\$104,500.00

Summary of Investment Accounts

Account Type	Account Balance	Annual % Yield	Estimated Annual Income
Cash Management Account	\$104,500.00	5.50%	\$5,747.50
Money Funds	\$2,000.00	5.50%	\$110.00
Brokerage Account	\$5,000.00	5.50%	\$275.00
Checking Account	\$500.00	5.50%	\$27.50
Total	\$112,000.00	5.50%	\$6,160.00

SECURITY TRANSACTIONS

Date	Security	Quantity	Price	Total
01/01/88	GOV. SEC. FUND	100	\$10.00	\$1,000.00
01/01/88	GOV. SEC. FUND	100	\$10.00	\$1,000.00

SECURITY POSITIONS

Security	Quantity	Price	Total
GOV. SEC. FUND	100	\$10.00	\$1,000.00
GOV. SEC. FUND	100	\$10.00	\$1,000.00

VISA Card

Bank One VISA Card
Card Number: 0000 000 000 000
Cardholder: J. D. SMITH
Expiration Date: 01/88 to 12/88

NA.) are all the credentials you'll need to use your money when you want to. If there is not enough cash to cover your purchases from the balance in your money market fund, you are entitled to borrow up to the full margin value of your securities, instantly. This constitutes an automatic loan on *our* part. With no time limit of repayment on *your* part.

CONVENIENCE. At the end of each month, you'll receive CMA's comprehensive computerized statement. It lists all your

AUSTRIA

Bad Gastein: Park Bellevue

Tel. 06434/2571 Tx: 67/76621

Salzburg: Österreichischer Hof

Tel. 06222/72541 Tx: 6/3590

Vienna: Bristol

Tel. 0222/52 95 52 Tx: 01/12474

Vienna: Imperial

Tel. 0222/65 17 65 Tx: 01/12630

Zürs: Zürser Hof

Tel. 05583/513/514 Tx: 052/39114

BELGIUM

Brussels: Amigo

Tel. (02) 511 59 10 Tx: 21 618

DENMARK

Copenhagen: Angleterre

Tel. (01) 12 00 95 Tx: 15 877

FINLAND

Helsinki: Palace

Tel. 17 11 14 Tx: 12 15 70

FRANCE

Antibes: du Cap-Eden Roc

Tel. (93) 61 39 01 Tx: 470 763

Beaulieu-sur-Mer: Métropole

Tel. 01 00 08 Tx: 470 304

Biarritz: du Palais

Tel. (59) 24 09 40 Tx: 570 000

Evian-les-Bains: Royal

Tel. (50) 75 14 00 Tx: 385 759

Eze-Bord-de-Mer: Le Cap Estel

Tel. 01 50 44 Tx: 470 305

Paris: De Crillon

Tel. 296 10 81 Tx: 290 204

Paris: Ritz

Tel. 260 38 30 Tx: 220 262

GERMANY

Baden-Baden: Brenner's Park

Tel. (07221) 23 001 Tx: 781 261

Berlin: Bristol Kempinski

Tel. (030) 88 10 91 Tx: 183 553

Cologne: Excelsior Ernst

Tel. (0221) 27 01 Tx: 888 2645

Hamburg: Atlantic Kempinski

Tel. (040) 24 80 01 Tx: 216 3297

Hamburg: Vier Jahreszeiten

Tel. (040) 34 941 Tx: 0211629

Heidelberg: Der Europäische Hof

Tel. (06221) 27 101 Tx: 046 1840

Hinterzarten: Adler

Tel. (07652) 7117 17 Tx: 077 2692

Lindau, Bodensee: Bad Schachen

Tel. (08382) 5011 Tx: 05 4396

Munich: Bayerischer Hof

Tel. (089) 22 88 71 Tx: 052 3409

Munich: Continental

Tel. 55 79 71 Tx: 052 2603

Munich: Vier Jahreszeiten Kempinski

Tel. (089) 22 88 21 Tx: 052 3859

Wiesbaden: Nassauer Hof

Tel. (06121) 39 681 Tx: 418 6847

GREAT BRITAIN

Broadway Worcs.: Lygon Arms

Tel. (0386) 85 22 55 Tx: 33 82 60

London: The Dorchester

Tel. (01) 629 88 88 Tx: 88 77 04

New Milton, Hampsh.: Chewton Glen

Tel. (04252) 5341 Tx: 41456

GREECE

Athens: Grande-Bretagne

Tel. 3230 251 Tx: 215 346

Corfu: Corfu Palace

Tel. 39 485 Tx: 33 2126

HOLLAND

Amsterdam: de l'Europe

Tel. (020) 23 48 36 Tx: 12 081

Noordwijk: Huis-ter-Duin

Tel. (01719) 19 220 Tx: 317 113

Rotterdam: Park

Tel. (010) 36 36 11 Tx: 22 020

Φ

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE

Free booking service in above listed cities

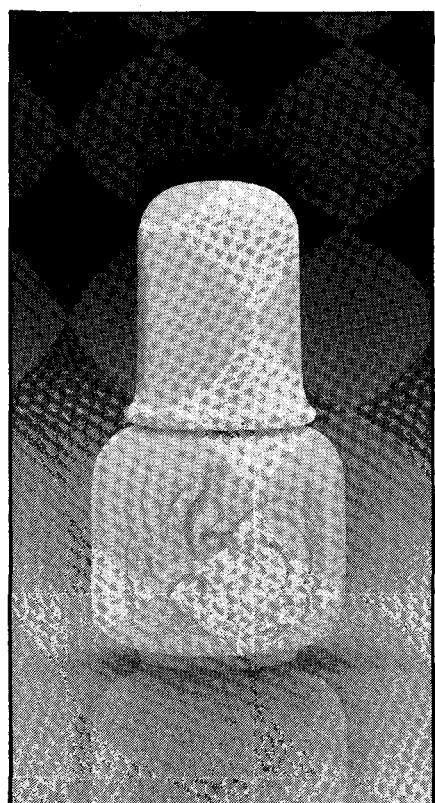
7631727
1621162
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHILE THERE ARE MORE
THAN THREE CENTURIES OF REASONS TO VISIT BOSTON,
THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE
TO STAY.

THE RITZ-CARLTON.



THE RITZ-CARLTON, BOSTON
CONTINENTAL U.S. 1-800-225-7620, IN MASSACHUSETTS 1-800-952-7495



"Anais Anais" in an Exquisite Limited Christmas Edition

Les Opalines d'Anais by Cacharel

The poignant enchantment of this delicate floral fragrance is complemented and enhanced by its nostalgic Christmas dressing: a romantic frost-white ceramic atomizer of Old World elegance. Filled for Christmas with 4 oz. of Eau de Toilette, it can be refilled again and again with any form of Anais Anais fragrance. 40.00.

To order by Phone: Toll free 24 hours a day, any day of the week. 800-228-5588. In Nebraska, 800-642-8777. In New York, 212-355-5900.

To Order by Mail: Write Bloomingdale's, Box 2042, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022. Please add appropriate sales tax and 4.50 beyond our free delivery area.

We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

bloomingdale's

strawberries, and a small chocolate cake, all packed in a Shaker basket decorated with purple heather; \$3,500. No. 2, El Cheapo, contains a veal saucisson in brioche, two dozen small smoked-salmon sandwiches (made with very thinly sliced whole-grain bread), slices of fresh foie gras, a roast capon stuffed with E.A.T.'s own pâté, ratatouille, two ficelles, a square basket of six selected goat cheeses, a round basket of chocolate-dipped strawberries and chocolate truffles, and fresh fruit. It is enough for two, with leftovers; \$150.

Eli Zabar is very proud of his goat cheeses. He feels that the man who takes care of aging the cheese is more important than the maker. The *af-fineurs*, or agers, are farmers who have *caves*, and nurse their cheeses to a perfect doneness. Mr. Zabar has an agent who shops around to get him noncommercial cheeses, produced by small farms. Some of the cheeses have been aged before shipping, some not. They are never put on sale until they are at their prime. There were thirty-two different raw-milk goat cheeses in his last shipment; a basket of six different chèvres, chosen to complement each other, sells for \$25. The goat cheeses here come in a greater variety of shapes than the ones at any other store in the city. There are buttons, fairy fingers, elephant toes, onions, pyramids, rounds—the smaller cheeses exactly the right size for those who are unsure of their feelings about goat cheese, or feel that there is a limit to how much goat cheese they can eat. Buttons are \$2 each; elephant toes are \$4 each; Sarrietan, a small round covered with summer savory, is \$3. E.A.T. carries other raw-milk cheeses as well. A Pont l'Évêque, Ferme de la Moissonnière, is \$10. A chestnut Brie, made by Bizieau, is \$15, and is an agreeable rather than a pointless variation on a straight Brie. The Fourme d'Ambert, a natural blue cheese with the stamp of authenticity "*Appellation origine garantie*," is outstanding, with none of the raw, soapy taste associated with blue cheese; \$12 a pound, with a refrigerator life of about a year.

The big cheese wheels are all agreed on the direction in which cheese is going. Bill Hyde, of Balducci's, told us that it is not the kind of cheese, or the number of kinds, but how it's made and cared for that counts. The phrase to look for is "*Lait cru*." More and more raw-milk cheeses are being imported, and the

THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR NOT FOLLOWING THE CROWD.

A camera with a combination of features you won't find on any other 35mm SLR in its class.

A camera so extraordinary that in just a few short months it has become one of the best-selling in America.

More than a camera. An achievement. The Minolta XG-M.

What kinds of features make a camera this outstanding?

Optical precision for sharp, clear pictures.

Convenience features like automatic exposure to make

taking pictures as easy as point, focus, shoot.

Important features like metered manual and exposure override that let you give full rein to your creative instincts.

Electronic features to help prevent mistakes.

Handling features like a built-in, textured grip shaped to fit the curve of your hand.

Even professional features like the optional motor drive that automatically advances the film. One frame at a time. Or at a blistering 3.5 frames per second to capture fast action. Like a touchdown pass rifling into the end zone.

And when you want to unleash your imagination, there are more than 45 Minolta computer-designed interchangeable lenses to help you do it. Along with a full system of accessories.

The Minolta XG-M is only the latest in our over 50-year tradition of creating cameras that are not simply cameras, but outstanding achievements.

See it at your Minolta dealer. To find the XG-M, just follow the crowd.

**WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE
HOW GOOD YOU CAN BE.**



MINOLTA

For more information, write Minolta Corporation,
101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.
In Canada: Minolta, Ontario, L4W 1A4.

Product appearance and/or specifications are subject to change without notice.
© 1981 Minolta Corporation.

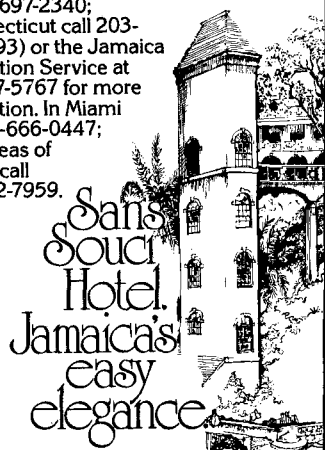
A resort so exclusive there aren't even any rooms.

On the lush North Coast of Jamaica, you'll find something that's quite remarkable in this day and age.

A truly exclusive, truly elegant resort. A small, stylish hideaway. With hill-side terraces and gardens. Dramatic architecture. Free golf, tennis, pools, beach, sand sundeck and all water sport activities. Superb cuisine. European service.

And with such a commitment to luxury that instead of just a room, we give you a beautiful suite.

For reservations, contact your travel agent. Or call Ray Morrow Associates, toll-free at 800-243-9420 (in New York call 212-697-2340; in Connecticut call 203-438-3793) or the Jamaica Reservation Service at 800-327-5767 for more information. In Miami call 305-666-0447; other areas of Florida call 800-432-7959.



Superb Supper (even on Sunday!)

- After-theatre Supper Buffet from 9:30 p.m., Mon.-Sat.
- Oak Room Supper with **Steve Ross**
His Piano, His Songs from 9 p.m., Wed.-Sat.
- Sunday Supper with Steve Ross from 5:30 p.m.

HOTEL

Algonquin

59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800

Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.-2 a.m.)
RESERVATIONS: Robert

BOUQUET DE FRANCE

Exclusive, personalized excursions through France this year, to Paris and the medieval hill villages of Provence, staying in restored manors, townhouses, mills. Gourmet meals, fine wines, French lessons. Limited to 6 participants. \$7,000. Call 203-572-0022, or your travel agent. Bouquet de France Travel, 144 Brook St., Noank, CT 06340.

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN
TOOL COMPANY
Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.

68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

difference between a cheese made from raw milk and one made from pasteurized milk is noticeable. Balducci's has a Livarot of character, made by E. Graindorge, that is strong and creamy; \$5 for half a pound. The same firm makes a superior Pont l'Évêque; a small one is \$3 at Zabar's. A superb raw-milk Camembert, Le Grand Beron, can also be bought at Zabar's for around \$3. Époisses, a cheese with a wonderful farmyard taste, is in several stores; Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has an Époisses au Marc de Bourgogne for \$5.50. (Giorgio DeLuca is pushing washed-rind cheeses this year. The rinds are washed in different things, such as marc, Calvados, beer, or salt water, which apparently add to the flavor without overpowering it.) Beulet makes an excellent Reblochon (sometimes this cheese lacks personality), available at Pasta & Cheese, at 1375 Third Avenue (78th) and six other addresses; \$3.50 for the small size, \$7 for the large. Incidentally, Pasta & Cheese has a pasteurized goat cheese in oil and herbs which is not for serious goat-cheese lovers but is a safe crowd-pleaser. This chain continues to maintain a high standard in cheese buying, aging, and keeping. Its people don't cut into a cheese before it's ripe, thereby ruining it and having to sell it to customers who don't know any better; nor do they try to sell cheese that is past its prime. Macy's Cellar has an impressive number of small, farm-made goat cheeses, most of them made by Desport or St. Laurian. La Besace du Berger, a medium, fairly dry cheese shaped like an onion, is \$2.95. Puyreaux, a mild, smooth cheese that comes in a round with a bright-red wax, is \$2.75. Two of these in a wooden box with green paper grass are \$10. Macy's Cellar also carries Bontje's Mona Lisa, a farm-made, aged Gouda that would be good for eating with apples, and just to have on hand; \$6.90 a pound. A Bontje with stinging nettles is \$6.50 a pound.

Two new stores, done up "country," have opened on Amsterdam Avenue at 80th Street—Sarabeth's Kitchen, at No. 412, and Good Enough to Eat, at No. 424. They are a New York version of the rural church fair, only instead of dear old Grace Slater behind the table it's a nice girl earning a living behind the butcher block. Stores like these fill a longing that many city people have for what they

think of as the simple things of life, such as good plain cooking. Baking is their strong suit. The palmiers at Sarabeth's Kitchen are exceptional—as good as any we've ever eaten—and are thirty-five cents each. The New Amsterdam cookie is a sandwich, two inches in diameter, of two wafers made of ground nuts and a filling of chocolate; \$4.50 for half a pound, and very good. A lemon cake made with butter-milk and baked in a large Kugelhupf mold is coated with a lemon-and-sugar syrup while the cake is hot. The syrup makes a delicious, crisp coating; \$1.35 a slice, or \$16 for a whole cake, which would sate eighteen people.

Sarabeth's Kitchen bakes its own bread—sourdough and challah—and, on weekends, croissants. The croissants are seventy-five cents each, and a large, round loaf of sourdough bread is \$1.25. Sarabeth's also makes pies, for \$12 and \$14, and will have gingerbread cookies for the Christmas season. Gingerbread houses are made to order, for \$75, and if the people here can get the plums they will make plum puddings. Telephone: 496-6280. In addition to the baked goods, they make jams, including a wonderfully tart cranberry relish; \$8 for sixteen ounces. Good Enough to Eat doesn't so much specialize as provide Amsterdam Avenue with a source of hefty soups, quiches, entrées stuffed and unstuffed, pastas, salads, and sweets such as snickerdoodles (fifty cents each) and large lemon squares (eighty cents each), both as good as, or better than, can be made at home. Of particular interest are the Christmas baskets, lined with calico and decorated with ribbons, dried herbs, and flowers. Lumber Jack Breakfast and Tea Time have the most general appeal. Lumber Jack Breakfast includes a special pancake mix, homemade sausages, stewed fruit, Vermont maple syrup, and coffee; \$45. Tea Time has an assortment of herbal teas (coffee may be substituted), four or five mini tea loaves, honey, and marmalade; \$50.

Washington Market, 162 Duane Street (Hudson), is in the Tribeca area, another part of the city that is on the upswing. It is Tribeca's answer to Dean & DeLuca, without the housewares, and it has a kitchen on the premises. The building is part of the old Washington Market, and was once a store that sold soda syrup; the present management sells every kind of food except fresh fish. It's a large,



A woman going places has a special obligation to her family.



You're the 1981 woman. As a New York Life Agent, I meet you every day.

You work at the office, go to P.T.A. meetings, and take extra courses at night. Increasingly, you depend on the sharing concern of your husband to help manage the home and keep an eye on the children.

And although you are more independent and have greater control over your life, your responsibilities have also grown. You now provide, on average, over 40% of your family's dual income.

For that reason alone you need your own life insurance. Maybe even a great deal of it.

Life insurance can't replace you if you should die. I know that. But it can help soften the financial blow of those who depend on you. And, if you live, your policy can provide the extra money for a more comfortable retirement.

Why not get all the facts. Ask someone who is going places in her—or his—own profession and knows how to meet the special obligation to your family.

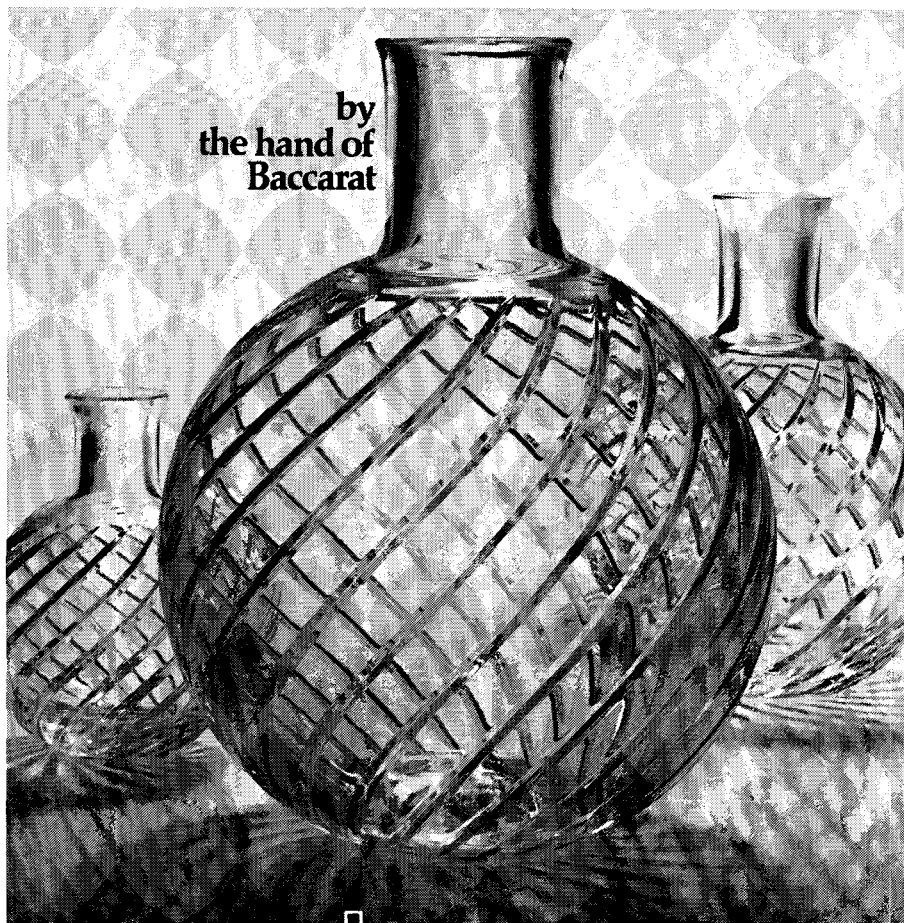
Ask me.

Your New York Life Agent.

"Ask me!"

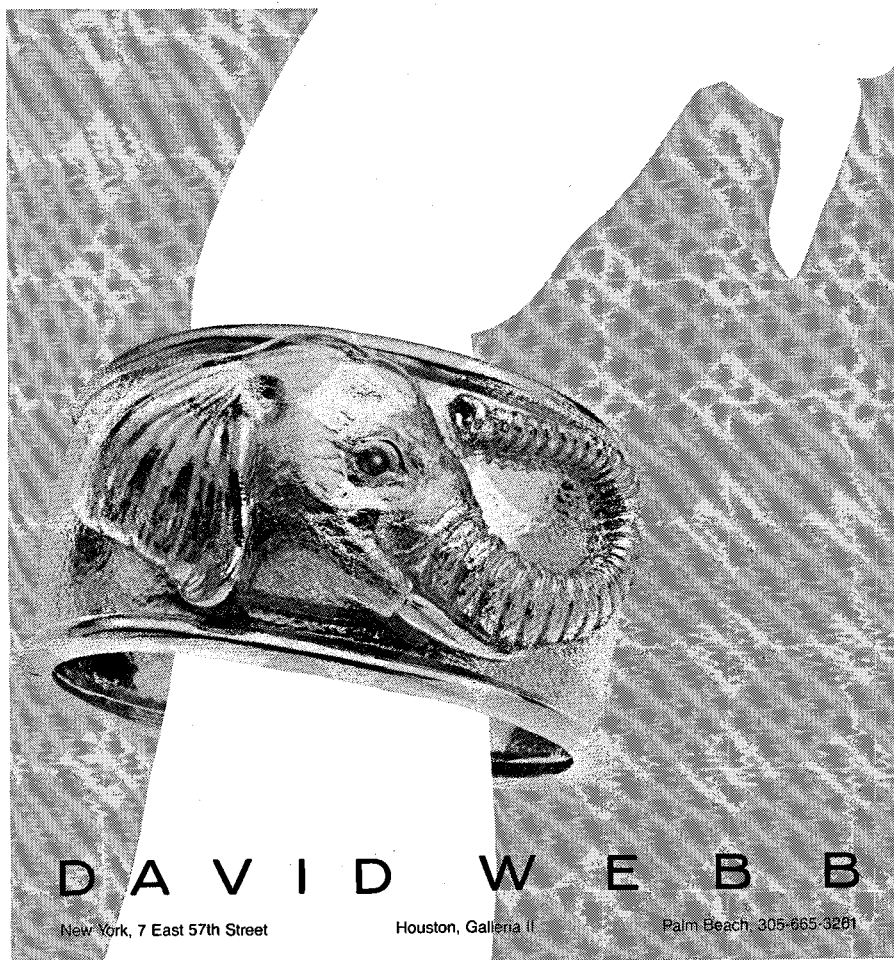


New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010. In Canada: 1240-444 St. Mary Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C3T1. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.



by
the hand of
Baccarat

At selected stores and **BACCARAT** 55 E. 57 St. N.Y.C.



D A V I D W E B B

New York, 7 East 57th Street

Houston, Galleria II

Palm Beach, 305-665-3281

light, airy store, and it, too, is run and staffed by young women who care about the store and its customers. It's worth a visit even if it isn't in your neighborhood. They take great pains with the presentation of the food and provisions; the place looks right, and not overproduced. The day we were there, the smoked sable was especially good—delicate, and moist without being slimy, and properly sliced; \$1.90 a quarter pound, and we preferred it to the smoked sturgeon, at \$4. The store's mincemeat, homemade in Massachusetts, is far superior to the canned variety, and is a good buy for anyone who wants to turn out a fast mince pie or Christmas pudding; \$2 a pound. The jam-preserve scene has got completely out of hand this year, and we weren't going to go into it, but we are compelled to mention the strawberry and black-raspberry preserves sold here. They're American, homemade, delicious, and reasonable. A twenty-ounce jar of strawberry jam is \$4.50; the black-raspberry is \$5. For the holidays, Washington Market will have six different Christmas boxes, covered with a map of lower Manhattan at the turn of the century. They range in price from \$30 to \$100, and the store calls them Six Characters in Search of an Eater. In ascending order of priciness, the characters are Oliver Twist, Don Giovanni, Falstaff, The Mad Hatter, Eliza Doolittle, and Nero Wolfe. Each box includes a favor or two as well as eats. Among the nine items in the Oliver Twist collection are steak-and-kidney pie, Cooper's marmalade, old-fashioned plum pudding, and Wright's Coal Tar Soap. The Don Giovanni box has twelve items, including, of course, pasta, and also Arborio rice, extra virgin olive oil, freshly ground espresso beans, a garlic press, and garlic-suppressant mints. The Nero Wolfe selection runs from Petrossian caviar to goose-quill toothpicks.

Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (95th), has been turning out homemade English cooking of a soothing and benign nature for years, but it is once again time to remind readers of the plum pudding sold here; \$6.50 for half a pound, and \$14 for a pudding that weighs between two and a half and three pounds. While you're here, buy some of the shop's Shrewsbury cookies (with currants); \$8 for sixteen. Or some of its sugar cookies; \$9 for sixteen.

Hediard products have arrived at Coffea, 982 Third Avenue (59th) and

Your hands should look as contemporary as the rest of you.

You can't really put your best foot forward if your hand is behind the times. Which is why we've created our stylish new line of TRZ ballpoints and pencils.

TRZ™ pens have fashionably sleek lines and come in the year's most chic colors and materials. Yet they go for the most unfashionably low prices (\$5-\$15).

This not only makes them a perfect gift. It proves that you don't have to be well-heeled to keep your hand well-dressed.


SHEAFFER®

SHEAFFER EATON | TETRON
Sheaffer, Eaton, Tetron and T are registered trademarks of Sheaffer Corporation.



For
good little boys
and girls.

Handcrafted in California
Saddle Leather \$140.

Schlesinger
Brothers



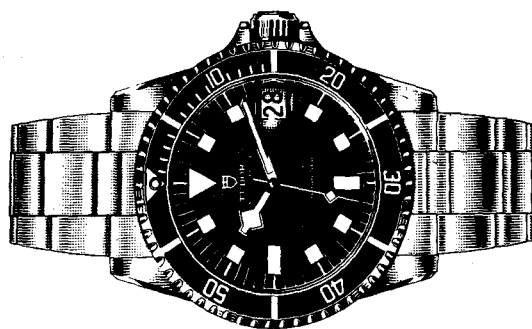
A tradition of excellence in fine business cases since 1919
Broadway & Jefferson St. Camden, N.J. 08104

Send \$3 for color catalogue & name of nearest dealer.

2349 Broadway (85th). The Hediard mother house, in Paris, has been in the same spot, across the *place* from Fauchon, since 1854. The authenticity of the New York outlets is immediately established by the fact that the help wear slippers. These stores are principally a source of food gifts, but there is no reason not to buy oneself a gift here. Most of their things are under Hediard's own label. The first reason to go into the glittering Third Avenue shop is to see the coffee-roasting machine in the back. Made of brass and black iron, it is a copy of a 1919 model, and the mere sight of it lifts the spirits. Coffea claims to be the first store in the United States to roast its coffee in small quantities, so it's always fresh. (Most places roast four hundred pounds at a time.) It has twenty varieties of coffee beans (ranging in price from \$3.50 to \$7 a pound) and forty-two varieties of loose teas (from \$3.15 to \$4.60 a quarter pound, except for a vintage Darjeeling, which is \$9 a quarter pound). It also carries herbal teas. Fruits, not *au naturel*, are one of their big specialties: glazed, preserved, jams, jellies, juices, purées, syrups, coulis, and their famous *pâtes de fruits*—squares of compressed fruit jellies dipped in sugar—which are fifty cents each. There are flower-petal jams, honeys, marrons glacés, eighteen different canned soups, herbs, spices, and mustards. In short, the store carries all the things that go into gift baskets, and, unsurprisingly, it will make these up to order; from \$10.25 to \$200. The \$10.25 number consists of two small cannisters of tea and a small jar of jam, of your choice. A bottle of booze will be included if the customer brings it in.

A NARROW marble aisle separates Petrossian and Michel Guérard's Comptoir Gourmand—the Scylla and Charybdis of Bloomingdale's. M. Guérard is, of course, the *** French chef; the boutique is lacquered maroon, and sleek as licorice; the cuisine is minceur, gourmande, or bourgeoise. The shop also has frozen fish entrées, sauces, and desserts, as well as the de-rigueur bottles and jars of vinegars, mustards, and preserves. You can get four stocks: fish fumet (\$1.25, for eight ounces); veal (\$2); chicken (\$2.50); and lobster (\$4.50). On hand every day are from thirty to thirty-five dishes to go, not including individual minceur dishes or frozen items. A special kitchen has been installed on the roof, where everything

TUDOR
by Rolex



Oysterdate Submariners... Selfwinding.
Pressure proof Rotating elapsed time bezels.
Stainless steel with matching bracelets.
Large \$470 Medium \$400 Small \$440.

TOURNEAU

NEW YORK • BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

500 Madison Ave., at 52nd St., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265 • Outside NY 1-800-223-1288 toll free.
BAL HARBOUR SHOPS, 9700 Collins Avenue, Bal Harbour, Fla. 33154 • (305) 866-4312
Mail and phone orders welcome. American Express and all other major credit cards honored.
Open evenings and Sundays till Christmas.

TOURNEAU'S FAMOUS GUARANTEE PLUS FREE LIFETIME BATTERY REPLACEMENT.

\$2

a year—52 issues—
for the first subscription
(your own or gift)

\$10

for each additional
one-year gift subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada \$6.00 per year;
other foreign \$12.00 per year.



Please send a New Yorker gift
subscription to each of the following:

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1st gift _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

☐ Start a subscription for me only ☐ Start my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Start gifts only.

2nd gift _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

3rd gift _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

Please complete your order here:

I enclose \$ _____ for _____ subscriptions.

Or, charge my: ☐  ☐  ☐ 

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

4511

For immediate service call toll-free
800-223-0200
(In New York State 212-840-3800)

THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETURN TO THE ERA OF THE CATTLEMAN

5 E. 45th St., NY. (212) 661-1200 From Lunch to Late Supper

*******GALA*******
NEW YEAR'S EVE!

**SINGING
MADAMES
NIMBLE PIANIST**

**CONFETTI
STREAMERS**
CAP PISTOLS

**INDIAN MYSTICS
MIDNIGHT ★ GONG!**

**GREAT AMERICAN WINES
24 OZ. PRIME SIRLOIN**

Make your reservations now and have an opulent, extravagant, deliciously Victorian New Year's Eve celebration at The Cattleman. Open 7 days.
Chocolate Festival Jan. 18 - Feb. 21
Free Parking at Meyer's Garage, 46th St. between Madison & Fifth, with dinner 5-12 pm except Sundays.

©THE CATTLEMAN, INC., 1981

THE INN ON THE LIBRARY LAWN

Westport's X-Country Ski Center

"An Inn for all seasons" with comfortable rooms, pleasant atmosphere and fine dining.

- 18 miles of trails—open & wilderness
- rentals, lessons & ski pkgs available

Listed in *Country Inns and Back Roads*

**OVERLOOKING
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Westport, N.Y.
12993**

518/962-8666



**ROYAL
HOTEL**
COPENHAGEN

"The personal touch
that means so much"

For information and reservations
please contact: SAS Sales Offices
or Steigenberger Reservations
tollfree: (800) 223-5652
or Robert Warner Inc., New York
(212) 687-5750
or directly:

AN **SAS** HOTEL

A. Kappenberger man. dir.



Cruise beautiful French canals on hotelboat! Superb French cuisine. Relax on sundeck or cycle alongside while floating through Burgundy. Visit picturesque villages and chateaus. Individuals or charter group (maximum-12). Paris pickup. **HORIZON**, 215 N. 75th, Belleville, IL 62223, 618-397-7524

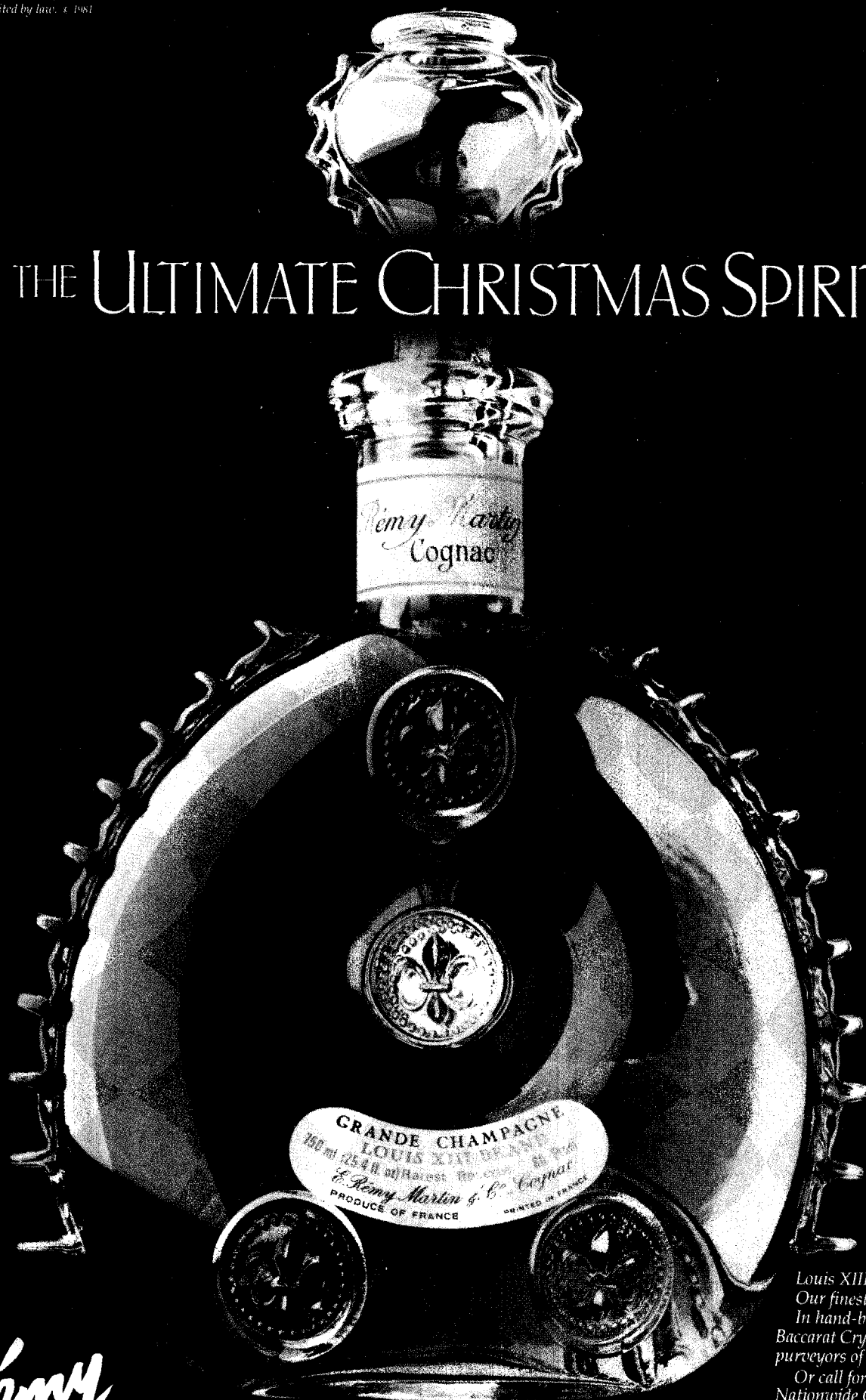
is made under the supervision of Didier Odile, who if not brought up at M. Guérard's knee was evidently trained at his elbow. In addition to M. Odile, there are three other Frenchmen—Patrick Grangien, the chef, and his two assistants—plus three American sous-assistants, graduates of the Culinary Institute of America. What emerges from this tenth-floor aerie is spectacular. To start with how the food looks, M. Guérard is big on aspic, both chopped and as a glaze. (He uses it instead of Saran Wrap.) The aspic has flavor and the right consistency—it doesn't squeak. All the dishes are tempting, and are kept looking that way by frequent transferrals to clean platters and constant tidying up. Cuisine minceur was, needless to say, M. Guérard's inspiration, and is represented here by a three-course meal for every day of the week except Sunday, when, perhaps, dieters are expected to pig out. Caveat emptor: each menu has at least one dish that has to be reheated, so if you're planning to take a minceur meal back to the office it had better be equipped with a stove. (Instructions for reheating are included with each meal.) The cold dishes and the ones that can be served at room temperature are better than the ones that have to be reheated, for obvious reasons: with the exception of soups and stews, warmed-up food is never the same as the original. Of the minceur meals that we tried, the entrée was better than O.K., particularly if one is on a diet, but the first courses were the stars. A salmon aspic with lemon and peppercorns looks like a mosaic, and is served with a light tomato sauce. It is a delicate balance of tastes and textures. A mussel salad, flavored with saffron, with a julienne of vegetables, is equally fine. A thick mushroom soup is velvety and full of flavor. The whole meal is \$14.50. As for the gourmande side of the cuisine, the problem is deciding what you want. There are at least eight pâtés, each in its crisp, white terrine. The pâté de campagne is the only good country pâté we've found in New York—it's a real pâté de campagne, not a meatloaf, and it is wonderfully satisfying; \$8.50 for half a pound. Of the Pithiviers (puff pastry), the dumpling stuffed with a veal-and-pork pâté would make a good, inexpensive lunch; \$2.50. A glazed poached egg on ratatouille, a simple dish that is hard to do well, was exemplary. The egg was perfectly poached, and the ratatouille firm, with each vegetable

retaining its character; \$2. A coquille of salmon on a bed of mixed-vegetable salad is \$5. (The only trouble with the mixed-vegetable salad here is that the French discovered "fresh frozen" corn a few years ago, and their salads haven't been the same since.) Among the chocolate desserts, the chocolate charlotte (\$3.50 a portion), with a coffee sauce, is glorious, as is the chocolate pot de crème (\$3.50, plus a \$2.50 deposit on the pot). The apple tart (\$3) is a caramelized confection unlike any other apple tart we've ever eaten, and better. The shop does not deliver—they have enough trouble just getting the food from the roof to the boutique by means of the store's freight elevators. The Comptoir is a highly ambitious undertaking. Its success depends not only on whether the kitchen can maintain the standards of M. Guérard but also on how it copes with the unavailability of first-rate fresh produce in this city. Tiny string beans, for example—a staple of French salads and garnishes—are \$6 a pound at the Korean markets, when available. Fresh fruit poached without sugar is fine if the fruit is ripe but tasteless and flat if the fruit isn't, no matter how expertly the sauce is made. Not to worry. This shop is offering extraordinarily fine takeout food, the likes of which we have never seen in this country.

WE nearly always fall back on Dean & DeLuca for presents to give the cook, or for the cook to give herself. High on the list are some sundried tomatoes soaked in olive oil, made by Crespi e Figli in the old country. A seven-ounce jar is \$7.25; a three-pound jar is \$41.25. They can also be bought loose, for \$12 a pound. A six-ounce jar of olive purée, made by the same firm, is \$4.20. Both of these delicacies taste homemade; they aren't, but they are made by hand, and either one would pick up a rather flat meal, such as cold sliced chicken or an uninteresting fish. Also, quite frankly, one could put either one of them all by itself on garlic bread and peg away. (If you see the name Crespi on anything, take notice. Giorgio DeLuca says this company is fighting an uphill battle to maintain its old traditions; Italian government regulations are the enemy.) The giant elephant garlic at D. & D. is the largest and finest we've ever seen, but perhaps it should be put beside the cook's stocking, rather than in it. The larger the garlic clove, the milder, and it is therefore less likely to

Sole U.S.A. Distributor: Foreign Vintages, Inc. N.Y. N.Y. Cognac 80 Proof.
Void where prohibited by law. © 1981

THE ULTIMATE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



Louis XIII.
Our finest Cognac.
In hand-blown
Baccarat Crystal. From
purveyors of fine spirits.
Or call for delivery.
Nationwide Gift Liquor
800-528-6148

Rémy

THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTING MONA LINDSAY'S OLIVE MEATLOAF

Now you can create your own Italian masterpiece with this Lindsay® Olive Meatloaf. Plump, flavorful Lindsay Pitted Black Ripe Olives add a special texture and mellow flavor to this beautiful, tasteful dish. Make one tonight and watch it go "Arrivederci!" That's a meal worth smiling about!

An olive is just an olive... unless it's a Lindsay.®



Lindsay
California
Pitted
Ripe Olives

MONA LINDSAY'S OLIVE MEATLOAF

2 lbs. lean ground beef 1 C. chopped onions 1 clove garlic, crushed 3 bacon slices, halved ¼ t. pepper	½ t. <i>each</i> basil, oregano and salt 1 can (6 oz.) Lindsay Pitted Black Ripe Olives, drained 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
--	---

In large bowl, thoroughly mix all ingredients except Lindsay Olives, tomato sauce and bacon. Mix in Lindsay Olives, reserving 5 for garnish. In a 9×13-inch baking pan, shape mixture into a 4×12-inch rounded loaf. Pour tomato sauce over loaf. Lay bacon slices across loaf. Bake in 350° F. oven 1 hour 15 minutes. Garnish with reserved Lindsay Olives. Slice to serve hot or cold. Makes 8 servings.

knock the consumers, or friends, off their feet. It also has more uses—as a purée, for example. It's \$3.50 a pound. Packages of frozen puff pastry, made by Roth & Son, are \$2.25 each, and a few of these in the freezer might give many a cook a feeling of security. There has been entirely too much noise about balsamic vinegar in the last two years, but we feel it our duty to report on the *vintage* balsamic vinegar available at Dean & DeLuca. It is made by the house of Giusti, which has a little *palazzo* industry outside Modena where it has been making this vinegar since 1605. Balsamic vinegar has been made by individual families in and around Modena since the eleventh century. The rivalry between makers is intense, and is comparable to the brouhaha that surrounds wine. (We are talking only about *balsamico naturale*, not the vastly inferior *balsamico industriale*, *naturellement*.) Each maker has his barrels of various sizes and woods up in the loft, where the vinegar is aged and blended, and each maker has his own secrets and theories. Brews are handed down from father to son through the generations, and when the vinegar is *really* old it is often drunk neat, as a nightcap. A half litre of the 1972 vintage is \$25; a quarter litre of the 1930 is \$75. We were allowed to taste the 1972 vinegar, and can report that it is very rich, nutty, and mellow; whether the 1930 vinegar is richer, nuttier, and mellower we are unable to say. (One can always buy sixteen ounces of Duke of Modena Reserve, *sans année*, and possibly *industriale*, for \$3.10 at Macy's Cellar, and fool some of the people all of the time.) The preserved fruits of a French firm, Distillerie de Haute-Provence, are unlike any others we've ever had, and they are sensationally good. Each fruit is packed in its own eau de vie: tiny, crisp pears in poire, grapes in marc, cherries in kirsch, raspberries in framboise, small green plums in prune brandy. The fruits and the juices are equally good, and would end any meal with éclat. They range from \$16.95, for a seventeen-and-a-half-ounce jar, drained weight, to \$330, for a thirty-pound melon jar. (They are also available at Pasta & Cheese.) Mrs. Kuony, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, makes a luxurious chocolate sauce called Postilion's Luscious Chocolate; \$5.25 for an eleven-ounce jar.



Lanciani, 275 West 4th Street, makes a devastating chocolate truffle. It is in the shape of a truffle, is very chocolaty, is dusted with cocoa, and is uncorrupted by almond, champagne, or other impertinent flavors; \$4.50 for a quarter of a pound. Lanciani, which also carries pastries and breads, has a booth in the front of the new Pasta & Cheese at 1120 Third Avenue (66th), and sometimes you can find these truffles there. (In the rear of this particular P. & C. is a café serving, among other things, one of the best lunches in the city: Shrimp Scandic—an open-faced, lightly toasted sandwich of tiny Scandinavian shrimp with a dill mayonnaise; \$6.50 for a lot of shrimp.)

The price of caviar not only has not gone up this year but has actually come down in some places—a bit of news that will be of interest only to a very small group. Petrossian's is still the least salty of the caviars we've tasted, and each little egg is impeccable. The various caviars can be bought in amounts ranging from an ounce to a kilo (35.27 ounces). A pound of Beluga is \$342, a pound of Ossetra \$251. (Ossetra has more flavor than Beluga, and is a golden brown. Many people, including us, prefer it.) The Sevruga is \$166 a pound. Pressed caviar made from the mature eggs of all three is \$158 a pound. A box of four—one thirty-gram jar of each—is \$62. This year, Petrossian is selling blini, so that, with the addition of either crème fraîche or sour cream and melted butter—and caviar—a first-class Pancake Special can be produced in a trice; eighty cents apiece. Zabar's Beluga caviar, which is excellent, costs \$198 for fourteen ounces; its Sevruga is \$120. Ruslan has just obtained fifty pounds of Beluga; it will be selling for \$220 a pound. All the caviar entrepreneurs say that they taste each four-and-a-half-pound tin when it's opened—a not unpleasurable onus that should guarantee the customer fresh caviar, as opposed to eggs tasting slightly of old washcloth.

For the weary Christmas shopper: La Fromagerie sells perfect petit pains (with the points)—baked by a French petit-pain woman—with perfect fresh butter and perfect sliced ham (from Schaller & Weber), for \$2.25 each. They are very popular with the students from the Lycée Français. One group of students, we've learned, has requested petit pains with pâté de foie



Ask now and this big, book-style catalog is yours free. Your single, most reliable source for superior GARDEN PLANTS -- over 1000 items for your home garden, with authoritative descriptions and sound advice -- 148 pages faithfully illustrated in FULL COLOR! Visit our garden shop in Hodges, South Carolina.

WAYSIDE GARDENS CO.

100 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

Please send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Wayside Gardens Co.

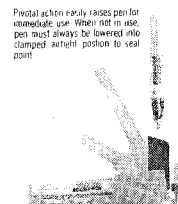
100 Garden Lane • Hodges, S. C. 29695

menash **inc**
2305 Broadway (at 83rd Street) • New York City • 10024
(212) 677-2000

The magnificent
**MONT
BLANC**
Diplomat 149



OUR
PRICE
\$132.



Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph
Technical Pens

**TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS
SIMPLY**

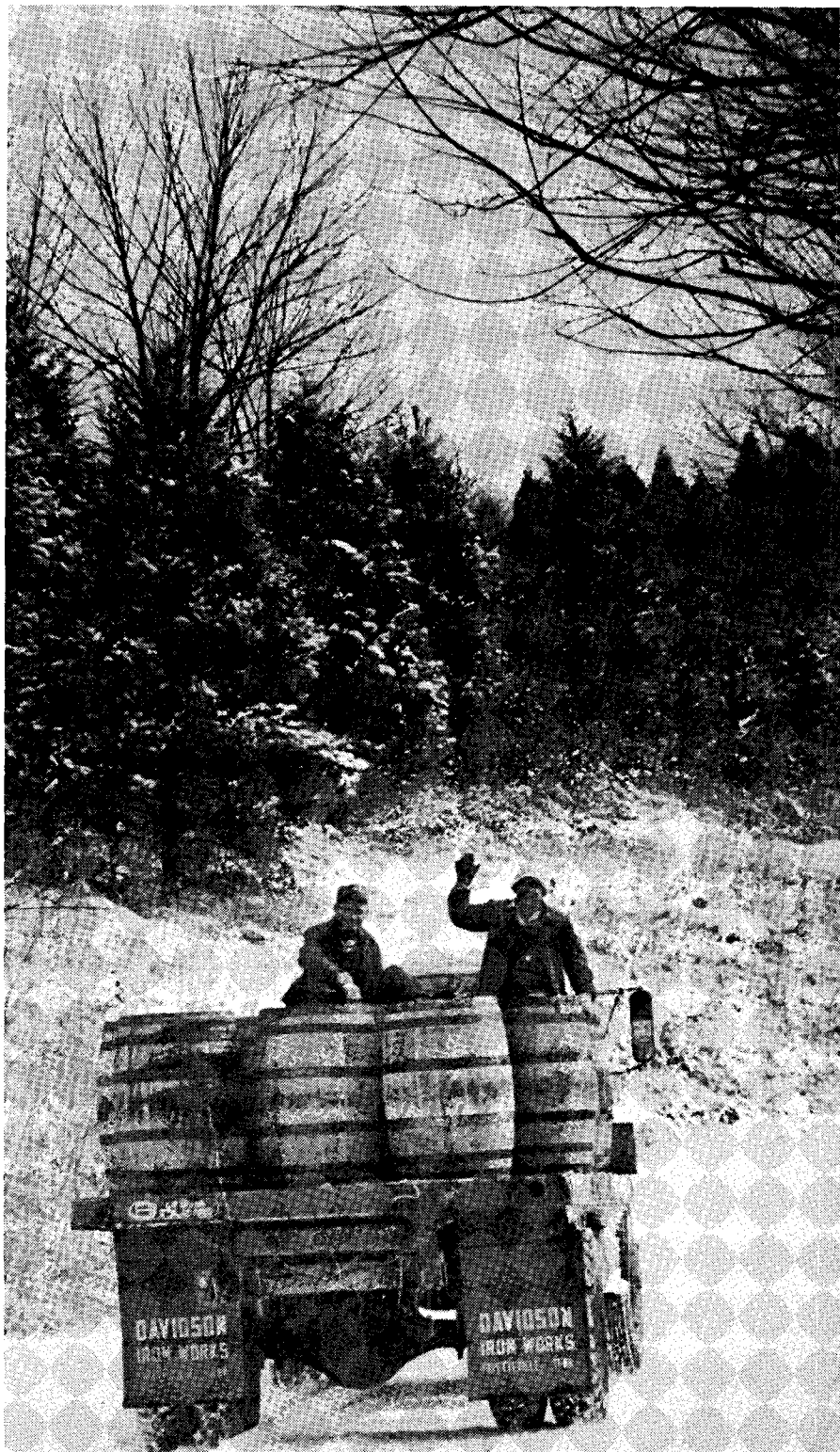
ELEGANT

Prospect of Whitby Hotel

1-(800) 243-4954/5

203-371-1119





*Merry Christmas
from all of us at
Jack Daniel's*

Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

gras for the holidays. On being told that these sandwiches would be \$10 apiece, the students said they didn't mind, but they'd like the pâté without truffles, please.

Anyone wishing to wind up the Yuletide season with a flourish should consider a Galette des Rois, or Twelfth Night Cake—a tradition in France and in some American families. Different regions of France have different kinds of cakes. The most traditional one is made of puff pastry, and has a caramelized top. A less traditional one has almond filling. There is a certain amount of rigmarole attached to this cake. A favor, called a *fève* (bean), is baked in it, and is usually a small white porcelain baby in swaddling clothes, made of Limoges, because Limoges can resist the high temperature of the oven. A crown of gold or silver accompanies the cake. Bonté, Dumas, and Colette all make these cakes in three sizes. Bonté, 1316 Third Avenue (75th), will have them on hand after the first of the year, priced from \$6 to \$12, with the crown \$1 extra. It will not bake the *fève* in the cake, for fear of lawsuits, but will send it along for the customer to insert. Dumas, 1330-A Lexington Avenue (88th), will have the cakes on hand after January 4th; from \$7.05 to \$9.90, and the crown is fifty cents extra. Colette, 1136 Third Avenue (66th), will make both the plain and the almond-paste-filled Galette, but either must be ordered two days ahead. Both come with the *fève* baked in the cake, crown included, and cost from \$9.50 to \$13. On Twelfth Night, when the cake is cut, the youngest member of the family, positioned under the table, calls out who is to get each piece. Whoever gets the *fève* wins the crown, and can choose a consort. Merry Christmas!

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

[Notice distributed at the United States
Environmental Protection Agency]

OFFICE OF
THE ADMINISTRATOR

MEMORANDUM FOR

Associate Administrators
Assistant Administrators
Office Directors
Regional Administrators

We have had some confusion as to the designations A/O and O/A. To avoid further conflicts, A/O will mean the Office of the Administrator and O/A will be Office of Administration.

JOHN E. DANIEL
Chief of Staff

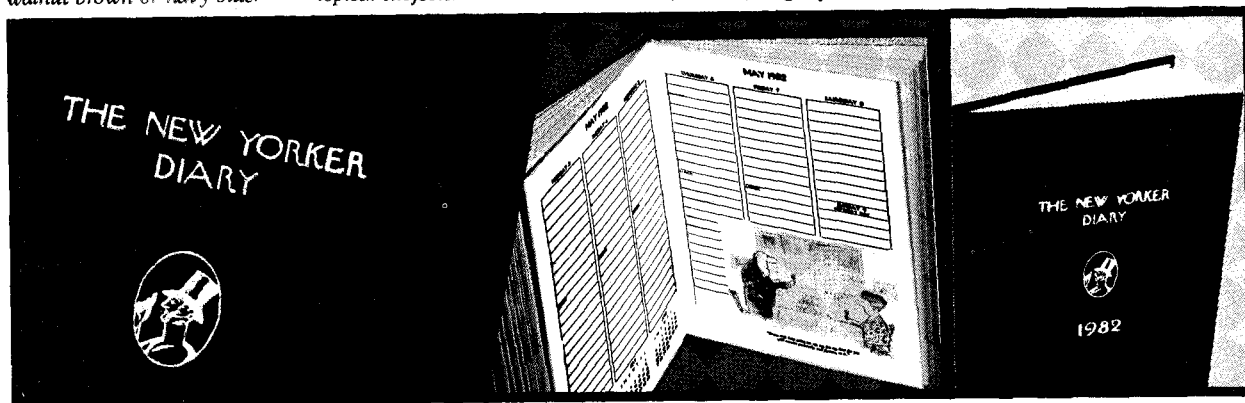
128 pages. Bound in kid-grained leatherette, now available in either dark walnut brown or navy blue.

Featuring 50 cartoons by New Yorker artists, marking the seasons, holidays, and topical subjects.

Reference guides to "Goings On About Town," Theatres, Movie Houses, Art Galleries, Hotels, Nightspots,

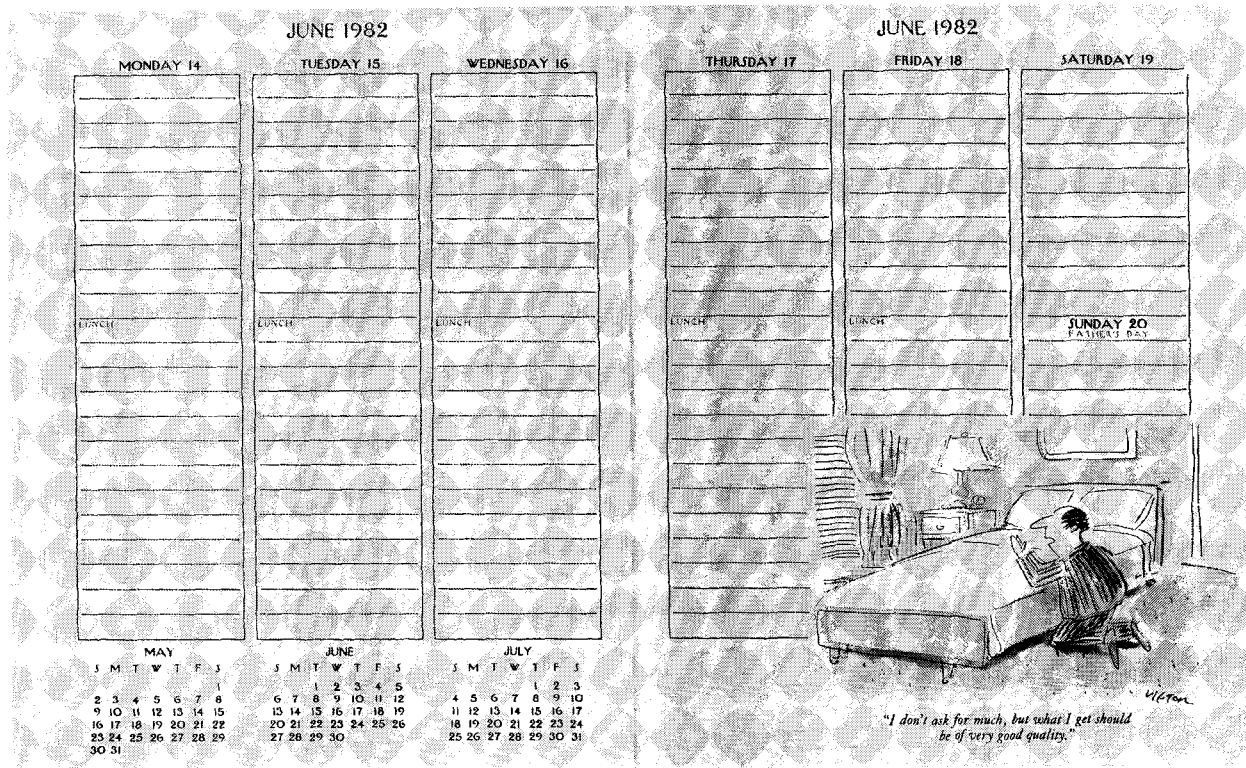
and other places of interest.

Full calendars for 1981, 1982, 1983.



THE DIFFERENT DIARY

ALSO AVAILABLE IN BROWN



SAMPLE SPREAD • ACTUAL SIZE 10" x 16"

\$13.50

ADD \$1.50 PER DIARY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (NEW YORK RESIDENTS, PLEASE ADD SALES TAX)

FROM THE NEW YORKER

Suite 1101, 25 West 43 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me ☐ Blue ☐ Brown copies of The New Yorker Diary @ \$13.50 each.
Enclosed is my check for \$_____ Or, charge my



Account # _____ EXP. DATE _____

NAME _____ please print
ADDRESS _____ APT. _____
CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

ORDER NOW

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
For quantities over 25, write for price list.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dreamers

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" is the most emotional movie musical I've ever seen. It's a stylized mythology of the Depression which uses the popular songs of the period as expressions of people's deepest longings—for sex, for romance, for money, for a high good time. When the characters can't say how they feel, they evoke the songs: they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals.

Visually, the film is a tarnished romance. The sets are stylized—not just the sets for the dance numbers but also the Chicago streets and stores, the movie houses, the diners and dives, which are designed in bold, formal compositions, for a heightened melancholy. This is our communal vision of the Depression, based on images handed down to us: motionless streets and buildings, with lonely figures in clear, cold light. The film actually re-creates paintings and photographs that are essences of America. There's a breathtaking re-creation of Edward Hopper's "Nighthawks" coffee shop, and it's held for just the right length of time. There's Hopper's interior of a movie house with a woman usher leaning against the wall, and there are bleary faces and purplish red-light-district scenes by Reginald Marsh, and thirties photographs of desolation, such as a dark flivver parked in front of a plain white clapboard house. These images blend in and breathe with the other shots. The whole movie seems a distillation of that forlorn, heavily shadowed period, while the songs express people's most fervent shallow hopes. When the hero, Arthur, a sheet-music salesman, a big talker just smart enough to get himself into trouble, goes on his selling trips, from Chicago to Galena, in 1934, the land is flat and deserted, with almost nothing moving but his little car chugging along the road.

As Arthur, Steve Martin has light-brown hair cut short, and when he calls up a song he has an expression of eagerness and awe that transforms him. You forget Steve Martin the TV entertainer, with his zany catch

phrases and his disconnected nonchalance. Steve Martin seems to have forgotten him, too. He has a wild-eyed intensity here that draws you right into Arthur's desperation and his lies. Arthur believes the words of the songs, and he tries to get to the dream world they describe. At home in Chicago, he pleads with his wife for a little sex: he mimes a love song—"I'll Never Have to Dream Again"—and Connee Boswell's voice comes out of him. It's our first exposure to the film's device, and though we're meant to laugh or grin, Connee Bos-



well is saying something for Arthur that his petite and pie-faced wife, Joan (Jessica Harper), refuses to hear, and the mixture of comedy and poignancy is affecting in a somewhat delirious way. Joan cringes at Arthur's touch; she thinks his attempts to make love to her are evidence of a horrible, sullyng perversion. Then, in the little town of Galena, when he's in a music store trying to get an order, a shy schoolteacher, Eileen (Bernadette Peters), walks in; Arthur mimes Bing Crosby singing "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and Eileen dances to the music, and the two of them form romantic, thirties-movie-star silhouettes in his mind. Eileen is pale and gentle, a brown-eyed blonde with soft curls—tendrils, really. She looks malleable, like the young Janet Gaynor. Eileen lives in a song world, too, and she's eager to believe Arthur's lie that he isn't married. She also has a spicy, wanton side; she turns into a Kewpie doll when she mimes Helen Kane's boop-boop-a-doops in "I Want to Be Bad." She has everything that Arthur wants, except money. As the story develops, it's so familiar it's archetypal; it's a manic-depressive libretto. Alfred Kazin has written about the passion of "a period—the thirties—that has had no rival since for widespread pain and sudden hope." That's what this black-humor musical, which Dennis Potter adapted from his six-segment BBC mini-series, is about.

The lip-syncing idea works wonderfully; it's in the dialogue interludes that the movie gets off on the wrong foot. Most of these scenes need to be played faster—to be snappier and more hyperbolic, with little curlicues of irony in the performances to point

things up. For example, we see a gigantic billboard showing Carole Lombard with a huge black eye in Faith Baldwin's "Love Before Breakfast." (It's the same billboard poster that appears in a famous photograph by Walker Evans, taken in Atlanta in 1936.) A little while later, with the Lombard poster looking on, a love-starved man grabs a blind girl, and when we next see her, dead, she has a black eye. The director, Herbert Ross, plays it straight, and so instead of being bizarrely, horribly funny it's peculiar. Black humor played too slow is peculiar; it may seem that the misery level is rising awfully high. Ross's deliberate pace makes the film's tone uncertain. Sometimes he doesn't go all the way with a shocking joke, or he muffles it, so the audience doesn't get the release of laughter. There's so little movement during the dialogue that the characters seem numbed out, and the audience's confidence in the film is strained—the discomfort of some of the viewers is palpable. I think our emotions get jammed up. Yet the scenes in themselves—even those that are awkwardly paced and almost static—still have a rapt, gripping quality. And even when a scene cries out for a spin, a further twist of artifice, the actors carry the day. Bernadette Peters has ironic curlicues built in, and her exaggerated Queens diction (which is certainly eccentric for an Illinois girl) gives her her own cheeping-chicky sound.

Besides Arthur and Joan and that heavenly angel cake Eileen, there are two other major characters. Vernel Bagneris (the director and star of the long-running show "One Mo' Time") plays a homeless, stuttering street musician and beggar, the Accordion Man, whom Arthur picks up on the road, and it's Bagneris who mimes the title song. The version he lip-syncs isn't the happy-go-lucky Crosby version from the totally unrelated 1936 film that was also called "Pennies from Heaven;" it's that of Arthur Tracy, which is much darker and much more potent. The sorrow of the Depression and the hoping beyond hope are concentrated in this song and in the Accordion Man himself. Arthur Tracy's wrenching voice—it has tears and anguish in it—comes pouring out of the stuttering simpleton, and, as if the song had freed him, the Accordion Man dances, sensually, easily. With a photo-collage of the Depression behind him and a shower of shimmering gold raining down on him, he stretches and

struts. I never thought I'd go around with the song "Pennies from Heaven" pulsating in my skull, but the combination of Arthur Tracy and Vernel Bagneris is voluptuously masochistic. Popular singers in the thirties brought out the meaning of a lyric as fully as possible, and the original recordings, which are used here, have the true sound of the period. (The bridges between these old arrangements and the dances—and the dance sequences themselves—are said to have been orchestrated "using antique recording equipment" to preserve the thirties sound; however it was accomplished, the result is worth the effort.) Where the movie misses is in the timing of the contrapuntal gags: after the Accordion Man has had his shimmering-gold epiphany, Arthur, feeling like a real sport, hands him a quarter. Ross somehow buries the connection, the shock. Everything in the material is double-edged: it's conceived in terms of extremes—the melodrama and the pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. But the director keeps trying to sneak it back in; he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real life. (Would he be this afraid of the cruel jokes in "The Threepenny Opera"?)

The other major character—almost as much transformed as Steve Martin—is Christopher Walken, with dark, slicked-down hair. As Tom the pimp, who puts Eileen on the street, he has the patent-leather lounge-lizard look of a silent-movie wolf, and his scenes play like greasy magic.

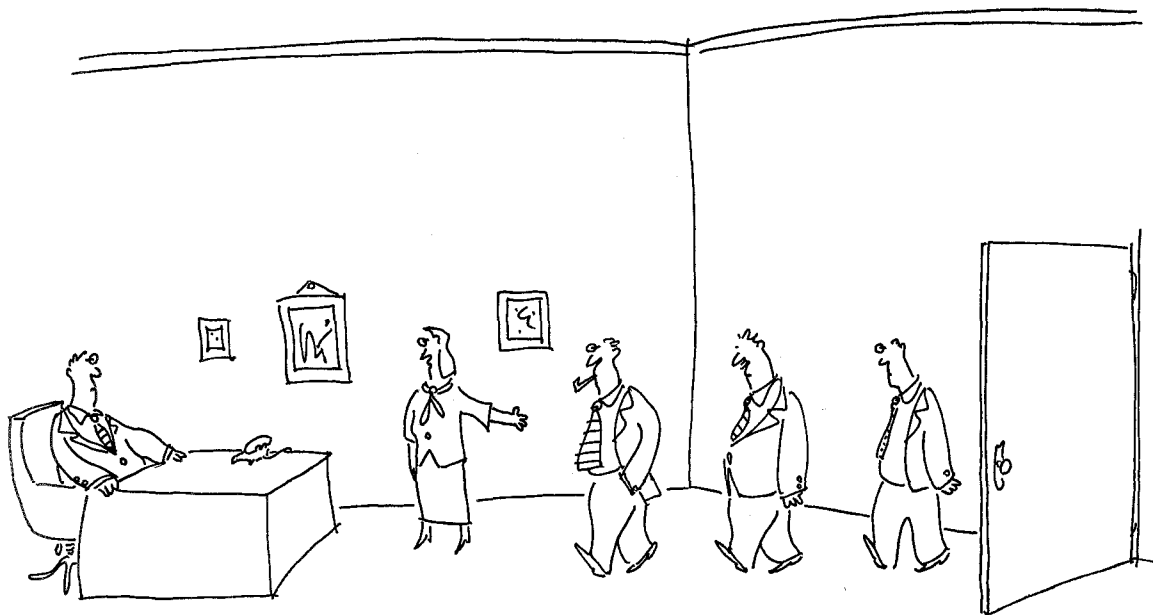
In his first movie musical, Walken, who used to dance on Broadway, has more heat and athletic energy than he has shown in his straight acting roles. He has never been quite all there on the screen; he has looked drained or packed in ice. (That's what made him so effective as the chief mercenary in "The Dogs of War"—that, and the tense way he walked in New York, like an animal pacing a cage.) Here, there's sensuality in his cartooned apathy, and when he first spots Eileen his eyeballs seem to pop out on

springs. In a mock striptease in a saloon, he shows how powerfully built he is, and he's a real hoofer. He takes the screen in a way he never has before—by force, and with lewd amusement, particularly when he bares a grotesque valentine tattoo on his chest.

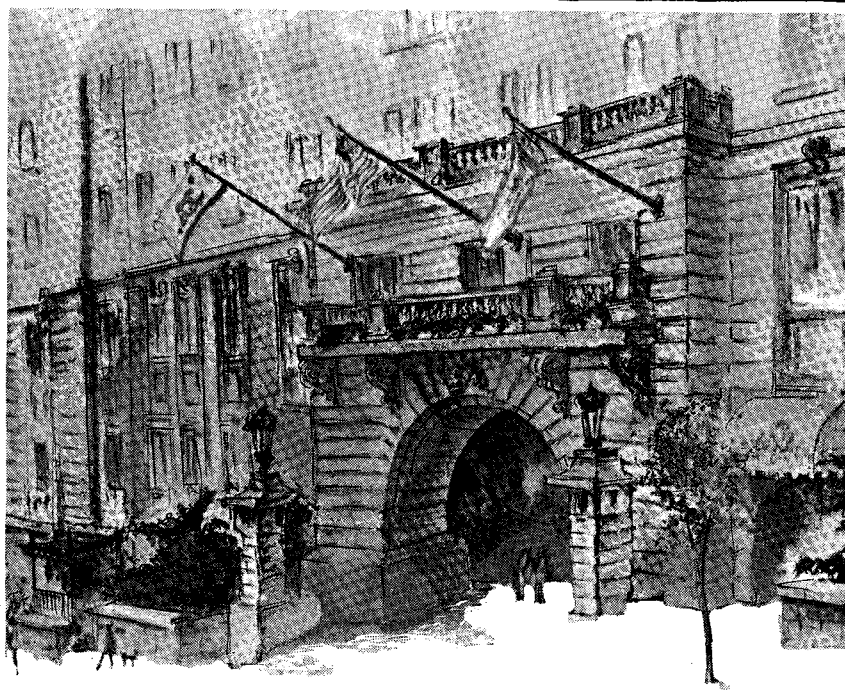
There hasn't been this much tap dancing in a movie musical in many years. Arthur does a derby-and-plaid-suit vaudeville routine with two other salesmen, who are played by Tommy Rall (best known to moviegoers as Ann Miller's partner in the 1953 "Kiss Me, Kate") and spaghetti-legged Robert Fitch (best known to theatregoers as the original Rooster in "Annie"). It's a fast, showy number—to the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra's playing and the Boswell Sisters' singing "It's the Girl"—and the three men have wonderful frilly gestures as they curve and sway to imitate femininity, and use their hands to model their dream girls' shapes in the air. Steve Martin doesn't slow his celebrated partners down; he's spectacular—he really is Steve (Happy Feet) Martin. In the film's most startling sequence, set inside the Hopper movie theatre with the weary blond usher, Arthur and Eileen sit watching "Follow the Fleet." Arthur is transfixed, and as Astaire sings "Let's Face the Music and Dance" Arthur begins singing, too. He goes up on the stage, and Eileen joins him—two tiny, sharply edged figures in deep, rich color against the huge black-and-white screen images of Astaire and Rogers dancing, and they really seem

to be there. They dance along with the stars on the screen, and then the two minuscule figures shift into black-and-white, and take over. Arthur is in tails, Eileen in a copy of Ginger's glittering gown with its loose fur cowl. And a chorus line of men in tails appears, tapping, like the men in "Top Hat." It makes you gasp. Do Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters really dare to put themselves in Astaire and Rogers' place? Yet they carry it off. You may still be gasping when Arthur and Eileen leave the theatre (the exterior is a Reginald Marsh) and hear newsboys shouting the headlines. The police are looking for Arthur.

Herbert Ross has never shown much audacity in his other screen work, and when a director has been as successful as Ross has been with bland muck ("The Sunshine Boys," "The Turning Point," "The Goodbye Girl"), and has even been honored for it, it certainly takes something special to make him plunge in. Ross didn't go in far enough, but this is still quite a plunge. Dennis Potter's idea—obvious, yet strange, and with a pungency—provided the chance of a lifetime; Ross's collaborators must have felt it, too, and possibly they came up with ideas he couldn't resist. He had a superlative team. The production designer was Ken Adam, who designed the eight most imaginative James Bond pictures and also "Dr. Strangelove," "Barry Lyndon," and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." The film's greatest splendors are those re-created visions—particularly the coffee shop



"The repercussions, sir."



The
STANFORD COURT
Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Telex: 34-0899 Cable: STANCOURT • Member of Preferred Hotels Association.

*Beautiful lingerie...
you'll both enjoy
the romance.*

*Our lavish collection
of designer lingerie
makes holiday gift giving
a romantic experience.*

Visit soon.



Send \$3 for catalogue to Dept. NY-12, Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131.
Boutiques in San Francisco, Palo Alto & Cupertino, California.

with Arthur and Eileen as night-hawks, and Jimmy's Diner, which has a sliding glass wall, so that the Accordion Man can slip out into the rain to dance. Among its more obvious splendors is an Art Deco Chicago bank in which Arthur, who has tried to get a loan to open his own music shop and been turned down, dreams that he's deluged with money: to the music of "Yes, Yes!" performed by Sam Browne and the Carlyle Cousins, he and the banker (the matchless Jay Garner) and a batch of chorines perform in a dance montage that suggests the harebrained variations of Busby Berkeley montages.

The choreographer, Danny Daniels, does each number in a different theatrical style, and he palpably loves the styles that he reworks, especially the lowdown, off-color ones, like Walken's "dirty" sandwich dance—he's wedged between two blowzy whores. With the exception of a few routines with chorus girls as Rockette-style automatons, Daniels' choreography isn't simply dance—it's gag comedy, in which each dancer has his own comic personality. The dances are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once. There are no problems of pacing here (except that a few numbers are too short and feel truncated). Several of them are just about perfection. And with teasers—comedy bits that prick the imagination. Bernadette Peters has a big production number ("Love Is Good for Anything That Ails You") that's like a dance of deliverance. Her classroom is transformed into something palatial and white, with children tapping on the tops of miniature grand pianos, and with her in silver and white, shimmying down the center aisle. (All the costumes are by Bob Mackie.) And when Arthur dreams of himself as a happy man, settled down with both Joan and Eileen, the three of them mouth "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," like a radio trio. It's an indication of the depth of Jessica Harper's performance as the little witch Joan, shrivelled by repression and hatred, that it takes a second to recognize her as the pretty brunette in the trio.

The cinematographer, Gordon Willis, provides the lighting to carry out Ken Adam's visual ideas, and it's different from anything that I can remember Willis's ever doing before. The movie is about ordinary experience in a blazing, heightened form, and Willis keeps the level of visual intensity phenomenally high. At times,

the color recalls the vivid, saturated tones in the 1954 "A Star Is Born": the images are lustrous, and are often focussed on the pinpoint of light in the dreamer-characters' eyes when they envisage the pleasures celebrated in the songs. Eileen's eyes switch on and off, and so do the Accordion Man's; Arthur is possessed by the dream—his eyes are always on. My eyes were always on, too: even when I wanted to close up the pauses between the actors' lines, there was never a second when I wasn't fascinated by what was happening on the screen.

Despite its use of Brechtian devices, "Pennies from Heaven" doesn't allow you to distance yourself. You're thrust into the characters' emotional extremes; you're right in front of the light that's shining from their eyes. And you see the hell they go through for sex and money. Arthur, the common man with an itch, will do just about anything. When he blurts out something about his wife to Eileen, he covers his traces by blubbering about how horribly she died in an accident, and then uses the invented tragedy to soften up Eileen so he can hop on top of her. He's a bastard, but you're not alienated from him; the songs lead him by the nose. As it turns out, the one character whose dream comes true is the pinched and proper Joan, who has dreamed of taking revenge on Arthur for his sexual demands on her.

There are cruel, rude awakenings; maybe they should be more heartlessly tonic, more bracing. But they do give you a pang. When Eileen is happily dreaming away in her classroom, seeing it as a tap dancers' paradise, with the children tapping and playing musical instruments, the principal comes in, enraged by the noise that the kids are making, and he takes a ruler and smacks the hands of a fat boy—a boy who has been proudly blowing on a tuba in her dream. The injustice to the boy—the humiliation—is one of those wrongs that some people are singled out for. The boy is fat, Arthur is horny, Eileen is gullible, the Accordion Man is inarticulate. This double-edged movie supplies a simple, basic rationale for popular entertainment. It says that though dreamers may be punished for having been carried away, they've had some glorious dreams. But it also says that the emotions of the songs can't be realized in life.

There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the char-

The Taste of the Holidays

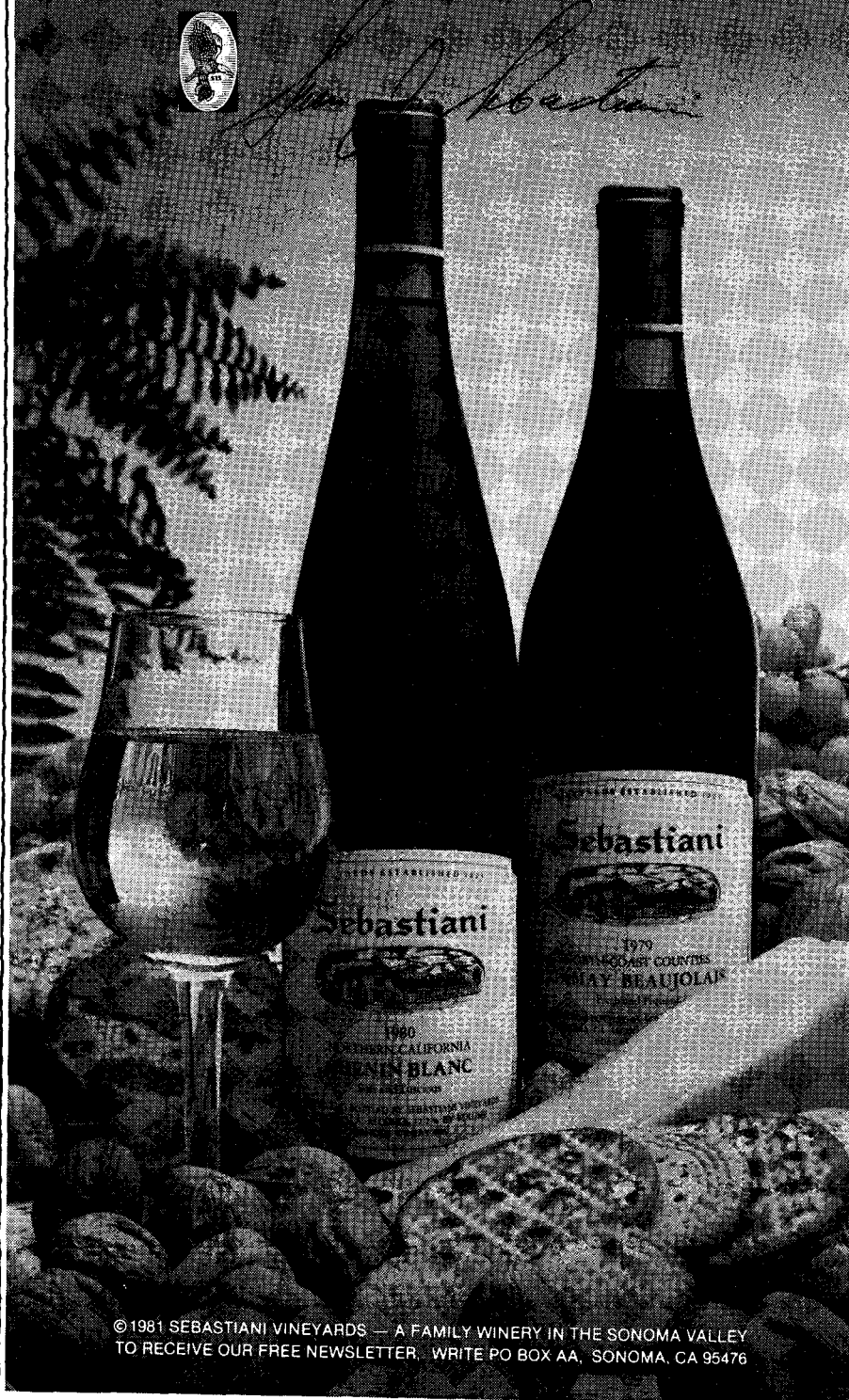
During the holidays, the kitchen is the heart of our Sonoma Valley home. Here, the marriage of wine and food fills the air with wonderful aromas and memories of vintages past.

This year, I have asked my mother, Sylvia, and my wife, Vicki to share some of their holiday recipes with our friends.

If you will drop me a note at the address below, I will be happy to send these to you.

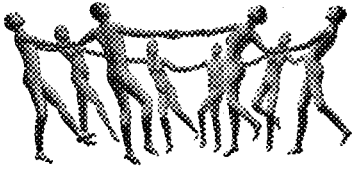
From my family to your family . . . Buon Natale!

Sam J. Sebastiani



©1981 SEBASTIANI VINEYARDS — A FAMILY WINERY IN THE SONOMA VALLEY
TO RECEIVE OUR FREE NEWSLETTER, WRITE PO BOX AA, SONOMA, CA 95476

Now in paperback: the
"brilliant and original"*
bestseller



**THE BOOK OF
LAUGHTER
AND FORGETTING**
by Milan Kundera

"An absolutely dazzling entertainment...arousing on every level — political, erotic, intellectual, and, above all, humorous." — *Newsweek*

"Magical...if you will read this book patiently and honestly, it may begin to change your life." — Ted Solotaroff, *The New Republic*

*John Updike, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

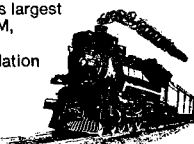
\$4.95 at your bookstore

A Penguin Paperback



**You Will Enjoy
Fine** Golf,
Tennis,
Swimming and Dining
At the Famous
Bellevue Biltmore
WRITE or CALL for DETAILS (813) 442-6171
BELLEAIR CLEARWATER, FLORIDA 33517
Listed on the National Register
of Historic Places

WANTED!
YOUR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DOLLARS
To help rebuild/build America's largest
operating RAILROAD MUSEUM,
STEAMTOWN, U.S.A.
A non-profit educational foundation
I.R.S. 501(c)(3)
Write: Don Ball, Jr., Director,
STEAMTOWN FOUNDATION,
BELLINGS FALLS, VT 05101
(802) 463-3937



THE ASSEMBLY
MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street. Reservations 581-3580.
Serving lunch and dinner weekdays.
Free parking for dinner and theatre.

acters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. This is the first big musical that M-G-M has produced on its lot in over a decade. The star, Steve Martin, doesn't flatter the audience for being hip; he gives an almost incredibly controlled performance, and Bernadette Peters is mysteriously right in every nuance. Herbert Ross and Ken Adam and Danny Daniels and Gordon Willis and Bob Mackie and the whole cast worked at their highest capacities — perhaps were even inspired to exceed them. They all took chances. Do you remember what Wagner said to the audience after the premiere of "Götterdämmerung"? "Now you have seen what we can do. Now want it! And if you do, we will achieve an art." I am not comparing "Pennies from Heaven" with "Götterdämmerung." But this picture shows that the talent to make great movie musicals is out there, waiting.

"**REDS**" represents an enormous amount of dedication and intelligence. It's absorbing, and you feel good will toward it. But it's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. You can see that Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with the British dramatist Trevor Griffiths), and is also the star, is deeply involved with the material—the American journalist John Reed's participation in the Bolshevik Revolution—but the movie keeps backing away from its subject. It's possible that Beatty, who had been thinking about the possibility of doing a film on Reed for about ten years before he began discussions with Griffiths, in 1976, got so far into the material and changed his thinking so many times that he lost the clarity needed to dramatize it. The excitement that he must once have seen in Reed's life leaked out. The film is tentative, full of doubts and second thoughts and fifteenth thoughts; directors often grow past their most long-cherished projects.

There's clear evidence of what's missing: In order to brief the audience on what the Greenwich Village bohemians of the 1915-20 period were all about—how the stimulus came from a combination of new ideas about art and sex and politics—Beatty includes documentary footage of survivors from that era. Some thirty-two contemporaries, associates, or acquaintances of John Reed and his wife, Louise Bryant, speak to an offscreen interviewer and give us quick impres-

sions of Reed and Bryant and those times. These "witnesses," who are in their eighties and nineties, include such people as Rebecca West, Henry Miller, Roger Baldwin, Dora Russell, Scott Nearing, Hamilton Fish, George Seldes, Will Durant, and Arthur Mayer. What works against the movie is that they are all much peppier and more vital than the actors. These witnesses had an exhilarating youth, and even now, crumbling before our eyes, they're still enjoying themselves. (Several have died since Beatty interviewed them. Regrettably, in the movie they're all robbed of identity—probably out of fear that names at the bottom of the screen might suggest a TV news show.) Most of them are spirited talkers, for whom words and ideas have the excitement of wonderful, sensuous toys. You can't believe that Beatty as Reed and Diane Keaton as Louise Bryant belong to the same generation as the witnesses; when these two drop a bit of political information, their voices go dead, as if they didn't expect anyone to be listening. Beatty could be reciting from a manual, and Keaton might be dubbed—the words don't seem related to anything going on in her head.

Yet part of what makes "Reds" absorbing is Beatty's struggle to get inside the reckless revolutionary who was perhaps the best first-person, eyewitness journalist this country has ever had, and who, in 1920, less than two years after writing his classic of romantic reporting, "Ten Days That Shook the World," and a few days before his thirty-third birthday, died in Moscow, of typhus and a stroke. (In Godard's "Breathless," a celebrity movie director is asked what his ambition is, and he answers, "To become immortal, and then to die.") It's often remarked that Reed is the only American buried at the Kremlin (though he isn't). What is less often noted is that the powers inside the Kremlin proceeded to alter subsequent editions of his book, and, as the film indicates, that he had the evidence for disillusionment before he died, although he couldn't bring himself to abandon the cause that had brought him fame and given his life purpose. "Reds" isn't about the folly of a handsome, gifted Harvard man who sacrificed himself to bring about a system that turned out to be a repressive, dictatorial one; it's about a man who died for an ideal. That, in actors' terms, is an almost holy subject.

Reed's life hasn't been dramatized,

"As a chemical industry water specialist, I work at improving water quality all over the country. And here in my own neighborhood."



Ken Ficek, Manager of Technical Services for one of America's chemical companies, with his children, Mary, Karen and Kevin.

"I'm involved in controlling water pollution in two ways," says Ken Ficek.

"First, my company makes chemicals used by municipalities and industries to purify drinking water and treat wastewater. And that's satisfying work — helping people solve their pollution problems.

"Second, we're concerned with our *own* manufacturing methods. Like other chemical companies, we want to make sure that the water we discharge is safe for our rivers.

"Ours is. And with a bonus.

"We've perfected a more efficient process that separates potentially harmful solids from our wastewater and treats them safely. Then the water is recycled back into our plant for reuse in manufacturing.

"New approaches like these are being developed throughout the chemical industry—thanks to the 10,000 specialists whose sole job is controlling pollution.

"The industry's financial commitment is strong too. We've already spent \$8 billion on projects to protect the environment, with about half of it going just for cleaner water.

"I've been involved in this work for 20 years. And the job we're doing is improving the environment for all of us."

For a booklet that tells how we're protecting people and the environment, write Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. VW-112, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.

**America's
Chemical Industry**

The member companies of the
Chemical Manufacturers Association

"This one is a joy to read..."

"A frolic of a story about railroaders, cavalry troopers, cigarettes, whiskey and wild, wild (almost) women. A glory-be feat of research and imagination. Crafted with a loving but ironic eye on the ways of a man's fate." —*Los Angeles Times*

"A splendid railroad tale. Sentimental, funny, jam-packed with history and utterly entertaining." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

THE WAR TRAIN

A Novel of 1916
BROWN MEGGS
author of *Aria*



For the tenth year, we offer discerning travelers our leisurely and luxurious

Wine Tour of France

AUGUST 28 TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1982

Accompanied by an expert, our small group will visit the Burgundy, Côtes du Rhone and Bordeaux vineyards, where wine tastings are arranged at the châteaux; accommodations are at elegant hotels and small country inns; there is ample time for enjoying the lovely countryside at the best time of the year; and we dine chez Bocuse, Pyramide, Troisgros and other of the greatest restaurants in the world.

Detailed brochures of this tour as also of our innovative new Alsace/Champagne Tour of France on September 11 to 26, 1982, available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429



Winner of
Mobil Guide 5 Star Award
Holiday Magazine Award

Cafe Chauveron

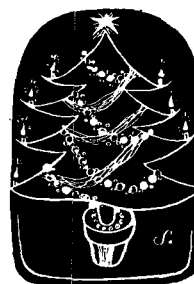
9561 East Bay Harbor Drive
Bay Harbor Islands, Fla.

exactly; candles have been lighted and then nervously snuffed out. As a producer, Warren Beatty is not nearly as rigorous with himself as, in all likelihood, he would be with another director or another writer. With others, he would have insisted on the clarity about characters and situations which made "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Shampoo" sharp and to the point. He would never have permitted the three-hour-and-twenty-minute length of "Reds." It's because of the way "Reds" wavers and searches for what it's trying to say that it needs this length. Yet wavering and wobbling are somehow integral to Beatty's anxious—almost yearning—approach.

The script is an honorable try at an impossible task: clarifying the various aspects of an undefined epic theme. The principal structural weakness is, I think, that the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise Bryant. "Reds" is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor, and so the two roles are of almost equal importance. But somewhere inside "Reds" the idea may be floating around that a man who gets caught up in inciting workers to Communist revolution is relatively clearheaded (even if events prove him shortsighted and foolish), while a pretty woman can't be a revolutionary—only the consort of revolutionaries. Louise Bryant is presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile woman—dissatisfied because she isn't taken seriously but not giving anyone reason to take her seriously. She complains because Reed spends too much time at the events he writes magazine articles about, and with workers' groups, and in bull sessions with his Greenwich Village cronies (Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, Max Wright as Floyd Dell, Edward Herrmann as Max Eastman, and many others). Even in 1916, when she and Reed are part of the Provincetown Players—sometimes called the happiest group of bohemians ever to inhabit the American scene—neither appears to be having much fun. Louise is a combination of a giddy dilettante, a groupie, and a driven woman (she has a lot of Catherine in "Jules and Jim" in her), and she's always griping or storming off somewhere. Reed seems to spend the entire movie trying to placate her, and his close friend Eugene O'Neill (Jack Nicholson) is in

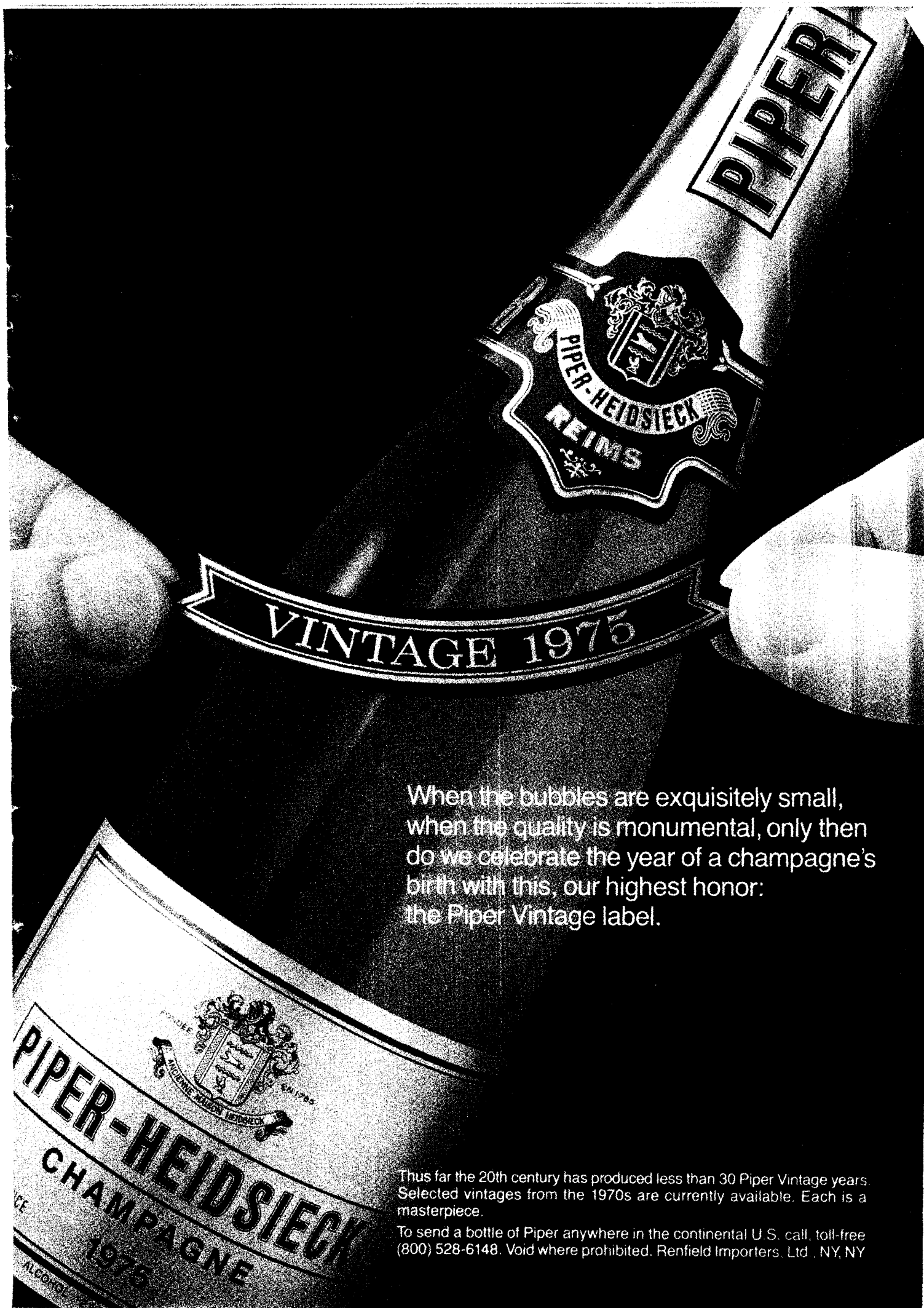
love with her, yet we're never shown what either of them sees in her. (She's Catherine without the magic.) And we never learn what is crucial, and what might have given Diane Keaton a clue to how to play the part: Is Bryant's jealousy of Reed that of an untalented woman or a talented one? It takes Keaton a long time to get any kind of bearings; at the start her nervous speech patterns are anachronistic—she seems to be playing a premature post-hippie neurotic.

Beatty and Griffiths probably didn't feel free to invent a character for Louise Bryant; they tried to stay close to what is known about her. But by the second half they give up on the messy currents of sexual politics and have her set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland. She stows away in New York on a freighter bound for Norway, goes through a terrible storm, and then begins a long trek across the icy tundra, on and on, painfully making her way across snowy wilds and wastes in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivago). And then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardships to be with her man—and, of course, she finds herself by giving up everything for love. This resolution of her character doesn't develop out of what we saw in the first half—it's a denial that there was any point or value in her thrashing about, presumably trying to figure out what independence might mean for a woman, and getting haggard from the strain.



Beatty gives a very touching performance—it's also too touching. If he was concerned about playing a character so much younger than he is, he needn't have been; he's great to look at, he is unquestionably a star,

and he's remarkably subtle in the way he tunes in to whoever is in a scene with him. But he's still presenting himself (as he did on a much simpler level in "Heaven Can Wait") as bewildered, shaggy, eager. He makes himself appealing by shy stammering and graceful gaucherie that emphasizes his height. In his room in Moscow, he keeps bumping his head on the chandelier, or just remembering in time not to. Beatty is a showman who aims to please the audience. He plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination



When the bubbles are exquisitely small,
when the quality is monumental, only then
do we celebrate the year of a champagne's
birth with this, our highest honor:
the Piper Vintage label.

Thus far the 20th century has produced less than 30 Piper Vintage years.
Selected vintages from the 1970s are currently available. Each is a
masterpiece.

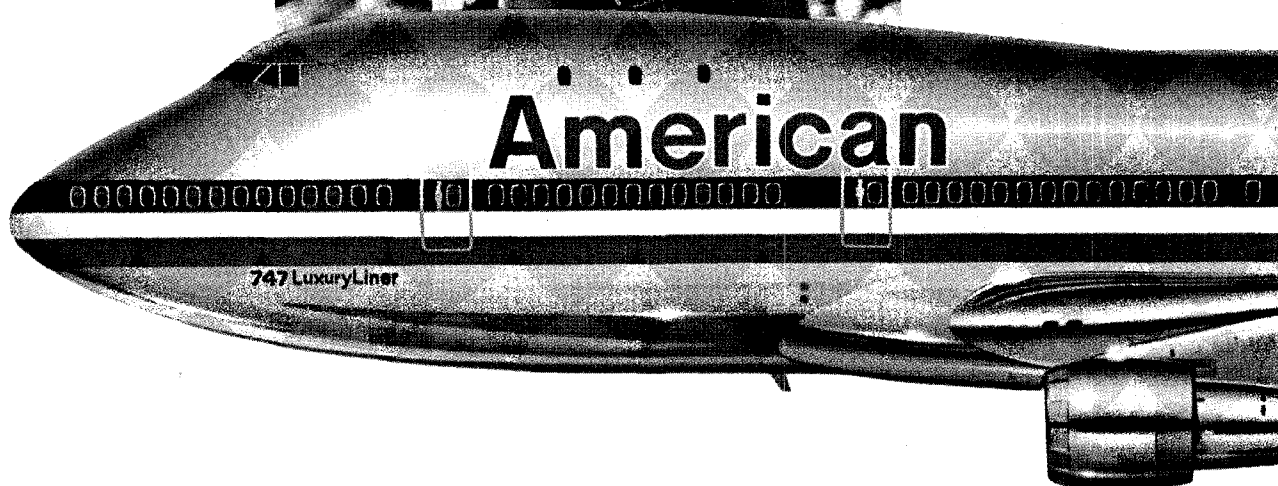
To send a bottle of Piper anywhere in the continental U.S. call, toll-free
(800) 528-6148. Void where prohibited. Renfield Importers, Ltd., NY, NY

ALOHA

Say hello to gentle trade winds and warm, friendly smiles. Hawaii. Where lush islands, blue ocean and remarkable people come together to create paradise. An American Airlines 747 is ready to introduce you to Hawaii any time you choose. And our special vacation packages let you



discover the islands any way you choose. It's all part of the special service you've come to expect from American. So call your Travel Agent or us and say hello to Hawaii. Once you do, you'll never say goodbye. Just Aloha. **We're American Airlines.** Doing what we do best.



of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. When, as Reed, he brings a Christmas present to Louise, it's a puppy *gift-wrapped in a box*; he's petting the audience, tugging at its sleeve—taking out insurance on the movie, by making it inoffensive. And maybe that's why he says his lines about economic democracy with so little conviction—he doesn't expect you to be interested in any of that. As Reed, he doesn't let his energy come through, and the role needs it. John Reed was notoriously boyish, but he was also a spellbinder and a bit of a rake and a forceful writer, with an ear for fine adjectives. We don't get to see that side of him. Louise is the aggressor, and he's so timid that their only believable coming together is during the high they both experience in Russia while the actual revolution is taking place. And, of course, this simultaneous historical and personal climax is too movieish; it's the Big O, all right.

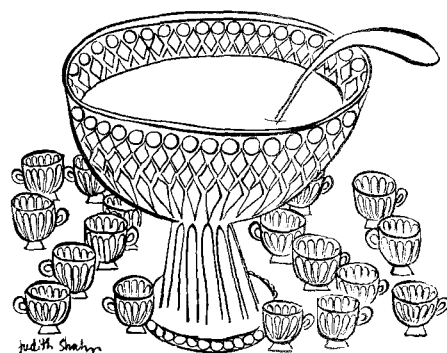
The politics aren't central to the relationship between Reed and Bryant; we don't know what is, exactly. The political discussions are like footnotes in search of a thesis. The script provides a pretty fair cram course in the opposition of some American groups to the First World War, in the split of the American Socialist Party, and in the steamroller tactics of the Russian leaders, especially Zinoviev (the novelist Jerzy Kosinski), but most of this impinges on the story only by taking Reed away from playing house with Bryant. Her distress has been given no weight; she's essentially in the position of the little movie wife crying, "Please don't go up to break the sound barrier tonight, dear." And finally she actually says that if he goes to Russia again "I'm not sure I'll be here when you get back." (It's not the film's proudest moment.)

The picture, with its daring subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—is extremely traditional,

and in movies traditional means derivative. The visual rhetoric is often simply too familiar to stir the feelings it's meant to, and the comic devices (Reed ineptly trying to cook dinner and burning it, for example) may have you staring blindly at the screen. In technique, "Reds" is the least radical, the least innovative epic you can imagine. It's in expensively ritzy big-historical-movie taste; the palette is beautiful but so limited that you ache for some bright color. (The reds are too subtle even to be felt as red.) The film doesn't look posed; it has movement, and there are fine shots of the Russian railway stations and of streets with beacons—shots that are sensitive to Constructivist values. But the images don't connect up dramatically, and the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, who's a master of rich interiors, can't do much for the Reeds' rather drab living quarters in the Village, in Provincetown, and in Croton-on-Hudson.

The same instinctive showmanship that robs Beatty's performance of force robs the movie of content. Whatever he started out to make the picture for, he has replaced it with stale gags and bits of business that he thinks will work with an audience. He must have been so concerned to provide the film with distraction and comedy relief that by the time he finished, that was just about all that was left. The short, disjointed scenes fade out or hurtle against each other and don't seem to get anywhere. And gags that worked for Beatty before—such as telling a joke that nobody laughs at, a routine that played well because it went against the grain of "Bonnie and Clyde" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—become the grain of this picture.

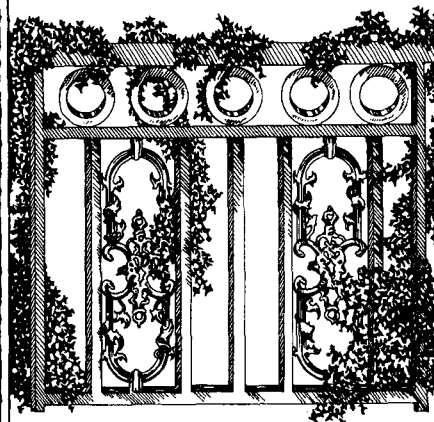
Beatty has his strengths. He keeps the actors close to us—he has a feeling for intimacy. And he knows how to use actors. He has a trained instinct, and he doesn't let them get away with fakery. The jitters and freak exhilaration of Jack Nicholson's recent performances are gone. He isn't just throwing off sparks here. His mannerisms have been straitjacketed, except for the bare minimum—the lurking malevolence, the eyes rolling back, one leering high-flying eyebrow. As O'Neill, Nicholson gives matters some consideration. He sinks down into himself and plays a quiet, deeply bitter man, who makes each word count. Though he manages the O'Neill mustache and the dark-eyed, taciturn stare and the famous "tragic handsomeness," I'm not sure that he's convinc-



L'ERMITAGE

hôtel de grande classe

Recipient of the Mobil Five Star
and AAA Five Diamond
covered awards.
One of only three hotels
to be so honored anywhere.



9291 Burton Way
Beverly Hills, California

(213) 278-3344
(800) 282-4818, in California
(800) 421-4306, Nationwide
Or see your Travel Agent

THE POINT: The fabulous former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondacks with its own X-C ski trails and only minutes from the best downhill areas in N.Y. State. Great food on Meissen plates and a crackling fire in every suite. Only 8 rooms of this private home are available to Paying Guests. The Hideaway Report says, "A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."

EGL Carter, The Point, Star Route,
Saranac Lake, New York 12983
(518) 891-5674



GERMAN BOOKS

RARE, FIRST EDITIONS

All periods (Esp. old imprints) purchased.

Catalogs available upon request.

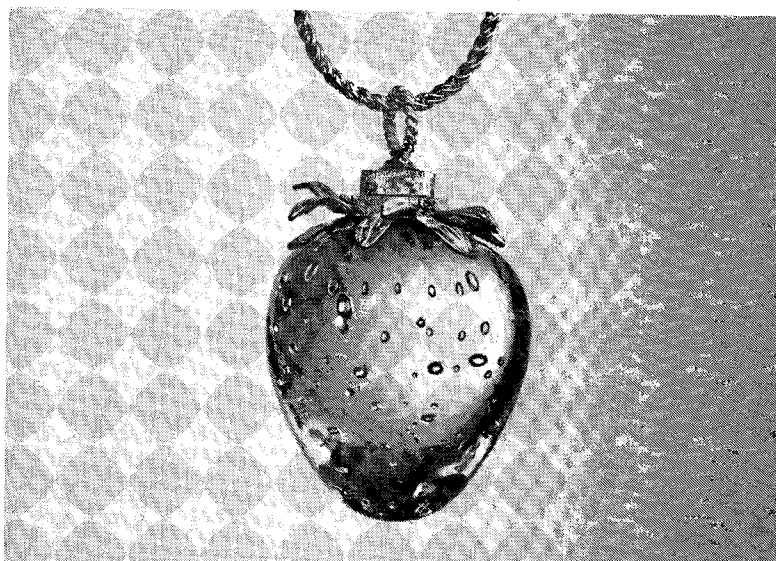
PETER TUMARKIN FINE BOOKS,
INC.

1370 Lex. Ave./N.Y.C. 10028/348-8187

Cruise to Hidden Bahamas Islands

Join 70 other passengers on 12 day/11 night smooth-water cruises aboard our new cruise ship "New Shoreham II". Chef-prepared meals. Spacious cabins. Also, summer canal and coastal cruises out of Warren, R.I. Call toll free 800-556-7450. Or write:

American Canadian Line, Box 368, Warren, RI 02885.

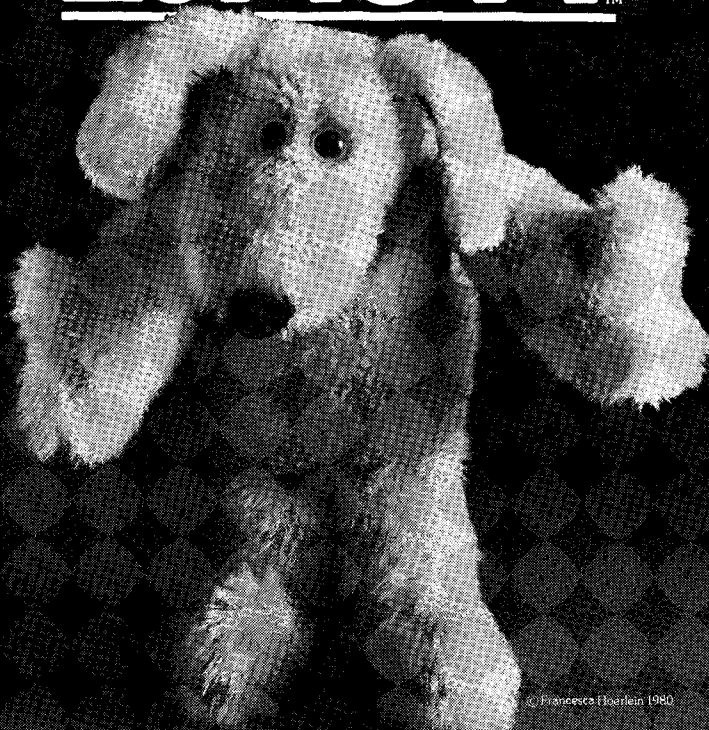


SYMBOL OF VENUS: In folklore, the strawberry is a plant of Venus, the goddess of love. At Steuben, the Strawberry Pendant is a favorite jewelry design. Pendant, 2" Calyx, 18 karat gold. 24" chain, 14 karat gold. \$875. You may order by phone: 212-752-1441. Out of State: 800-223-1234. Or write Steuben Jewelry Gallery, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Major credit cards accepted.



STEUBEN GLASS

LeMUTT™



LeMUTT™ is friendly, loyal, brave, trustworthy, obedient, kind and very, very cuddly. He's also very good with children. And he's available at fine department stores everywhere.

LeMUTT™
by Franland

ing as O'Neill. (Nicholson's own personality is very strong.) But he holds you as Nicholson the sly; he has the art of making almost any line sound dirty. And, maybe because of Beatty's respect for him as an actor, Nicholson's scenes are carefully shaped, and self-contained, like set pieces in a play. I found the film's conception of O'Neill embarrassing, but Nicholson is perversely enjoyable—this O'Neill gets to express contempt for American intellectuals when their eyes shine with Communist faith, and he gets to tell Louise off. (Something Reed never does.)

Gene Hackman (who was Beatty's brother in "Bonnie and Clyde" and also worked with him earlier, in "Lilith") appears, unbilled in the ads, in the small part of a magazine editor; he's too good for his role—he has such audience rapport that he jumps out from the screen. Beatty directs Kosinski (who looks like a demonic eagle) so that his Zinoviev is a totally rational, understandable bureaucrat-villain. Zinoviev, who isn't interested in anyone's personal problems, is a foil for Reed; he provides a full-blown example of the ruthlessness that Reed shows only in his brief organizing period. And Beatty subdues the loud overactor Paul Sorvino, who gives a believable, muted performance as Louis Fraina, the Italian-born spokesman of the Communist faction that Reed's group is at odds with. (The secret seems to be in the soft Italian accent; it gives Sorvino an Old World dignity.) None of the performances are bad (with the one crucial exception), and many of them—such as Roger Sloman's as Lenin and Dolph Sweet's as Big Bill Haywood (one of the other Americans buried at the Kremlin)—are too brief.

The best is Maureen Stapleton's Emma Goldman. When I heard that Stapleton was playing Emma, I groaned, thinking how ethnically wrong she would be. What I forgot was that she is (on occasion) a great actress: she doesn't need the Russian Yiddish inflections. When her Emma talks about how the new revolutionary government is jailing radicals and shooting dissenters—when she talks about anything—her simple concentration on the act of communicating what she's saying to the person she's talking to makes you listen intently. There's purity in her acting, and warmth. And she gives Emma just the right edge of asperity; this Emma Goldman is not a woman who believes

in wasting her time. (The one insight that we get into Louise Bryant is in a dialogue exchange with Emma late in the film; Emma, apologizing to her, says, "I was wrong about you," and Louise says, "So was I.") Diane Keaton, who makes an enormous effort to deal with her hopeless role, is much more secure with Stapleton—and even with Nicholson—than she is in her improvisatory-style scenes with Beatty.

The movie could have used a little grunge—Louise coming home to find her husband romping around the house with a naked woman, for example. As it is, Reed is such a fine, courtly fellow, bringing home flowers (lilies, yet), that we can't believe he has affairs, and Louise's jealous anger makes no sense. And we could have used the details of the Finns' arresting Reed—he was carrying diamonds worth roughly fourteen thousand dollars and fifteen hundred dollars in currency, which the Comintern leaders had entrusted to him, to help foster Communism in America. But the absence of grunge is part of the film's slightly unworldly appeal. The pragmatic Emma Goldman has the courage to say what Reed can't: "The dream that we had . . . is dying." She lays out the facts and says that the system "cannot work." He says, "It's just the beginning," and Beatty does some of the best acting he has ever done in these scenes, when Reed, who is near death, has to believe. Beatty uses his eyes for very convincing pain when he's playing lost and hurting. Near the end, there's an almost great moment when Reed is on a train that's attacked by counter-revolutionary forces, and a Red Army caisson rolls out of the train and goes after them, and he chases after it as fast as he can. At the start of the film, he had been in Mexico, racing after one of Pancho Villa's wagons and climbing aboard. Now, wracked by illness and doubts, he's still running toward the revolution. It would truly be a great moment if the logistics of the scene didn't have to be puzzled out.

"Reds" is like the reverse of a Graham Greene novel: it's about the beauty of an American idealist's good intentions. And its saving grace is the beauty (and surprise) of Warren Beatty's solemn high intentions. In an almost childlike way, he vindicates the old Communist Left: the picture says that promises that couldn't be kept are not the same as promises broken.

—PAULINE Kael

In Scandinavia discover the difference between travel and Lindblad Travel

As far back as we go in recorded history, the sea has been the lifeblood of man.

Early humans in search of food and transportation settled by the sea, facing their villages toward the water. Visitors—friend or foe, entered from the sea, through the "front door."

Lindblad Travel has created a new and different series of cruise programs that takes you to the most beautiful areas of Scandinavia through that "front door."

Aboard our new ship, the M.S. *Lindblad Polaris**, you gain your first sight of a skyline materializing over the horizon, or you spot a sleepy village as our ship rounds the point of a quaint little island.

The fully air-conditioned *Lindblad Polaris* accommodates 79 passengers in luxurious comfort. You enjoy a very special kind of luxury—the privacy of a relatively small ship which enables you to better absorb the native atmosphere. Also, the compact nature of the *Lindblad Polaris* lets us enter ports inaccessible to larger vessels. Then our handy fleet of rubber Zodiacs takes us ashore in shallow waters not reached by our ship.

Officers and crew aboard are Swedish, the menu and cuisine are of exceptional quality. Experts share their knowledge with you in lectures and briefings. New perspectives of Scandinavian history, culture and nature will be opened to you.

A series of one-week cruise programs, starting either in Copenhagen, Helsinki, Stockholm or Trondheim every Sunday through the summer of 1982, have been designed so that you can book a one, two, three or four-week cruise and then split it if you want to devote time in between for other travel purposes. On the full four weeks aboard, you visit most of Scandinavia's capitals plus magnificent Leningrad, Tallinn and Riga. You enjoy the beauties of the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, the Baltic Sea and the Norwegian coast with its splendid fjords.

Yes, aboard the *Lindblad Polaris* you'll discover a different and memorable Scandinavia through its "front door."

*Registered in Sweden



To obtain a brochure describing our *Scandinavian Waterways* cruise programs call (203) 226-4189, ask your Travel Agent or write:

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

8 Wright Street, P.O. Box 912, Westport, CT 06881 USA Telex 643443

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

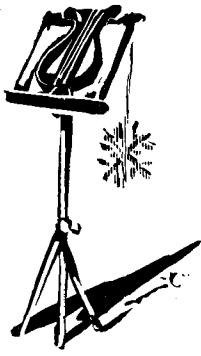
State _____ Zip _____

Travel Agent _____

NY12-21

MUSICAL EVENTS

Triptych



THE Metropolitan Opera marks the centenary of Stravinsky's birth, which falls on June 17th of next year, with a triple bill entitled "Stravinsky" and comprising "Spring Rite," "The Nightingale," and "Oedipus Rex." The show has been assembled by the team responsible for "Parade," last season's Satie-Poulenc-Ravel triple bill: James Levine as conductor, John Dexter as director, David Hockney as designer, and Gil Wechsler as lighter. They have devised a long, strenuous evening, carefully prepared, uncompromisingly severe, and filled with interest for musician and theatregoer alike. It is largely a dance event (the "Rite" has been choreographed by Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and "The Nightingale" by Frederick Ashton), but the foreground is occupied by Mr. Levine and his orchestra—which is to say, by Stravinsky's scores. The orchestra pit has been raised high; it is now less a "pit" than a shallow depression between the spectators and the stage. The wooden wall that usually divides the orchestra from the "orchestra"

(thus the confusing American terminology; would that the British "stalls" or the French "*parterre*" had been naturalized) is replaced by a clear plastic screen. In some earlier productions, Mr. Levine and Mr. Dexter sought to bridge the "mystic chasm" that Wagner opened between stage and auditorium—the orchestra pit that toward the end of the nineteenth century became a regular feature of opera-house design. The sets for their "Entführung" and "Mahagonny" jutted through the proscenium frame. "Stravinsky" is their boldest endeavor to place audience, orchestra, and actors together in one room, and to create a vividness and an immediacy, theatrical as well as acoustical, that are otherwise easily lost in the enormous Met, a late-nineteenth-century opera house writ huge. The soprano and tenor of "The Nightingale" stand in the pit and are clearly visible to the audience; when not singing, they lean over the edge of the stage and watch the action along with the other spectators. The narrator of "Oedipus," enthroned in the pit, in front of the prompter's box, is also visible. So, more prominently than usual, is the conductor. But the sight lines are cleverly planned so that the stage pictures are not masked.

An austere front curtain used before and after each of the three works, and

also during scene changes, is black and is decorated simply with Stravinsky's name and the date 1882, beneath a lyre schematically represented as a circle crossed by five vertical lines. All three pieces are staged within a black cyclorama studded with graffiti of faces chalked up as if by a child—ovals containing two dots for eyes, two dashes for nose and mouth. For the "Rite," there is also a large roundel at the back depicting three tree trunks, a sheet of water behind them, and, across the water, a group of triangular hills whose form suggests a view of the Sydney Opera House. The roundel's basic colors are red trunks, intense blue water, and acrid green hills, but the colors change and glow as various lights are played upon them. For the second scene, a tangle of brightly colored branches descends to cap the trunks. The stage floor bears a circle. In Mr. Hockney's costumes, there are echoes of Nicholas Roerich's costumes for the first "Rite," and throughout the evening there seem to be deliberate allusions to earlier Stravinsky productions—as if not just the composer but seventy years of his works in the theatre were being celebrated. Mr. Bonnefous's choreography includes images derived from what we know of Nijinsky's choreography for the first "Rite," but it misses the power, the weight, the heavy surge of the score. In general, it is too light, long-limbed, and decorative—not charged, mysterious, frightening. One can watch it

without feeling anything stir in one's own body. It's the music that sets the pulses beating faster, the blood racing.

"THE NIGHTINGALE" opens with a circle of blue ripple on the floor, and on it the Fisherman. Then a tall white-and-blue banner descends as a central backdrop for the shore scenes, rippling and fluttering like the Noguchi curtain for Stravinsky's "Orpheus." Cook, Chamberlain, and Bonze are stylized commedia-dell'arte chinoiserie figures. The face motif on the backcloth, already echoed in the "Rite" by faces set up on poles, here proliferates into faces on poles carried by the courtiers; their own faces are masked. Against



"I saw a look-alike today, but I couldn't for the life of me think who it was he looked like."

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH

Discover more.

Let your mature taste lead you from the finest premium Scotch on up to the most expensive 12-year-old Scotch in the world. The Glenlivet. The ultimate in Scotch.

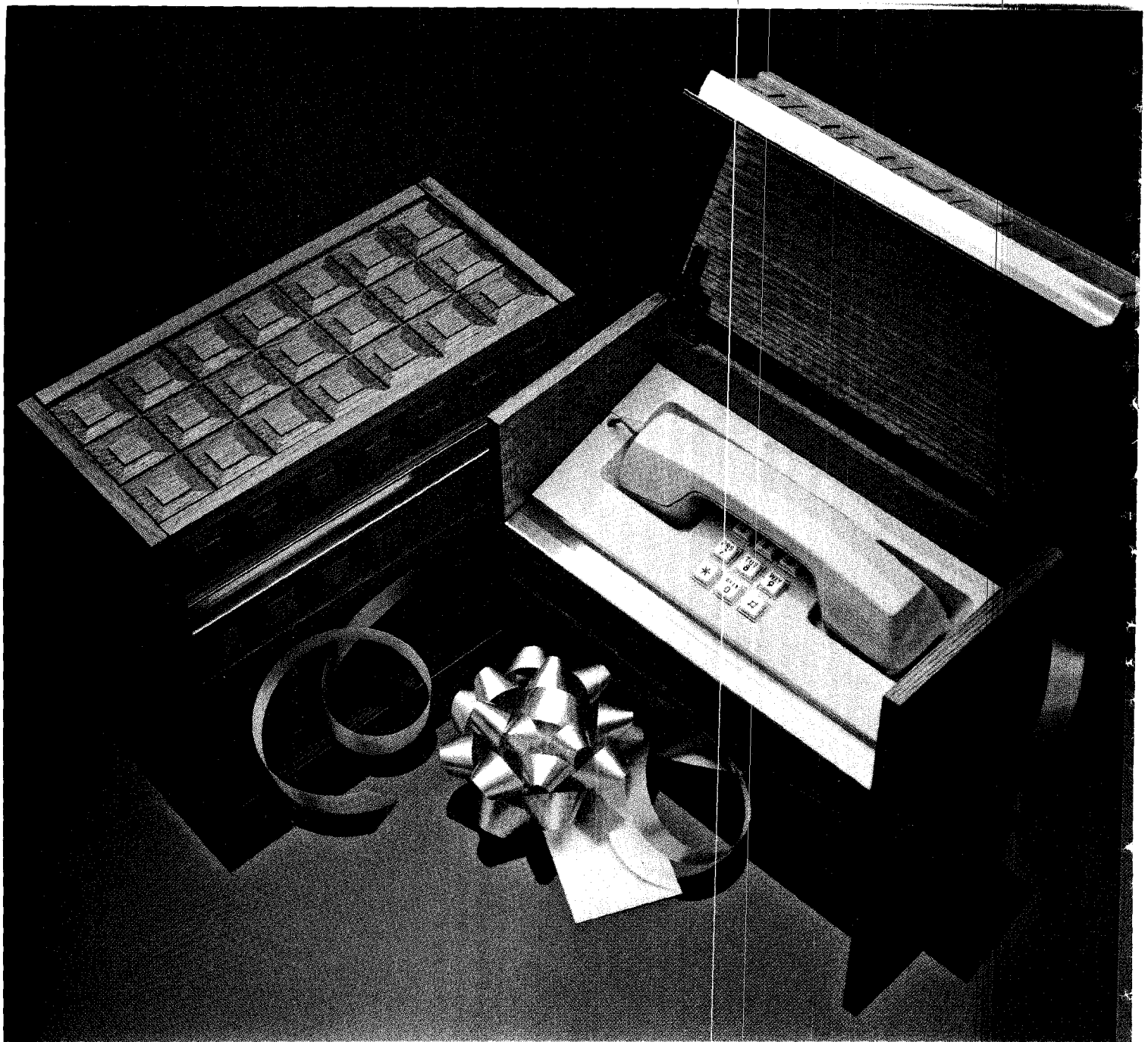
Most premium Scotch is blended and depends on several whiskies for taste and smoothness.

Yet the unblended character of The Glenlivet is noble enough to stand alone. In this distinctive Scotch whisky you'll experience an exceptional smoothness and full-bodied richness, unmatched in all other premium Scotch.

Try the taste beyond premium Scotch.

The Glenlivet
Unchanged since 1824.

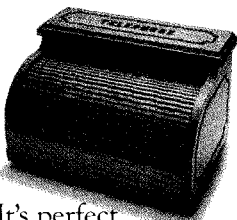




Give the phone that shuts up when you finish talking.

Talk about a great gift. When you hang up, the Stowaway® telephone shuts up inside a solid wood chest. It's perfect for places where other telephones look out of place, because it doesn't look like a telephone.

The chest comes in three decorator styles: Mediterranean, contemporary oiled walnut, or a new rolltop model. When not in use, the cord even disappears into the base. With the lid closed,



no one would ever guess that there's a phone inside.

The Stowaway telephone adds a touch of class to any home. It's just right for the living room, study or bedroom. It's the perfect gift for people who think phones should be heard and not seen.

Buy one for the holidays at your Bell PhoneCenter Store. The Stowaway telephone by Western Electric.



**IT'S
FOR YOU**

® Registered trademark of AT&T

The Stowaway telephone is subject to local availability. With certain hearing aids, the Stowaway telephone may require an adapter, available from your Bell telephone company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sombre black surroundings, almost everything is blue until the Japanese envoys in lacquer red and their glittering, jewelled mechanical nightingale arrive. Cyril Beaumont, in his book about the Diaghilev ballet, recalls of the 1914 "Nightingale" little more than a ring of blue lanterns; glowing blue-and-white lanterns, shaped like pineapples, add a pretty touch to Mr. Hockney's décor.

"The Nightingale" is a magical score, and even today the composer's treatment of timbres, rhythm, and time proves astonishingly modern. (Stravinsky began the opera in 1908, before "The Firebird," and completed it after the "Rite," in 1914.) If ideas from Mussorgsky and Debussy flowed into it, some delicate passages in Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli" seem to have flown from it. But it is a tricky work to stage. Stravinsky attributed its later neglect to the difficulty of finding an apt companion piece. (At La Scala in 1926, it was a curtain-raiser to "Hansel and Gretel." In Rome in 1928, it followed "La Sonnambula." The Met premiere, in 1926, paired it with Falla's "La Vida Breve." At the City Opera in 1963, it preceded Honegger's "Joan of Arc at the Stake.") The original Benois décor was spectacular, but the most beautiful and most touching production I have seen was also the simplest—designed and directed by Colin Graham, at Sadler's Wells in 1960. (It was done with "Oedipus.") In the new Met version, some of the charm, some of the poetry, and most of the wit are lost. Partly, it is a simple question of scale. Despite the collaborators' efforts to make the huge house more intimate, much of the fragile, exquisite instrumental detail escapes. Partly, the decision to sing the piece in Russian is to blame. "The Nightingale" is, among other things, an allegory of the power of music and of the nature of musical inspiration, and needs to be followed in words as well as sounds.

Nightingale and Fisherman are sung by Gwendolyn Bradley and Philip Creech. She has a sweet and flexible soprano, not quite limpid enough for the role; he has a supple but not quite sharp-focussed tenor. The roles were elegantly danced by Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell. Ashton's choreography is a raceful anthology of attractive, familiar ideas, not quite specific, it seemed to me, either to the opera or to its staging of it. Claudia Catania was

a delightful Cook. Mr. Levine conducted the music with a light, subtle, and affectionate hand.

OF "Oedipus," Stravinsky wrote, "I had begun to visualize the staging as soon as I started to compose the music. I saw the chorus first, seating in a single row across the stage and reaching from end to end of the proscenium rainbow." In the Met's new "Oedipus," the choristers, some sixty men, are seated in a double row spanning the proscenium arch. They wear dinner jackets and black ties. On a high platform behind them, the principals, similarly clad (Jocasta in a long black dress), and wearing black gloves, sit on modern chairs. Behind each, there stands a handsome waiter holding on high a tall white half mask. These attendants place the masks on the soloists when they rise and move center stage to sing, and otherwise stand like waxworks, distractingly still. Center stage, a high, gold-striped screen rises above a red semicircle—echoing the formalized lyre of the curtain. The stripes are projected by light, and similar stripes are projected on the sides of the proscenium arch and the approaches to it. The colors, red and gold, are those of the auditorium itself. The all-in-one-room idea becomes dominant. At one end of the room, a formal, solemn drama is enacted. It is almost like a court scene: conductor and orchestra in the foreground; then the narrator on his throne; then the chorus; then, one might say, defendant, prosecutors, and witnesses. (Oedipus is his own judge; he passes and executes sentence upon himself.)

Oedipus and Tiresias were Richard Cassilly and John Macurdy, the Oedipus and Messenger of the City Opera "Oedipus" twenty-two years

ago, conducted by Stokowski. Both were strong, incisive, commanding, but Mr. Cassilly's sustained notes became unsteady. Franz Mazura's Creon was less precise. Tatiana Troyanos's Jocasta was uneven, often very imposing. The narrator, Mr. Dowell, was in ringing voice. "I detest the speaker device, that disturbing series of interruptions," Stravinsky wrote (in "Dialogues and a Diary"), "and I do not much like the speeches themselves." But there they are, and "alas, the music was composed with the speeches, and is paced by them." Mr. Dowell dealt with them admirably. But the rather classy British accent he adopted accorded ill with his pronunciation of "deities" and a slip or two over classical names ("Crayon," "Lie-oose"). "The music?" Stravinsky continued. "I love it, all of it, even the Messenger's fanfares, which remind me of the now badly tarnished trumpets of early 20th-Century-Fox." Mr. Levine conducted as if he loved all of it, too.

CONCLUSIONS? Hard to reach. The evening—I've now seen it twice—proves exhausting. It would be more successful, I think, if the "Rite" were omitted. There is evidence everywhere of hard thought and good, strong ideas, but the attempt to impose some "unity" by the recurrent use of masks and circles is neither here nor there; the three works are very different, and all that matters is how the masks and circles work in each of them. "Oedipus" seemed a less exciting drama than usual—maybe because one was tiring by then, maybe because, as Ingmar Bergman once told Stravinsky, "a mask may be beautiful, and it can be a useful façade for all sorts of things, but the price, which is loss of contact, is too great." (He said he would stage the opera without masks.) One goes away with a dominant impression of that huge stage hung in black; despite the glowing roundel in the "Rite" and pretty moments in "The Nightingale," the austerity of the spectacle mutes the colors of Stravinsky's music. But a big, serious achievement; something new for the Met; and a landmark in New York's operatic history. —ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Incidental

HENRY PURCELL provided incidental music for some forty-four plays in London between 1680 and his death, in 1695, most of it in the last



A scintillating
Hollywood Pepys!

The Letters of Nunnally Johnson

The brilliant moviemaker and screenwriter—writing to such friends and colleagues as Ben Hecht, Thurber, Harold Ross, Charles MacArthur, the Bogarts, George S. Kaufman, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Groucho Marx, Jed Harris, Spyros Skouras et al.

"Civilized fun!"

... These are letters of surpassing charm, generous and whimsical, full of gossip."—JOHN LEONARD, New York Times

"Buzzingly funny and enjoyable!"

—JAMES WOLCOTT, Esquire

"It delights and surprises!"

... Quoting from these letters is addictive; so is reading them."

—JONATHAN YARDLEY, Washington Post

Alistair Cooke

calls it "An insider's diary of the fun, the guile, the allegiances and enmities, the social habits and pretensions of the movie colony for thirty years or more."

—from his Foreword

"What a joy!" says Lauren Bacall

Selected and edited by DORRIS JOHNSON and ELLEN LEVENTHAL
With 32 Hollywood snapshots
\$16.50 • Just published by Knopf



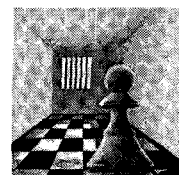
five years of that period. Even in his own day, it was recognized that his music did not fit happily with the drama. The biographer Roger North noted, "Some that would come to the play hated the musick, and others that were very desirous of the musick, would not bear the interruption that so much rehearsall [speaking] gave, so that it is best to have either by itself intire." There can be little objection, then, to taking Purcell's theatre songs and instrumental music out of their original context.

In "A Purcell Cabaret," which was presented by the Philharmonic earlier this month, Raymond Leppard devised a sequence of Purcell theatre music for concert use. He chose twelve songs or duets and linked them with eight instrumental interludes, to tell, as a program note put it, "the story of a love affair, from initial hostility and resistance through consummation." The two singers, Hilda Harris and David Britton, were dressed in all-purpose period costume, and did their best to act out the story at the front of the Fisher Hall stage. However, Mr. Leppard had included songs of such diverse content—charming, flippant, and bawdy—that it was difficult to sustain any characterization. The mood was pertly comic. (Mr. Britton sent up Thomas Shadwell's "The Cares of Lovers.") After the fourteenth number, the pair retired coyly behind a screen and emerged to declare, "The danger is over, the battle is past, the nymph had her fears but she ventured at last." The choice of songs erred on the side of the light and insubstantial; after all the frippery, a final pair of duets, from the music to "Timon of Athens" and "The Tempest," sounded suddenly eloquent. Miss Harris and Mr. Britton both sang with large, tremulous voices, but they maintained a lively style, and the words came across well. The strings of the Philharmonic played cleanly in the dance interludes; in the songs, Mr. Leppard, with the fine support of the cellist Lorne Munroe, filled the echoing air with the noises of his harpsichord—trills, shooting scales, and fussy counterpoint.

After an intermission, Mr. Leppard conducted Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony: a strong, serious reading, slightly overdone. Earlier this season, the Philharmonic played the Tenth, under Kenneth Schermerhorn; though it was a shapely performance, Mr. Schermerhorn tended to overconduct and seemed to lose the orchestra's in-

5 memorable stories by "one of the great masters"—ELIE WIESEL

"A remarkably fertile and gifted writer... It is time on the centenary of his birth, that we read him again."—JOHN FOWLES, from his Introduction



THE Royal Game

and Other Stories
By STEFAN ZWEIG

Introduction by John Fowles

Newly translated from the German
by Jill Sutcliffe

\$12.95, now at your bookstore

H·A·R·M·O·N·Y B·O·O·K·S

Foremost American Illustrator

Howard Chandler Christy Original Illustrations of 1920's Café Society

Signed • Dated • Appraised

Call evenings: (212) 876-0865

Or write: JFS
47 East 88th Street
New York City 10028

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

Discover the rare, simple, village character of

Mary's

212-741-3387

Open 7 Days — Noon to Midnight
42 Bedford Street Greenwich Village NYC

Italian Cuisine — Abruzzi Specialties

terest. Mr. Leppard also used large gestures during lightly scored passages and showed an unwillingness to trust the wind players to pace and phrase their own material, but because of his fine, driving sense of rhythm he succeeded in keeping the orchestra with him. The string sound in both performances was taut, a little strident, but much more cohesive than it was last season. The wind playing was variable. In the Leppard account of the Fifth, flute and clarinet solos sounded casual, but there was some fine bassoon and horn work. Trumpets and trombones blared out fiercely on both occasions.

Among other performances of Shostakovich symphonies in the city this fall—the Juilliard Philharmonia did the Fifth, the American Philharmonic did the First—the Fourteenth was given a disappointingly straightforward reading by Mario Bernardi and the National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada, at Carnegie Hall. There was little characterization of the spare, disjointed orchestral writing; the account showed distinction only in Felicity Palmer's intense, steely fashioning of the soprano solo contributions.

In the "Music Before 1800" series, at Corpus Christi Church, the medieval-music quartet *Sequentia* (which is based in Cologne) gave a concert of twelfth- and thirteenth-century music, which showed how sacred and secular idioms intertwined and developed. There was no frivolity to please an audience; the performances were stark and compelling. The singers combined respect for the sense and tone of the original texts with vividly imaginative and piercingly direct delivery of the vocal lines. The improvisatory instrumental style was virtuosic. No one can know whether *Sequentia's* performances are faithful to the medieval originals, but they come closer than any others I have heard to creating a convincing historical style. —NICHOLAS KENYON

Useful ways to channel anger:

Use frustration to drive for power or wealth.

Convert fear into expertise or creativity.

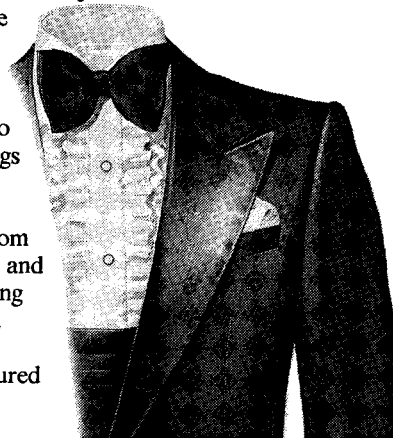
Attempt to sublimate 75%-90% of your anger into productive output. You can probably channel the rest into sports or mental games.—Robert Moskowitz in *Boardroom Reports*.

Bless you, sir. The whole world looks different now.

Not all our guests wear dinner jackets.

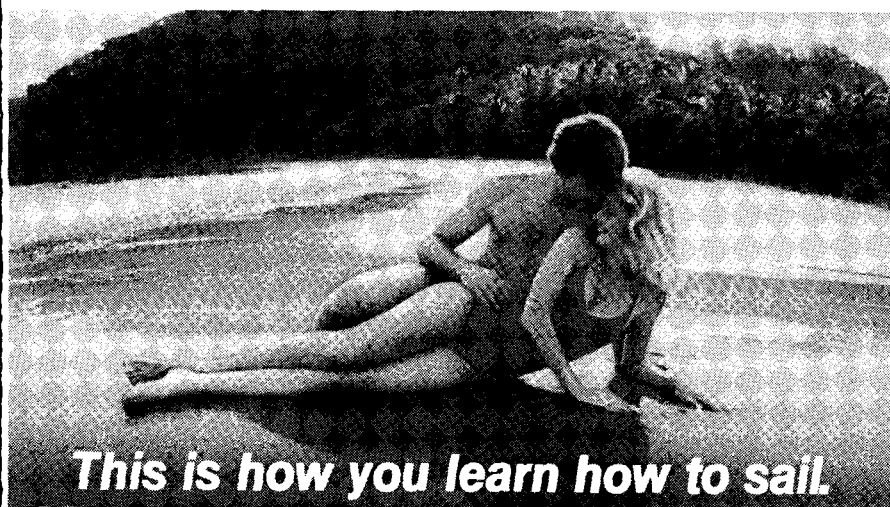
Not only are we a grand-luxe hotel catering to the needs and desires of the well-heeled few, but we are also "the hotel" for vacationers who like to be at the center of things to see and do in Tokyo, and for businessmen who like our location, just minutes away from the financial/business district, and steps away from the best jogging course in the city... They, too, are our guests.

Serving the needs of the leisured class and the community for 90 years.



At the heart of things in Tokyo.
IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
Member of the Preferred Hotels Association.

1-1, Uchisaiwaicho 1-chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan. For reservations, contact your travel agent or Japan Air Lines.



This is how you learn how to sail.

Vacation with us at South Seas Plantation resort on Florida's Gulf Coast, and between the tennis and the golf, the dining and the dancing, we'll teach you how to sail. Reputed to be the best sailing program there is by *Sports Illustrated*, you'll learn enough in one week of superb vacationing to begin a lifetime of sailing. Send this coupon or call for lesson description and South Seas brochure. Also in Virgin Islands, Bermuda, Virginia, Martha's Vineyard, Maine and New York.

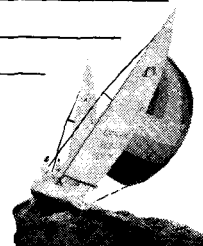
Name

Address

City State Zip

Steve Colgate's
Offshore Sailing School LTD.

Dept. NK, 820 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017
Call toll free 800-221-4326; in New York 212-986-4570



LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 8

THE best of the newspaper cartoons on Shirley Williams' astonishing feat in the Crosby by-election of turning the previous election's enormous Conservative majority into a respectably solid majority for the Social Democratic Party was by the *Daily Telegraph's* sharp cartoonist Garland. His caricatures often hit their targets with a crisp twang not always echoed by his paper's editorial opinions. In this one, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Labour's leader, Michael Foot, cozily wrapped up for a country walk in a wintry landscape, are pausing, aghast, to look back at a little church tower topped with a chanticleer weathervane marked "S.D.P.," from which a clamor of sounds is obviously bursting. The caption is John Donne's "Never send to know for whom the bell tolls." Since the message turned out to be even more melancholy for both Conservatives and Labour than the opinion polls had steadily insisted it would be, the popular stiff-upper-lip line for the defeated has been to claim that it means electoral doom for the others, and not for them. In prosperous Tory country south of London, guests at a Sunday lunch party the weekend after the Crosby disaster were reminding one another bracingly of the surge toward the Liberals in the sixties and seventies, when the Government in power was unpopular, and look what happened to those hopes at the next general election. The Social Democratic Party will soon run out of its nationally known top names, according to this sort of consoling scenario, and then people will panic at the thought of handing Britain over to a Government of largely faceless men and women.

However that turns out, the House of Commons was crowded and in a noisily cheerful mood last week when Mrs. Williams made her historic return to Westminster. Only the Liberals, of course, cheered lustily and waved their order papers as she and her two sponsors, David Owen and William Rodgers—much criticized

for remaining in Parliament as elected Members for Labour seats after they had walked out of the Party to found the S.D.P. with her and the still absent Roy Jenkins—took the little ritual march of so many paces with pauses for bows toward the Speaker's chair. Possibly one or two of her silently watching old Labour colleagues would have given her a bit of a cheer, too, if they had dared, for there was real sorrow when she lost her seat in the 1979 election. No one was more popular in the House or with the public. It was said at one time that she stood a good chance of being Labour's first woman Prime Minister. Audiences warm instantly to her quick, rather husky voice, to her way of making them feel that they matter a great deal to her, and even to her famously slapdash appearance, all of which are the very reverse of Mrs. Thatcher's style. Many Conservatives, however, talk of her with bitterness as Harold Wilson's Minister of Education who swept away the old grammar schools into the big levelling pool of comprehensives, and would still, they insist, have designs on ending the tax concessions that keep the public schools afloat today. The S.D.P.-Liberal alliance has



captured the imagination of all sorts of people, but its critics say tartly that its policies not only on education but on such nagging worries as unemployment, nuclear disarmament, and Ulster are still hazy. When the euphoria has subsided, the new merger will be expected to come out with hard answers on many issues, not least the ticklish decisions as to which party will give way gracefully to the other when candidates of the alliance are selected up and down the country. The Liberals, having waited fifty years or more for a glimpse of returning power, realistically voted overwhelmingly in September to embrace the S.D.P. All the same, anyone who takes it too much for granted when chatting with a Liberal acquaintance that the union is a marriage of true minds, in which the parties' identities are henceforth loyally blended, will be smartly put to rights. Liberals do not forget, or in-

tend anyone else to forget, how long and historic their past is, measured against the tiny span of the vigorous infant S.D.P., or that more than four million Britons voted for them in the last general election. Meanwhile, as one Liberal thoughtfully described the bargaining that will go on in the next few months, "To tell the truth, it's going to be pretty hairy for a bit"—a word he presumably used to denote snarls and tangles that will, with sensible accommodations by all, finally be combed out.

LONDON's last good look at things Japanese that are not cars or cameras or hi-fi systems was a big exhibition in 1910. In a belated effort by interested parties in both countries to warm Japan's daunting modern image for the British, a cultural bombardment of everything from Kabuki plays at Sadler's Wells, to television programs explaining Shogun politics to a display of books at the British Library, to a demonstration of kite flying in Parliament Hill fields, was launched recently, and will go on into the new year. Its center is the Royal Academy's major winter show, on view until February, sweepingly called "The Great Japan Exhibition," although it mapped a whole marvellous undiscovered country for the crowd-wandering and staring like astonished tourists among its wonders. It is the most ambitious thing the Royal Academy has ever staged, the result of five years' planning—on the part of Sir Hugh Casson, its go-ahead president, the team of experts he took to Tokyo and the at first doubtful Japanese authorities—to overcome the immense conservation problems of bringing these national treasures here. Man had never before been allowed to leave the country, and some are so alarmingly delicate that they will be escorted home at Christmas and replaced for the final two months by new exhibits exactly matched for quality—thus requiring a second visit by everyone, of course. The art on view is of the great Edo (now Tokyo) period, between 1600 and 1868, when Japan was closed to the outside world under the dictatorship of the Tokugawa Shoguns, and its artists and craftsmen looking inward instead of imitatively across to China, brewed in their two centuries of isolation the pure essence of Japaneseness. For this occasion, the subfusc of the old galleries has been given a startlingly new look, to set off the (for us in Europe) almost total

unfamiliar art, glowing in the controlled weather of tall glass cases against walls lined with shining reddish-gold wood brought from Japan. Its chief glories are the ravishingly beautiful poetic paintings on screens and folding doors, over which birds and beasts, snow-weighted trees, flowers, rocks, and mountain torrents are lovingly floated in a light wash of ink and color. Edo art was full of humor. The public's favorite is probably the "Bounding Tiger" of the eighteenth-century master Nagasawa Rosetsu—a demon kitten, with eyes like Gloria Swanson's, whose powerful body hurtles across five folding doors, playfully invading the sixth only with the tips of two whiskers. The other revelations are the cases of amazing robes dyed in subtle colors and woven with motifs of unending ingenuity, displayed on T-shaped stands like exquisite scarecrows. Toward the end of the exhibition, there are some fascinating early-nineteenth-century drawings of newly arrived European families, with their long noses, their weird buttoned garments, and their hefty children. Commodore Perry was nearly there, the peace of the Edo years was about to end, and the next great wave of awesomely disciplined creativity was rolling on its way toward us.

THE eleven-episode serial of "Brideshead Revisited" on Granada Television is keeping many people home on Tuesday nights and making for much argument among those who admire it and those who switch testily to other channels. In spite of the vast expense of the production and the elaborate promotion that preceded it, it was not among the top ratings on the TV popularity charts. This has been a "Brideshead" autumn, all the same. The paperback edition of the novel shot to the top of the best-seller list. Christmas shoppers in Jermyn Street are halted in their tracks by a huge photograph of Evelyn Waugh—young and smartly suited, framed in festive glitter, and surrounded by a light scatter of his works—staring truculently out of the shopwindow of a shirtmaker he apparently patronized. An exhibition of photographs from the "Brideshead" film and of other trivia opened in, of all places, the Bodleian, occasioning a snorting letter of outrage to the *Times* from one Oxford academic, which was answered by a colleague in another college, saying suavely that hard cash from Granada's publicity department was not to be



"'Who invented laughing?' That is terrific! Did you hear that, Jeannie? 'Who invented laughing?' Isn't that terrific?'"

sneezed at in such grievously bad times for universities in general, of which the unworldly first correspondent did not appear to have heard. After all the complaining about the dismal economy diet of frequent repeats and old American movies on TV, it is certainly a treat once a week to hear Waugh's dialogue, to which John Mortimer's script sticks with admirable faithfulness. The photography is also authentic and perfectly beautiful in the shots of Oxford, of the steely lights on Venetian canals, and of Castle Howard, the fantastic great house in Yorkshire—John Vanbrugh's first masterpiece—which stands in rather too magnificently for Brideshead. (Comically enough, it belongs to George Howard, chairman of the BBC.) Jeremy Irons plays Charles Ryder, the narrator, who becomes romantically enchanted with the aristocracy (as Waugh did) but finds himself wandering, a baffled agnostic, outside the incomprehensible inner world of the Catholic Marchmains' faith. As in the book, he appears so disconcertingly a nonperson, a gentle listener to everyone, that one wonders why an intellectual like Anthony Blanche (Nickolas Grace) and a golden boy like Sebastian Flyte

(Anthony Andrews, who gives him just the right mixture of slightly stupefied-looking charm and hopeless doom) find him so appealing. Many people have given up watching the serial because they cannot take its developing central theme of the testing of those in the Marchmain family who try to escape God. The great set piece of the return of the exiled Lord Marchmain (Laurence Olivier) to make a holy death at Brideshead is still to come. The one characterization on which there is no difference of opinion at all is John Gielgud's as Edward Ryder, Charles's unloving, gleefully malicious father, a scholar who has no wish for a holy death but only wants a peaceful life of uninterrupted reading at his solitary dinner table. It is a very funny, chilling, superb performance.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

CARDEROCK
8117 Lillystone Dr.
OPEN 2-5

A wonderfully spacious contemp. surrounded by lush fauna.—*Adv. in the Washington Post.*

Two West Highland white terriers and a llama.

BOOKS

Yes!

MARY ROBISON's first novel, "Oh!" (Knopf; \$10.95), doesn't have an ounce of fat. Nor does it ever stand still. Its four chapters are divided into eighty-four scenes, which gain such momentum that near the end of the book five of them—two are just two sentences long—go by in less than three pages. There are few novelistic trappings. Robison, her eye fastened tightly on the souls of her characters, spends almost no time on furnishings or appearances or exposition. She tells us only in passing what kind of trees surround a house and what the black undersides of clouds presaging a tornado look like. She describes one of her principal figures in a single sentence: "He was a tall young man with a big jaw, rusty hair like his father's, and clear blue eyes under white lashes." At one time, novelists served as the curators of their books. They gave an intimate history of each character, sketched

in the topography, made weather observations, played philosopher. But Robison is nowhere to be seen; she has no presence, no shadow. Her characters—an eccentric, well-to-do Midwestern family named Cleveland—talk out their book. Robison has, though, unmistakable authority and tone. She also has the sort of ear that strips idiomatic speech to its lyrical bones. A tornado victim talks to a radio reporter:

The cat blowed all around in circles. Things come flying from every which where. My husband grabs me. Our Janet flies in from the kitchen and rams the wall and she's only seventeen! Broke her arm, it did. Sounds just like we got a great big train going over. I can't even hear you yet, my ears is dead-like.

A freaky girl rock guitarist named Signoracci calls up Howdy Cleveland to tell him that he is no longer in her band:

"We found a kid from Detroit with a hand-held probe synthesizer. Knocks them

on their gourds. He shaves his head, the kid. I shaved mine, too."

"Sounds good," Howdy said. "We've got like five o'clock shadow, you know? Did I forget our boots?"

"Bigger boots?" Howdy said. "Crueler boots," the girl said. "Like for kicking in heads. Made in England."

Cleveland père (he has no given name) and Virginia, a sanctimonious, "saved" television performer, have just had dinner in a restaurant, and Cleveland, as is his wont, is a little drunk:

A carillon in the dark tower of the Episcopal church bonged out an evening hymn.

"Flat," Cleveland said.

"The music?" Virginia said.

"I wouldn't know about that. I mean the world is flat," Cleveland said.

Cleveland did a slow turn, and took in the courthouse, the two churches, the old library, the tired houses, the new adobe police station.

"I would say the sky is almost gaudy tonight," Virginia said.

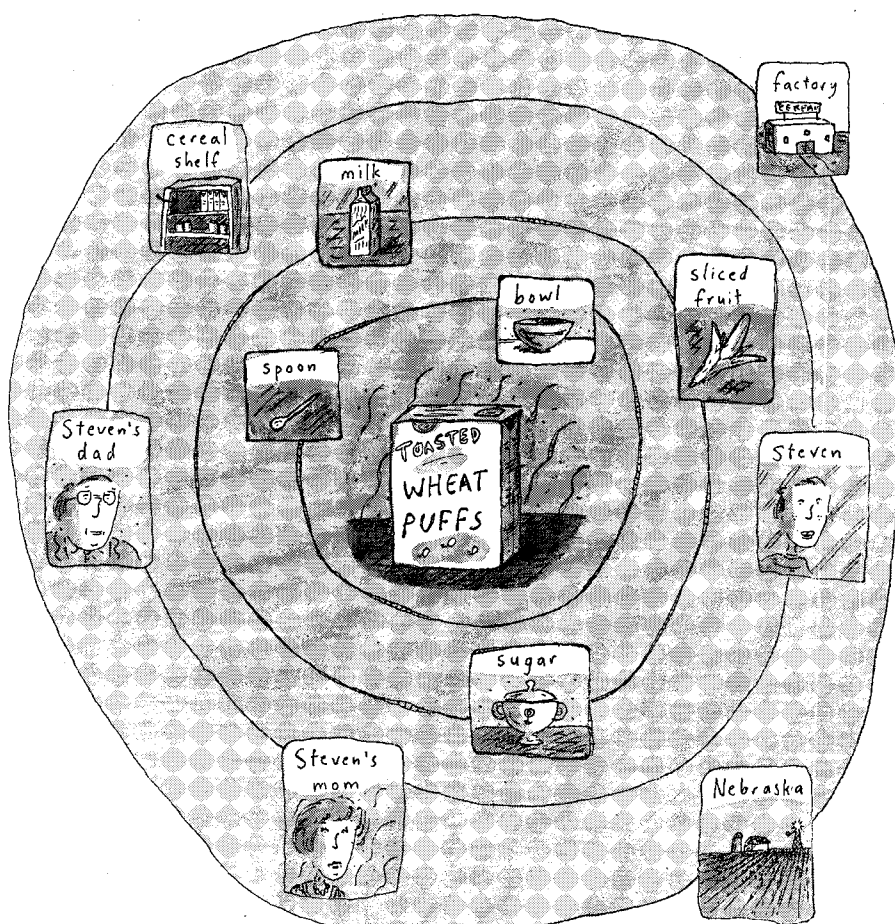
"Baby doll, this'd be run of the mill for a Texas sunset. When I was a kid, the world was divided in half. The earth part was where you shoved cowshit and where the pigs chewed each other and ate their babies. Everything else was sky. The sky was God's speech."

"I like that," Virginia said.

"Anything with God in it," Cleveland said.

"Oh!" deals with a few weeks in the life of the Clevelands, who are, by almost any standards, troubling. Cleveland is a rough-and-ready fifty-seven-year-old Texas-born millionaire. He is retired but still owns the Whistle-Low Corporation, a conglomerate that deals in soda pop, miniature golf, and quick-shop food stores. He drinks too much, he has ulcers, and he armors himself by alternately spoiling and needling everyone around him. Out of boredom and twilight lust, he asks Virginia to marry him. Howdy, who is twenty-eight, lives over the garage on the Cleveland estate and dabbles in painting, sculpture, rock singing, and acting. He is a good-natured dilettante who allows himself to be taken advantage of. He watches old movies on television and does slapstick things like making a violent Vincent Price gazpacho in a blender whose top is missing. His sister Maureen also lives at home. She is twenty-four and has an eight-year-old daughter, Violet, who is illegitimate. Maureen is funny and foul-mouthed, and she either sleeps or drinks, marking the interstices with Librium. The

The Cereal's Universe

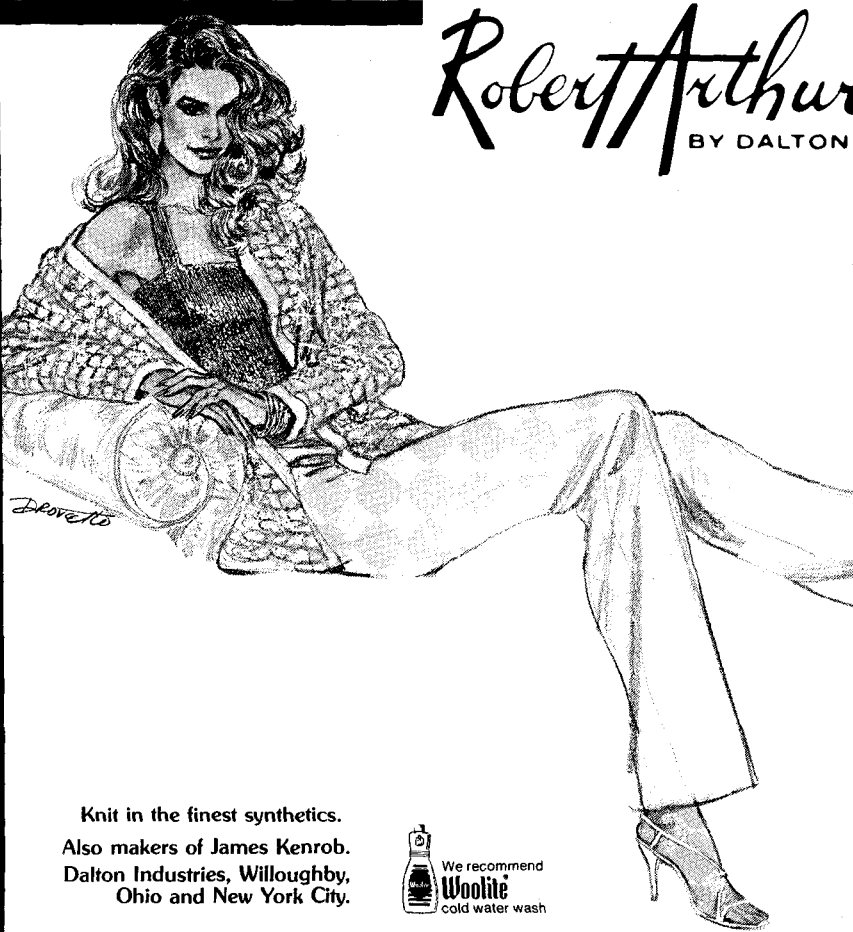


p. chest

most important Cleveland is Maureen and Howdy's mother. The children believe that their father's crassness drove her back to her native Ireland eighteen years before, and they plan to visit her. The Cleveland satellites include Lola Turtledge, a black Hazel (and the only figure in the book who doesn't jell); Jack, the drunken gardener, and his larking daughter, Stephanie; and Chris, Violet's thirty-four-year-old father. He has unexpectedly returned from two years in Canada, where he parked cars and worked at spending a hundred thousand dollars won in a lottery. He is devoted to Violet and Maureen, after his fashion.

Cleveland knows that Howdy and Maureen are spoiled and that it is long past the time when they should have set off into the world. But he feels sorry for them, because they have grown up motherless, and because he suspects he has not been a champion father. He cannot bring himself to push them out of the nest, and they are trapped in the inertia of money and comfort. Then, shaken by a series of familial annoyances and mini-disasters and, finally, by Howdy's overpowering gazpacho, Cleveland explodes. In less than a minute, in a thundering and regal speech, he drives Maureen and Howdy out of their womb and banishes himself, perhaps forever. At first, "Oh!" seems a satire, a sitcom stripped of its sentiment and foolishness. But it is far more. Mary Robison is trying to show us how the incredibly complicated dance of family life works, how it balances love and hate, respect and contempt, humor and self-righteousness, wisdom and foolishness.

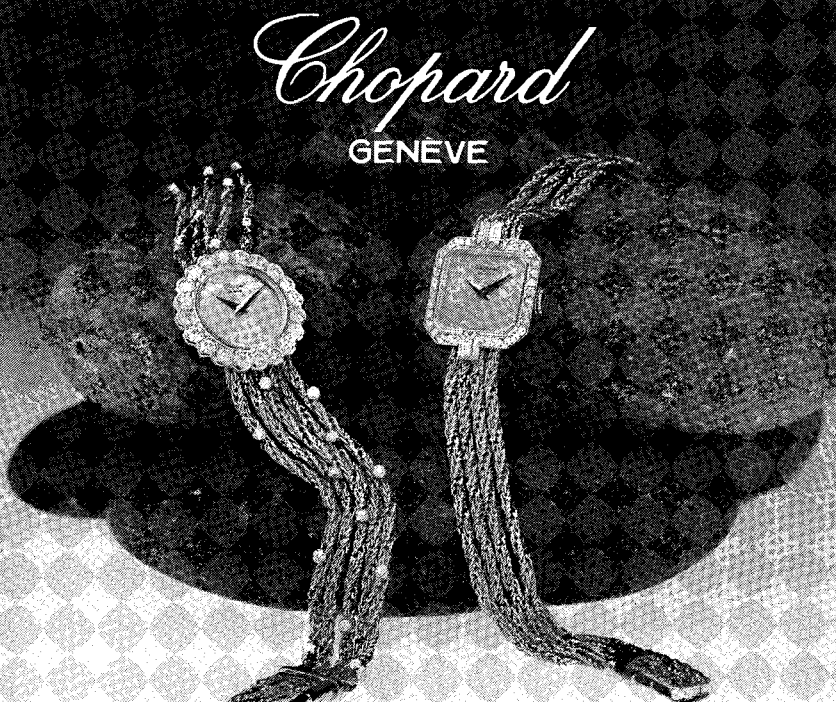
WALTER ABISH's first novel, "Alphabetical Africa," was a trick book. The first chapter used only words beginning with "a," the second chapter used words beginning with "a" and "b," the third with "a," "b," and "c," and so forth, until, finally, the splendor of the complete alphabet was put into play. Then, in the last twenty-six chapters, he slid back to where he had started. His second novel, "How German Is It" (New Directions; \$14.95), is a trick book, too, but it has pretensions. Set in contemporary Germany, it has a preening, sarcastic tone, and it is loaded with two-ton ironies. Some of the tricks: the dialogue has no quotation marks; mysterious italic voices, asking questions, commenting on the action, lapsing into German, intrude; the puzzling photograph on the dust jacket—a



Robert Arthur
BY DALTON

Knit in the finest synthetics.
Also makers of James Kenrob.
Dalton Industries, Willoughby,
Ohio and New York City.

We recommend
Woolite
cold water wash

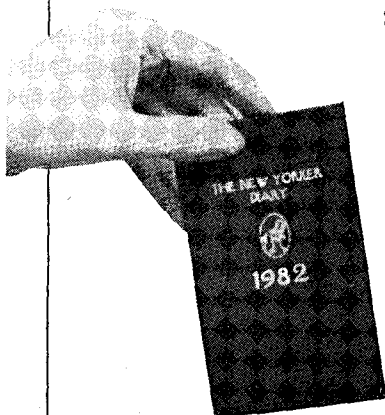


Chopard
GENEVE

THE CHANGING
FACE OF TIME
AT NEIMAN-MARCUS

Sparkling beauty
delicately bound with
ropes of eighteen karat gold.

Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Bal Harbor, Atlanta, St. Louis,
Washington, D.C., Chicago, Beverly Hills, Newport Beach, White Plains, Las Vegas

The Handy 1982 Pocket Diary**\$10**

- Richly bound in dark brown leather 3" x 5"
- Daily appointment panels
- Guides to Theatres, Hotels, Cinemas and other places of interest
- 3 year calendars

Please add \$1.00 per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax.

The New Yorker Pocket Diary

Rm. 1102, 28 W. 44th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

Please send me _____ Diaries. I enclose check for \$_____

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(APT #)

(CITY)

416

(STATE)

(ZIP)

AUDIO-FORUM® offers

the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Greek, and many others.

**Learn
a foreign
language on
your own!** Free
catalog.

Call or write Audio-Forum, Dept. T-36
On The Green, Guilford, CT. 06437
(203) 453-9794

*You know it's a limited edition,
but is it really a fine book? Read:*

FINE PRINT

A Review for the Arts of the Book

Quarterly \$24 per year

BOX 7741-A • SAN FRANCISCO • CA 94120

**The Shakespeare
Calendar for 1982**

all in color, with something every day,
just \$6.00 postpaid. Bellerophon Books
36 Anacapa St., Sta. Barbara CA 93101

DECEMBER 21, 1981

barefoot military-looking man sitting on a horse standing in shallow water—is alternately alluded to in the text as part of a coloring book sent by one character to another and as a photograph taken by a fashionable photographer in the book. There is very little narrative. Abish sets his characters into their often nasty daily motions, and after a year or so stops them and ends the book. These characters include the brothers (or half brothers; it is not clear) Ulrich and Helmuth Hargenau, the first a writer and sometime political activist and the second a famous, cosseted architect; the mayor of the new German city of Brumholdstein, which is built on the site of a concentration camp, and his neurotic wife; an old Hargenau family retainer, Franz, who is building out of matchsticks a huge scale model of the camp; and assorted women, two of them incomprehensible terrorists and one the photographer. Abish is telling us that Germany today is full of rot and sham and arrogance and cupidity. Perhaps it is, but his book, so repellent itself, makes us impatient with what he has to say. It is the sort of self-satisfied, seemingly avant-garde work that fools judges and wins awards, and it did win the P.E.N./Faulkner Award for fiction. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

A small, twin-engine plane crashed about 7:30 p.m. Saturday on a runway at Johnson County Executive Airport when the pilot forgot to lower his landing gear, according to Olathe police.

Both the 26-year-old pilot, Jack L. Robinson of Kansas City, and his flight instructor escaped injury. The police said the crash caused minor damage to the plane.

The police said the pilot was being checked out on the plane when the mishap occurred. When a pilot is flying a larger aircraft for the first time, he must be certified by an instructor, they explained.

The police could not say whether Robinson passed or failed.—*Kansas City Star*.

Why don't we just give him a B-minus?

Mann and Representative James Clements, a Davenport Republican, gained statewide attention earlier this year when they criticized a course for sex education teachers that included a film titled "A Quickie," which they felt was pornographic.

The film showed a couple undressing and engaging in simulated sex. The movie has since been replaced by a film showing an orange being peeled.—*Des Moines Register*.

Same idea, really.

**advisement,
take under**

**To shelve,
usually for
good.**

**A DICTIONARY OF
Euphemisms
& Other
Doubletalk
by HUGH RAWSON**

**"And fun! And educational!
...A very enjoyable read."
—HARRISON SALISBURY**

\$15.95, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Please add \$1.40 postage and handling charge. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

CROWN**ENTREE**

**AN UNCOMPROMISING AND
CONFIDENTIAL TRAVELERS NEWSLETTER.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY. AN INSIDER'S
LOOK AT HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND
TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD.**

We invite your subscriptions. One year
— \$25. Makes an excellent gift.

Write Publisher,
3103A Cardinal Drive,
Vero Beach, Florida 32960
or call (305) 231-0844.

**RUTH DRAPER
HER ONLY RECORDED
PERFORMANCES**

"She is supreme," John Ciardi. The great Monologues:
• The Italian Lesson, Three Generations in a Court of
• Domestic Relations, The Scottish Immigrant, one LP.
• Send \$10.95 check or money order (includes postage).
• Mastercharge, Visa, American Express accepted. All orders
filled within 24 hours. **SPOKEN ARTS, INC.**
P.O. Box 289, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10802

**GOOD
USED
BOOKS**

Since 1948, thousands of
libraries and individuals
have been buying regularly;
you can too! Send a
dollar for 20,000 typical
titles and prices classified
in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y.
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

A few
of the
things
you
should know
about
Coach® Bags



Coach® Bags are basic, unlined leather bags that are very well made out of very good leather. They never go out of style, and, under normal conditions, can be worn and enjoyed for many years.

Coach® Bags are made by a small, privately held company that has been making leather bags, belts and billfolds since 1941. It is a family-owned business deeply committed to the excellence of its products and the quality of its service.

Coach® Bags are made in a wide range of classic, instantly recognizable models. Many of them were first introduced almost fifteen years ago and are still in production today. There are small, medium and large sizes, and most of them are available in ten colors.

Coach® Bags are made out of a completely natural, uncorrected, full grain leather that has been cured in a special formulation of tanning extracts to render it soft and supple to the touch. Great care is taken not to cover over the natural markings of this leather with paints, sealers, or artificial finishes, and to use only clear aniline colors that

enhance rather than conceal these beautiful markings.

Coach® Bags are virtually indestructible. There are no synthetic lining materials to tear, pull out or come apart. The buckles are cast in solid brass. The seams are sewn with 3-ply high tenacity nylon—double stitched where necessary—and can withstand over 100 lbs. of stress.

Coach® Bags are "one-of-a-kind" bags, each one identified at the factory with its own registration number stamped right into the leather. Because it is made out of a completely "naked" leather, each Coach® Bag will develop its own distinctive patina, changing gradually in appearance and growing darker in coloration as it is worn.

Coach® Bags are soft, supple, unconstructed bags designed to be worn casually and often—at work and at play. True American Classics, they look good with everything and can be worn and enjoyed any time, anywhere. Like a favorite pair of blue jeans, they seem to improve with wear, taking on additional character as they are broken in.

If you cannot find the Coach® Bag you want in a store near you, you can order it directly from the Coach® Store in New York. For Catalogue, write or call: The Coach® Store, 754 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021. Telephone: (212) 594-1581.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

*"As an entertainer,
I give the quality of Smirnoff
rave reviews.*

*As a businesswoman,
I rave about its value."*



POLLY BERGEN,
businesswoman
and entertainer.

"Let me tell you my secrets for giving a great Holiday party... Pretend you're a guest — enjoy your own party. And always serve the very best.

"That's why I always serve Smirnoff® vodka. It adds just the right touch of quality and elegance.

"It's a sensible idea too. Because for just a little more than ordinary vodkas, I can enjoy the fine quality of Smirnoff.

"So whether I'm entertaining a lot of people or just a few, I always have Smirnoff...and I always get rave reviews."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS
(DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."